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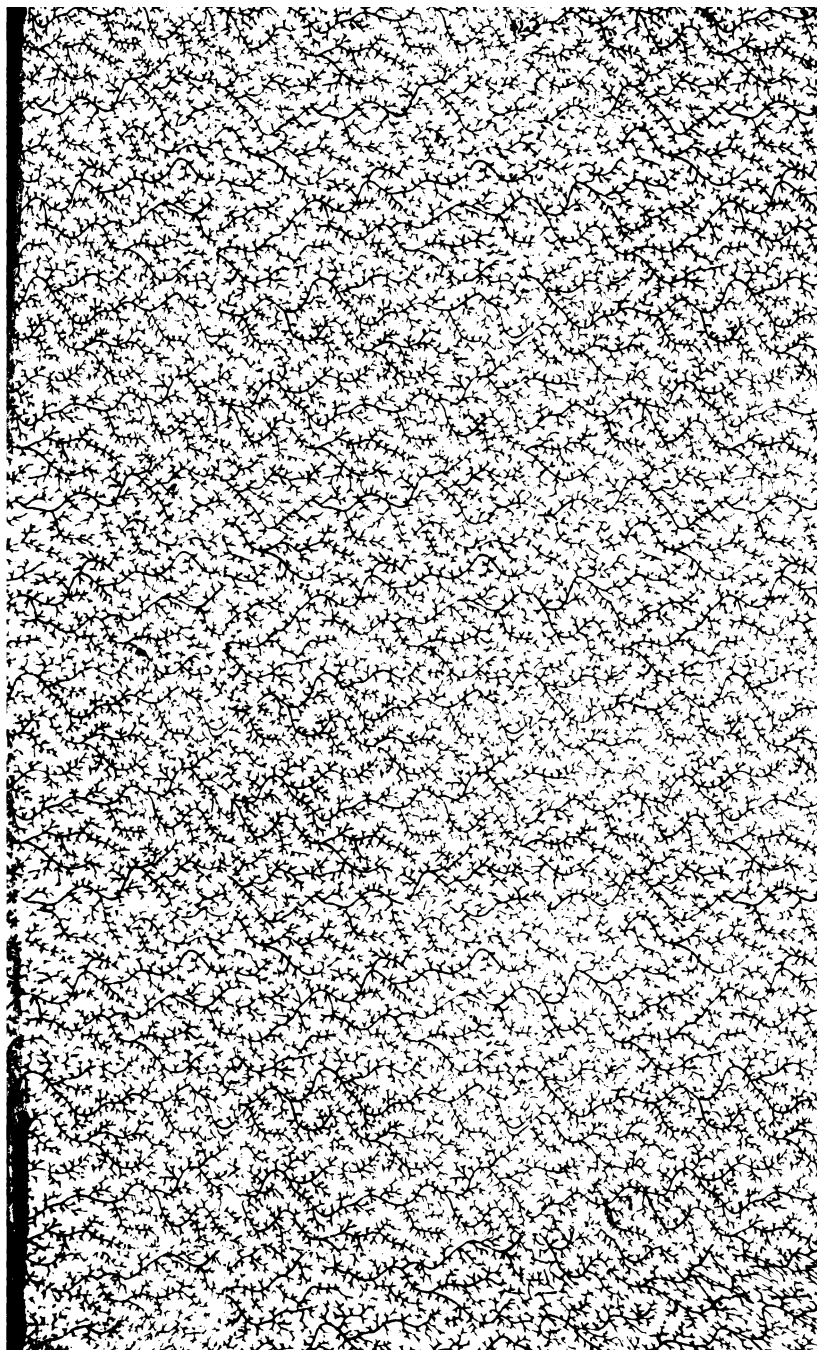
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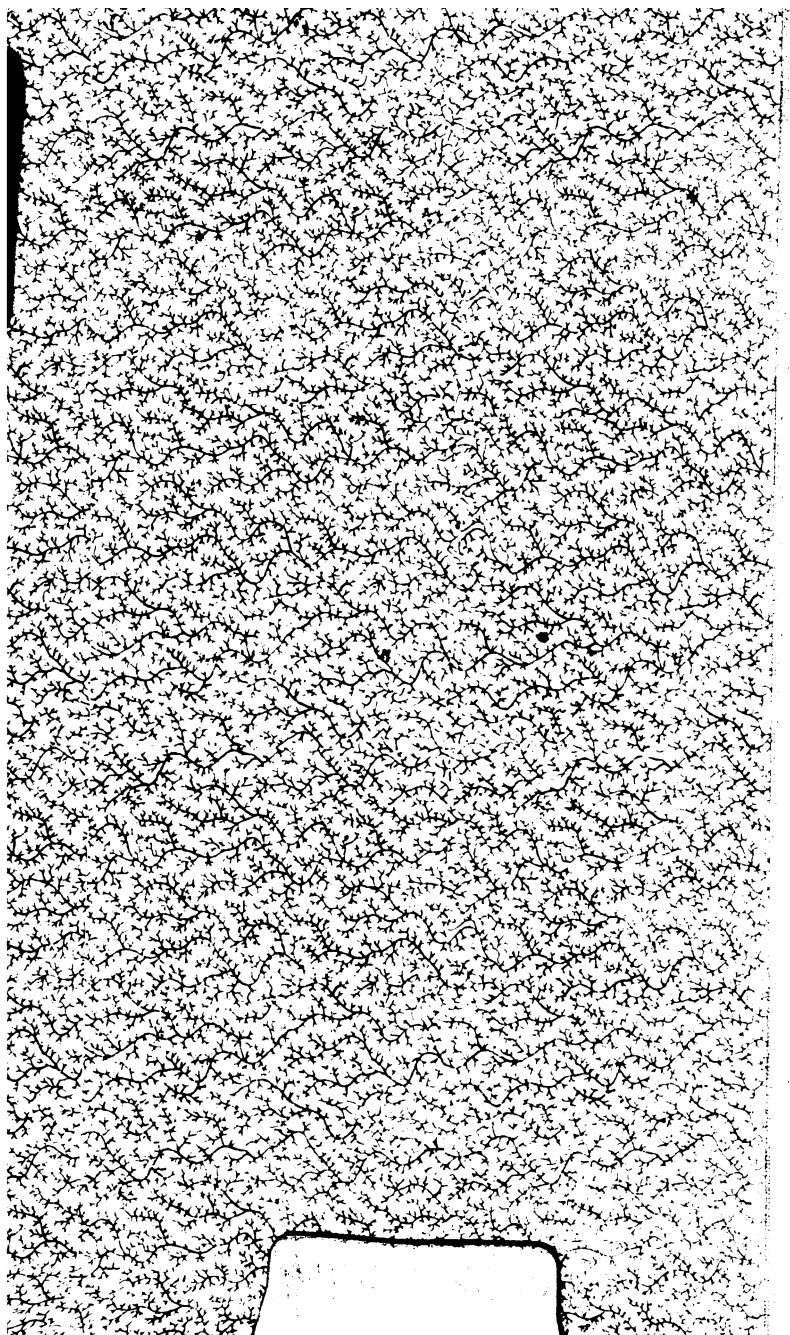
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PLEASE, MA'AM, CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO-FIGURE UP!

THE
IMAGE OF HIS FATHER:

A Tale of a Young Monkey.

BY THE
BROTHERS MAYHEW.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

NEW YORK
PUBLIC
NEW YORK
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
82 CLIFF STREET.

1848.



ROY WEN
CLERK
YSAHEL

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ROY VAN
DIEP
VASSU

THE IMAGE OF HIS FATHER.

CHAPTER I.

"Hi! Hi! Stop! conductor, stop! I told you, man, to put me down at Doctor Vyse's; and why the deuce can't you mind what you're told?"

In obedience to this summons, which was accompanied with a smart volley of pokes from the end of a thin German umbrella, the conductor hallooed along the roof to the driver, "Hold hard, Jim, near side;" and the Blackheath omnibus pulled up as sharply as the state of the roads would admit.

No sooner had the impatient inside jumped out, than while waiting for his change, he again sharply rebuked the conductor for having taken him beyond the spot he had named.

"You know I said Minerva House, as plainly as I could speak, man, and here I shall have to go wading back through all this snow, when every minute is of the utmost consequence to me. You want a good strong opposition on the road, you do, fellow."

"Why Mr. Impey, sir," replied the cad, in a whining tone, and with a slow shake of the head calculated to soften the hardest of hearts, "you see the roads is like so much glass, and as we had a lady hinside for the Terruss, I thought, if it were only for the sake of the poor osses, you know, sir, you wouldn't object to—"

"Then you will please not to think for me for the future," answered the fussy little gentleman. "And come! come! come, man! let me have that change, will you? or am I to go away without it, and summon you for it?"

"Very good, sir," said the conductor, while, as if to detain the impatient Mr. Impey as long as he could, he pretended to rout with his forefinger over the handful of silver he had just pulled out of his pocket. "Sharpish weather this, ain't it, sir?"

he added with a knowing grin, as he saw the little gentleman knocking his umbrella quickly on the ground.

"D—n the weather, sir!" cried Mr. Impey, growing red in the face, and buttoning his great coat up with extreme vigor. "I want my change. Am I to wait here all day for my change? I only wish to heaven you'd refuse to give it me! Once for all," he continued, going up to the man, and shaking his forefinger at him, "I ask you, in the presence of these witnesses, do you mean to give me my change, or not?"

"Certainly, Mr. Impey, sir," replied the cad, with a wink of his off eye and a knowing nod to the driver, "I'm sure we're quite heart-broken—ain't we, Jim?—to think as how we've been a detainer on you." Then as he saw Mr. Impey bounce suddenly round, as if to march off, he cried out, "Oh, Mr. Impey! here it is, if you please, sir! I knew I'd got one somewhere about me, sir."

The impatient gentleman returned, and thrust out his hand toward the conductor, while he fixed his eye upon the badge, and muttered to himself, "One, four, eight, three. You shall suffer for this, my man, I'll take good care."

Just as Mr. Impey was about to take the change, "by accident" the coin slipped through the conductor's fingers and fell into the snow, leaving a round hole to mark the spot.

"O-o-o-h! dear! dear! I beg your pardon, I'm sure, Mr. Impey, sir!" exclaimed the omnibus cad, drawing his breath in between his teeth, and lifting up his foot as if in extreme agony. Then thrusting his tongue into his cheek, he cried out, "All right, Jim! drive on!"

As the omnibus left the furious Mr. Impey, the conductor saw him now stooping down and hunting for the money with the point of his umbrella among the snow, and now raising himself straight up and shaking his fist after him; whereupon the conductor, who was doing the "double-shuffle" on his little square ledge behind the omnibus, put his hand to the side of his mouth and shouted out at the top of his voice, "Be so good as to give my love to Doctor Vyse's cook, will you, sir?" and as he heard the passengers titter, he added "and kiss Mary Hann for Jim, please, sir."

This set all the passengers off laughing, and a young gentleman with an imperial, a very narrow and very flat brim to his hat, who sat on the box sucking the bear silver horse's leg at the head of his short cane, turned round and complimented the

conductor, by saying, "Hulloa, Bill! you walked into the old 'un like one o'clock. You've been having a feed of beans on the road."

"Yes, sir," replied Bill, touching his hat, "I think there's a few chalks for our side. He's an uncommon sweet tempered man, Mr. Impey is, to be sure, even when he gets out of the right side of his bed, and this morning he seems to have been in such a ter'ble hurry that he got out on the wrong 'un. I wonder what's up at Minervar House now, eh, Jim? Only look at the old 'un yonder, how he's a cutten over the heath, right up to his ankles in snow, 'coz he won't take the time to go round by the road."

"So he is; he's after summut queer, I'll wager, Bill," cried Jim, slapping his left hand against his right side as fast as he could to warm it. "And he don't know on that ditch t'other side as is chock full of snow. Teddy nearly druv the 'CELERITY' into it t'other morning—it's right level with the road now. There, I told you so, Bill! Just look at him! Bang up to his thighs, s'elp me—ha! ha! ha!"

"Haugh! Haugh!" roared Bill, as he again broke into the double-shuffle. "Well, that comes o'being in such a plaguy hurry. However, I shan't cry my eyes out about it. I hope the gen'elman wears drawers, Jim."

"Who is he, do you 'know, conductor?" asked the inside passenger, who sat next the door, in a plum-colored mackintosh, that rustled like brown paper every time he moved, and made the whole omnibus smell of India rubber. "Does he live down here?"

"Oh, no, sir!" answered the cad, "he only comes down here to see Doctor Vyse, the schoolmaster. They're relations, I think." Then hallooing to the driver, he asked, "Didn't Doctor Vyse marry Impey's sister, Jim?"

When Jim had answered, "he had heerd tell as much," the conductor proceeded. "Oh yes! I'm sartain he did, for I never seed two people so much alike in all my borned days. She's got his nose, if ever I seed a woman with a man's nose afore. But they say he's an uncommon clever lawyer."

"What! in the profession, then!" said a gentleman with a blue bag, and a narrow black satin frill peeping out from the middle of the fall of his stock. "In business for himself, do you know? Impey! Impey! Impey! Dear me, I don't recollect the name! Now are you sure it isn't Skimpey, sir, of

the firm of Skimpey, Richards, and Skimpey," he added, looking round the buss, with a frown and a shake of his head, as if he were a counsel cross-examining some obstinate witness.

"No, sir, Impey's my man," replied the cad. "Old Impey, of Lyon's Inn. I know him well, 'coz he's pulled me up twice afore his honor the Lord Mayor—once for stoppen to take a drain with Charley Bussill, the policeman—you know Charley Bussill, Jim?" he cried out, again appealing to the driver, "him as has got seven year on it across the water"—and when Jim had put up his whip in the affirmative, the conductor went on, "and t'other time he summonsed me for declaring he were drunk, and refusen to take him by the last buss, which he made out were out of spite, and nearly got me boxed for it.—One inside for the Terruss, Jim," he added, again calling along the roof.

"Impey, of Lyon's Inn! dear me, yes! How strange I should have forgotten it—very strange certainly!" exclaimed the gentleman with the bag, looking round with a bland smile at his fellow insides, as much as to say, "Isn't it." "And I know the man so well. Does a good deal of discounting and common law. His managing clerk's name is Cohen, and a very nice gentlemanly fellow he is. I've seen him at King's Bench walk during term time, with at least fifty writs in his hand. He's worth his weight in gold that man is. Impey wouldn't part with him for any thing. Egad! it's not much use asking for time in that office; for while Impey's promising it you, hang me if Cohen isn't off to sign judgment. 'Oh! they're clever dogs, they are. Gad! I do think Impey's one of the sharpest fellows we have in the profession."

"Ah, you may well say that, sir!" said the cad, with his elbows on the windows of the door. "I'm blowed if he ain't as sharp as the back of an eaten'-house knife, and walks into you when you least expects it. He's as knowing, too, I may say, as a Hinglish cap'en, at Boulong-summere. Ain't he a fellow for having his whack for his money, just. Why, he's just this sort of chap, you see: if one of them there scoundrelly cheap Greenwich steamers undertook to land him at Hungerford, and then arter all was to put him ashore at London bridge—as you know, ladies and gen'elmen, they almost always makes a pint o' doing—I do werily believe he'd have out a po'-chay and four to take him right through the city; or if so be as it was a fine day, and he preferred the water, he'd engage the

lord mayor's barge, and the very next morning commence a haction agin the company for the hexpenses.—Number six in the Terruss, Jim."

"And serve the rascals perfectly right," exclaimed the lawyer's clerk, indignantly. "A contract's a contract all the world over. What are the plain facts of the case? A agrees to deliver B at C, and, instead of doing so, deposits him at D. And what remedy has B? why to go by either E or F to C, and then immediately institute proceedings against A for the expenses he had incurred in proceeding beyond D, as laid down by my Lord Abinger, in the case of *Snare v. Anderson* and others, in the sixth of *Barnwell* and *Cresswell*. I would do the very same—"

Here the sudden pulling up of the omnibus threw the stout lady, who was about to alight, with such violence into the lap of the gentleman with the blue bag, that it evidently left him no breath in his body to proceed with his speech. The conductor led the laugh in which all the passengers joined, while the poor clerk, though evidently bursting with passion, but still gasping for breath, was unable to get out a word.

While the conductor was feeling for the change for the lady, who stood at the foot of the steps, a big, heavy bell was heard ringing sharply at the other side of the heath. "Only hark how old Impey's a-tugging at that there school-bell of Dr. Vyse's," hallooed the cad to the driver. "There must be summat uncommon pressen the matter there, Jim. I'd stand something handsome now, if I knowed what was in the wind in that quarter. My eye! just hark at him. There goes another peal for you, when he knows, too, that the poor boy 'ain't had time to answer the fust. Why if he'd come down with the joyful news of the death of some rich relation of old Vyse's, and the whole property being throwd into Chancery, he couldn't be more hanxious." Then, as he gave the lady her change, he once more shouted out—"All right, Jim! Push along, time's up now!"

As soon as the buss was under weigh again, Jim turned his head round, and said, from over his shoulder, "It can't be nothing about any of Vyse's young gen'elmen, you know, Bill, coz it's holiday-time. Besides, they don't consarn Impey."

"And catch him a-taking the buss and a-paying for it, when he's about ere a thing as don't consarn him," replied the conductor, jumping down upon the step, and stamping his feet to warm them. "Depend on it, whenever you sees old Impey in such a plaguy rattling hurry as he is to-day, he's arter some

queer game or other. It really looks as if old Vyse had been up to summat. However, let the doctor a been doing whatever he may, all I've got to say is this here—So long as he's got old Impey on his side, he's sartain sure in the end to be proved as hinnocent as Captain Warner's long range."

CHAPTER II.

MINERVA House was one of those old red brick capacious buildings which, a century back, had been the country mansion of some nobleman, but which, at the present time, had degenerated into the "pleasant and salubrious abode" for some suburban school. Any body would have sworn from the exterior alone it was an academy, even if the large, bright brass plate outside the front garden gate, and the long, cream-colored board which stretched across the entire building, between the first and second floor windows, had not told you, in the most conspicuous way possible, that it was

"DR. VYSE'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR YOUNG GENTLEMEN."

The iron railings next the road had been carefully boarded up, and on the top of each of the old square red brick pillars that flanked the gate were two huge stone balls, with lines engraved on them so as to resemble globes. But what gave you a more lively idea of the academical character of the building, was that you could see, by the beds at each of the large first floor windows, that what had once been drawing-rooms had been converted into bed-rooms. Indeed, from the immense number of beds visible from the road, as well as from the huge imitation-stone figure of the Goddess of Wisdom which surmounted the front of the building, you not only knew it was a very large and flourishing academy, but also that it was *the* "MINERVA HOUSE" at which Mr. Impey had directed the omnibus conductor to set him down. On one side of the old mansion was a long, low building, lighted from the top by skylights. At a glance you saw it was the school-room, which had been run up where the stables had formerly stood. The bricks of the new building were of so bright a red—indeed almost scarlet—and those of

the house itself were so embrowned by age and smoke, that you not only felt sure the out-building was a recent addition, but you could almost fix the date when the scholastic necessities of the place had required the eking out of the old house. Behind the school-room you could perceive the upper part of a high pole, with a revolving top, and ropes dangling from it—such as is used for gymnastic exercises—so that there was no difficulty in fixing the locality of the playground.

Doctor Vyse, the proprietor of this establishment, was a reverend gentleman, who prided himself on the blandness of his tone, the commanding respectability of his appearance, and the intellectual baldness of his head. Often had Mrs. Vyse, the partner of his bosom and school (his “foolish Annie,” as he would call her), been heard to declare, as the doctor left her to visit the parents of some expected new pupil, that “she was certain no mother who had any regard for the welfare of her son could, for one moment, hesitate about intrusting her child to the care of a man with such a benevolent brow and commanding figure as ‘her Joseph’ had.” Indeed, in his broad-brimmed beaver hat, with his long, single-breasted, black surt-out, buttoned close up to his throat, and almost touching his heels, and his black gaiters, fitting tight to the plump calves he gloried in, the schoolmaster looked as moral, learned, and lively as a hatchment. From his solemn and intellectual appearance, you might have fancied him one of the mutes in attendance on the remains of the *dead* languages.

But Mrs. Vyse was by no means an impartial judge. Though “her Joseph” certainly was a remarkably fine, philosophic-looking man, still, his love for the good things of this vain, empty world had afflicted him with a slight abdominal protuberance, and a redundancy of chin which weighed as heavily on his mind as it did on his neckcloth. In fact, he had so little perceptible neck, that the white kerchief he wound round his throat looked more like a wisp of muslin than a cravat.

If so great a man could be said to have *any* failings, assuredly Dr. Vyse’s bitterest enemy could not have ascribed to him more than three, viz.—an over-partiality for classical quotations, an extreme love of the kissing crust, with plenty of good fresh butter, and a most studious regard for “appearances.” This last, indeed, was his prime weakness. The fear of the world was the bugbear that haunted every moment of his life, and regulated every act he did. His hard-earned and spotless

reputation, as he termed it, he lived in continual dread of losing through any non-observance of the forms and ceremonies of society. Whatever he did, was done, because if left undone, as he said, "it would *look so*." He dressed in black, because, being a schoolmaster, he thought it had "a much better *look*." Not a speck of dirt or dust was to be seen throughout his house, not from any natural love of cleanliness, but for "the *look* of the thing." And his name was in the subscription lists to most of the charitable institutions, not because he had any wish to assist them, but because "it had such a benevolent *look*."

Indeed, Doctor Vyse's was that pinchbeck morality which so often passes current in the world, because it has all the *look* of the sterling article, and yet, when fairly tested, turns out to be only the sham of vanity, and nothing but brass, after all. He was one of the many highly respectable men who seek to do good, as boys strive to smoke—not from any innate liking of it, but because it is generally admired in others. All he desired was the applause of the world; and if he performed the acts of virtue, it was not for virtue's sake, but for the approbation that was attached to it. In a word, he wanted the wages, though he knew he "scamped" the work.

No one was so well aware of this as Impey. He was too acute an observer of human nature, and too quick a reader of it, to have remained in ignorance of his brother-in-law's weak point. And having discovered it, he was too "knowing" a man, not to take care, if ever he wanted a favor at Vyse's hands, so to work this ruling passion, as to throw the whole obligation upon the doctor.

It was evident from the impatience of the lawyer's manner, that he had to-day come down to the school upon some equally *obliging* and important mission. For the third time within almost as many minutes had he rung so violently at the big school bell, perched up against the wall in its little sentry box, that two or three passers-by, arrested by the furious noise, had stopped to see what was the matter at Minerva House.

Suddenly the man-servant came hurrying through the glass door of the hall, slipping on his pink striped jacket as he ran across the garden. When he opened the little wicket in the front gate, Impey, with his quick eye, soon saw from the moist state of the lad's front hair, the cause of the delay.

"Well, you've taken your time in coming, sir! Perhaps it's expecting too much of a grand gentleman like you to attend to

the door," said Impey, with a sneer. "Keeping me kicking my heels here in the cold until my feet are like two blocks of Wenham-lake ice, while you're beautifying yourself, indeed. Come! open the door! Is your master at home, eh?"

"No, sir, he ain't—that is, isn't, I mean," answered the lad, coloring up, as he corrected the grammatical error Dr. Vyse had so often rebuked him for. "Master's gone to town—to a meeting—at Exeter Hall, I think, sir."

"Gone to town! The deuce, he has!" cried Impey, stamping on the ground with vexation. "Tut, tut! that's my luck all the world over. Do you know what time he's expected back—eh, stupid?"

"No, sir, I don't, but—a—he didn't say, sir. It most likely will be very late, please, sir," the boy answered, playing with the key of the gate.

"Well, never mind! Open the door and let me in; for see your master I *must*, if I have to wait till midnight for him," said Impey, impatiently. "Come! let me in! don't you hear, man?"

"Master mayn't be back till the last buss, sir," said the boy, still hesitating to open the gate.

"Then I must see your mistress, that's all," cried Impey, in a passion. Come! do for goodness' sake stir yourself, young man! Come! come! come!" he cried, clapping his hands with impatience. Then as he entered, he added, "You're getting so fat and lazy, that your master can't turn his back, but what you must go falling asleep over the kitchen fire, without even so much as cleaning yourself after your dirty work; and then, forsooth! gentlemen must be kept shivering in the snow, while you're making yourself fit to be seen.—Ugh! I only wish you were a servant of mine, that's all, my man!" Then, perceiving the boy in his nervousness fumbling with the chain he was again putting up, the fidgetty little lawyer bounced round with an oath, and skipping up the steps, was soon inside the doctor's "study," without waiting for the lad to show him the way.

It was a cold room, walled in with book-cases filled with showily-bound volumes of the classics and religious and moral treatises, together with huge lexicons, dictionaries, and atlases. Not a speck of dust was to be seen, and over the tops of the easy chairs and the ends of the sofa hung thick anti-macassars, while in the center of the Turkey carpet, under the table, was

pinned a large square piece of newly washed brown holland. The steel stove was so bright and so like looking-glass that it seemed as if a good fire would crack it; and Mrs. Vyse evidently thought it "too good to use," for behind the polished bars stood a small portable basket of fire, taking it very coolly, as if it were conscious it was no easy matter to poke it—notwithstanding one of the bed-room brass pokers had been brought down expressly for the purpose. Indeed, what with the white snow without, and the over cleanliness and extreme chilliness of the room within, Impey shivered again as he entered it, and muttered out something about its being as "cold as turning into clean sheets in the middle of December."

Over the mantel-piece was a prize map of India, drawn and colored by one of the scholars, whose name and tender age, together with the date of the performance, were conspicuously, written in the bay of Bengal. By the side of this hung a curious caligraphic specimen of the "tree of knowledge," which would have struck envy to the heart of Carstairs, and bearing a most luxuriant crop of facts and dates; while over the tree was flourished a fierce eagle with outstretched wings—the feathers of which seemed more like the curved blades of pen-knives than plumage—and bearing in its beak the name and age of the budding genius whose performance it was.

Under a glass case on the chimney-piece was a model of the Dover mail, done in card-board, with thin slices of horses and coachman and guard cut out of the same material; all of which would have looked extremely natural, provided the mind could have conceived the men and nags sitting for their portraits after they had been respectively mangled. This likewise was the handiwork of one of the young gentlemen after he had left; and according to a little ivory tablet let into the mahogany pedestal, had been presented to Doctor Vyse by Master Edward Chaplin "as a token of esteem and regard for his late preceptor."

On the table stood a splendid silver inkstand. This, an engraved inscription told you, had also been presented "by the young gentlemen of the first class to their highly valued and profoundly learned preceptor." Close to the inkstand lay another present to the much loved schoolmaster. It was "an humble token," according to the inscription, of Doctor Vyse's "virtues as a man, and his talents as a scholar," and consisted of a mother-of-pearl and or-molu pen-holder and paper-knife, enshrined in a maroon morocco case.

From Mr. Impey's extreme irritability of manner it was easy to tell that something had occurred which not only required Dr. Vyse's immediate attention, but was of vital importance to Mr. Impey himself. Every body who had seen him with his papers under his arm bustling up and down Chancery Lane, knew what a brisk, active little man he generally was. Indeed his ruddy complexion—which was as red as a bathing woman's at the sea-side—told you that he delighted to have his "nerves braced," as he called it, and was a daily patronizer of the shower-bath and horse-hair gloves. But to-day he was more brisk and active than usual. Every limb seemed to be alive, and every muscle in his frame to be under some extraordinary stimulus.

When first he entered the room he swung the large easy-chair round and threw himself into it. But scarcely had he been there a second before he was up again, pacing the room with short, quick steps, and striking the palm of one hand sharply against the knuckles of the other. After a minute or two he stopped suddenly before the glass, and nervously began to arrange his spruce, well-starched, and neatly-tied colored Madras neckcloth. Then he pulled his natty little blue surtout tightly in at the waist, and gazed with evident satisfaction at his dapper figure in the glass, while he rubbed up his short and wiry black hair, till it curled stiffer than ever. Presently, thrusting his hand violently into his breeches-pocket, he was off, up and down the room again, blowing rather than whistling a tune. But this did not last long; for the next moment he was standing before the window that looked into the little front garden, running his eye over the formal and closely-clipped evergreens, that were arranged upon the grass-plat, and had more the appearance of huge green skittles, than shrubs. Tossing his head up with pity for the poor doctor, who had taken such pains to make even his trees bear witness to his extreme love of order, the lawyer threw himself once more back in the easy-chair, and took up the showily-bound volume which lay ostentatiously open at the corner of the table, as if some one had just been reading it; but finding it was "Paley's Moral Philosophy," he flung it down again, saying to himself with a chuckle, "What a fellow that Vyse is for appearances! Hang me if he does a thing without first thinking how it will *look*." Then he began to dust the snow off his brown cloth boots, until at last, fairly tired out, the fidgety little man rushed to the bell and pulled it until the servant came running into the room.

The boy was about to tell Mr. Impey that his master *was* at home to *him*, when the voice of Dr. Vyse was heard hallooing from the school-room. "Here, Sam, Sam! step this way—there's a good fellow."

Impey took his hat and hurried in the direction of the voice, shaking his head as he went along, and bursting out laughing, half with joy at finding the schoolmaster at home, and half in contempt at the doctor's love of appearances, which had made him say he was "out."

"Well, how are you, Impey?" said the doctor, who, with an old broad-brimmed hat on, and one of the man-servant's aprons tied round his waist, was perched up on a pair of steps, busily engaged—brush in one hand and eye-glasses in the other—whitewashing the school-room. "Have you seen Annie, eh?"

"Why, I thought you were at Exeter Hall, Joseph!" said Impey, grinning at the queer figure the reverend gentleman appeared. "But of course you only said so for the *look of the thing*," he added, ironically, taking up his brother-in-law's favorite phrase. "However, I want to speak with you alone, on very particular business; so come down, for I've no time to lose, I can tell you."

"Why, what's going on now, eh, Sam?" inquired the schoolmaster, peering down from the top of the steps. "Well, you certainly seemed in a little bit of a hurry, by the way you set to work at the bell. I was afraid it was some carriage folks, do you know, come to see the school before we had done. Just let's finish this corner; I shan't be a minute over it, and then I shall be at your service as long as you please."

"Tut! tut! tut!" said Impey, sharply, with his tongue against his teeth, and making almost the same chirping noise as a robin. "You can do that at any time, man, so *do* come down, and for heaven's sake take that apron off, for you look more like a methodistical bricklayer with it on, than the head of a classical establishment," he added, with such a dexterous thrust at the doctor's love for appearances, as he knew would be sure to fetch him down, if any thing could. "Why the deuce can't you have proper people to do your whitewashing work, Joseph, instead of ruining a good suit of clothes to save a sixpence? There, just look at your gaiters! why they're all black and white, like a speckled hen."

This had the desired effect, and brought the doctor quickly to the ground. As he stood looking first at one gaiter and then

at the other, to assure himself that he was in the disreputable plight Impey had made out, he said, with greater philosophy than usual, "But no matter, it's only an old suit I put on for the occasion. Besides, the oxyde of calcium is a deterrent agent; and you know, Sam—"

"No, I don't know, and what's more, I don't want to know any thing about such stuff," interrupted Impey, patting the floor quickly with his foot. "I tell you I want to see you," he cried out in an angry, impatient voice—but suddenly recollecting that the servant was in the room, he went close up to the doctor and whispered in his ear—"on very particular business that concerns us both."

"Leave the room, Williams," said Dr. Vyse to the lad, for the schoolmaster was half frightened at his brother-in-law's mysterious manner. "Well! well! well!" he continued nervously, as he turned round to the lawyer, and saw him fidgeting about, "I'll be with you directly, only let me have time to get my apron off, won't you?"

"You've no business with it on," quickly retorted Impey. "For my part, I can't see that the place wants any thing doing to it, at all—only you're such a man for *looks*, Joe."

"Of course you can't, Sam," returned Vyse, tossing up his head till his double chin shook again, "of course you can't. But you know a school-room isn't a lawyer's office; you may be as dirty and dusty as you please in your chambers, but bless you, a speck here would ruin us. Clean school, clean boys, say I, or as Horace more beautifully has it, '*Sincerum est nisi vas*'—remember *Sincerum*, Sam!—*quodcunque infundis acescit*, my boy," said the schoolmaster, with tremendous emphasis upon the *acescit*, and tapping his two forefingers together close under Impey's nose. "*Becomes sour*, you see—or what amounts to the same thing—your boys are sure to turn out bad if your school-room isn't sweet and wholesome. And again, my dear Sam—here, just undo this knot behind for me, will you?—the mothers are so fond of white, let me tell you, that a pailful of whitewash does as much for one as advertisements."

"Bother you and your mothers!" shouted Impey, bursting the doctor's apron-string. "Are you going to stand prosing here all day, let me ask you, while *you* and your *wife* and your *school*, and *every thing* and *every body* connected with you are being ruined?"

"Ruined! ruined!" exclaimed Vyse, clasping his hands, and

turning as pale as the very whitewash he had been using. "How do you mean—'Ruined?'—I—and—a—every thing and every body connected with me—a—being ruined? Why didn't you say so before? What on earth ever can have happened? For goodness' sake come with me, and let me know all about it directly!"

Hastily putting down his old, rusty, broad-brimmed hat, the doctor led Impey back to the study. As they passed along the passage, the wily lawyer nudged the schoolmaster's elbow, and whispered in his ear "not to go screaming out in that way again, or else he'd have the servants hearing all about it, and a pretty state of things there'd be then."

Vyse was instantly dumb: and when they had reached the library, he held the door open while Impey passed, so that he might close it carefully after him.

"There now, sit you down, my good fellow, and let me hear all about it, as the Latin phrase runs, '*ab ovo usque ad mala*'—from beginning to end," said the doctor, as he threw himself back in his chair, and commenced twirling round the heavy bunch of gold seals that dangled from his fob. "Only really you shouldn't come whispering in my ears I'm a ruined man, in the sudden way you do. I'm certain you'll do me a serious injury some day or another—bring on a fit of apoplexy, for all you can say—for you know you yourself told me when you got me to make my will, that with my short neck, I was predisposed that way, and I declare your words have been ringing in my ears ever since. And after all this fright, I dare say it's only that bill of young Greenhill's father come back. Now confess, Sam! isn't it—eh, you rogue?" he asked, as with an insinuating smile and a shake of the head he playfully poked his brother-in-law in the ribs.

"No, it is not! I only wish for your sake, Joseph, it was merely *that*. But something *has* come back, and it's a precious sight worse than a bill, I can tell you," said Impey, in a solemn voice, throwing up his hands and staring pathetically at the center ornament of the ceiling.

"Surely nothing can have happened to any of the references," cried Vyse, wiping the perspiration from his high forehead. "You don't mean to say—a—that mysterious paragraph in the papers about a pot of anchovies having been carried off by a gentleman of high standing in the church, referred to—a—But no, though I know the bishop is fond of them, still his lordship

could never have so far forgotten himself—for the sake of a shilling, too”—and he waved his hand to dissipate the illusion.

“Bless you, no!” cried Impey, frowning, and fixing his eyes fiercely on Vyse; “and if his lordship had, Joe, it would have been a mere flea-bite to the thunder cloud that is at this moment hanging over your poor, poor head, and if it only breaks upon you, why your hard-earned reputation is not worth that!” and he snapped his fingers as he sneered.

At this fearful picture Vyse clasped his bald head between his hands, and commenced rubbing his few remaining locks of gray hair round and round with nervous agitation. “Well, then, for goodness’ sake,” he peevishly broke out, “*do—do* tell me all about it, and don’t go on tantalizing one in this way. I don’t want to know what it *isn’t*—but what it *is*!”

“Very good—very good,” said Impey, in a calm tone, biting his under lip as he nodded his head. Then drawing his chair close to the doctor’s, leaning forward, he looked at him intently in the face, and as he rubbed his hands up and down his knees, said; “Perhaps you don’t happen to remember a boy of the name of Walter Farquhar, that was sent over to me by his parents out in India, to have educated, and that I put under your care?”

“Yes, certainly I do,” replied the schoolmaster, growing red in the face, and quite excited as he spoke. “I recollect the young scapegrace perfectly. You mean the son of Gervaise Farquhar, who was in the Madras Cavalry, you know, the boy that ran away from this very house—now—let me see—why, bless me, yes—it must be now nearly eight years ago, as I live.”

On hearing this, Impey exclaimed, “Pish—sh—sh,” with prolonged emphasis, and laughed sarcastically as he said, “The boy that *ran* away, indeed—ha! ha! ha! The boy you *drove* away, you mean, Joseph! Yes, *drove* away by your continual floggings.”

“Floggings!—ha! ha!” exclaimed Vyse, wildly bursting out laughing in his turn, and flinging his arms out as straight as a signpost. “If the young monkey had had a few more of them, Sam, he wouldn’t have turned out the vagabond he did.” Then growing calmer, he added in an expostulating voice—“Oh! you’d hardly believe it, Sam, but that young East Indian had a temper as hot as—as the soup at the Wolverton Station. If he had been a nobleman’s son, sir—” and here the doctor thumped

the table—"he couldn't have gone on worse than he did. The very fat of the land wasn't good enough for him. Now for instance, Sam," he said, drawing his chair close to the lawyer, and laying his hand on his shoulder, "you know the table I keep is fit for an emperor to sit down to. Well, I give you my word—do what I would—I could *not* get that boy—that boy that you say I drove away from the school by my floggings, mind!—I could *not* get that boy, I repeat—to do what do you think, sir?"—But the lawyer remaining silent, the doctor once more leaned forward, and stretching out his hand toward him, said in a solemn voice, as if it were the most heinous crime with which he was acquainted—"Why, *to eat suet puddings!* How then, I ask you, sir, was I to act? There was I placed in charge of the morals of upward of seventy tender young plants, and fully aware that one couldn't expect to have the '*mens sana*' without the '*corpore sano*;' and was I then to sit idly by and see the very wholesomest and best of food willfully wasted, when I knew there were thousands of poor, worthy, industrious, starving families who would have jumped to get such a luxury? Besides, what does history tell us? Why, sir, history tells us that the Lacedæmonian youth were the pride of the classical world. And how were they reared? Why, upon black broth!! Broth as black as my gaiters, sir!!" he exclaimed, indignantly, as he slapped his calf. "And knowing this, of course, I determined to conquer the boy's stubborn spirit, for I felt assured that in his after days he'd bless me for it. But what return did the ingrate make me for all the kindness I squandered upon him? Why the young scoundrel ran away—yes, *ran* away, sir!—and I dare say, many and many a time would have given the world for a mouthful of the very identical sweet and wholesome suet puddings that he used to turn his dainty young nose up at!"

"Well, have you done?" said Impey, directly his brother-in-law stopped for breath; for the doctor was so excited in the defense of his character, that the lawyer had as yet had no chance of getting a word in. "Have you *quite* done, Joseph? Because if you have I should like to go on with *my* story."

"Done! yes, of course I have done," shouted the schoolmaster, who by this time had taken in such a relay of breath that he was ready to go on again and protect his darling reputation. "Only what does the immortal Juvenal tell us? why this—'to prefer our honor to our life,' or to use his own beautiful words,

'*Summum crede nefas*,' says he—and to do what, Sam, eh?—why, '*animam præferre pudori*.' Was I, then, to hear you say to my very face, that I had flogged the boy away from my school—was I, I say, to hear a charge like that brought against me and my spotless reputation, that it has cost me so many years' hard labor to build up—and not be allowed to say so much as a word in my defense? Do you think it was any pleasure to me to flog the boy? No, sir! it gave me much more pain than it did him, I can assure you!"

"Then it's a wonder you didn't run away instead of the boy," slyly and dryly said Impey, as his eyes twinkled. "That tale may do very well for the mothers, Joe, but you mustn't try it on with me, old fellow."

"What dreadfully incredulous people you lawyers are, to be sure," mildly returned Vyse. "But what's all this to do with Walter Farquhar? I suppose the upshot of the whole business is, the young vagabond has got tired and at last come back, eh?"

"No, hang him!" said Impey, from between his clenched teeth, "no such luck. Depend upon it, Joseph, unless we look out, that lad will be the ruin of both of us."

"Ruin! ruin! there you go again!" cried Vyse, throwing himself back in his chair, as he saw the whole of his pet reputation knocked on the head. "Why, you talk of ruin as coolly as if it were an every-day occurrence with you. Besides, if you thought *that* would be the end of the business, at least you might keep it to yourself. What ever is the meaning of all this rigmarole, Samuel?"

"Why it's simply this," returned Impey, coolly. "As you were my brother-in-law—the husband of my dear sister Annie—of course it would never have done for me to have written over and told the boy's parents that your ill-treatment had driven him away from your school."

"My ill treatment!" exclaimed the doctor, again firing up, and jumping out of his chair with excitement. "Well, if you come to that, Sam, I really can't see that *your* treatment of the lad was much to brag about. Didn't his parents every year send you an extremely handsome remittance, so that their son might have the education and all the refinements of a gentleman, and didn't you put him with me here without allowing him even an 'extra' so that the boy had no more chance of having any accomplishments than my man Williams, down-stairs—though even that great philosopher, Cicero, has taken the pains to tell us that

a good, sound education is as necessary to a person as the food we eat, and in these very words, '*animi cultus*'—which, I take it, does not mean mere reading and writing, but at least, music, drawing, dancing, and the use of the globes—well, he says, this very '*animi cultus*,' sir, is '*quasi quidam humanitatis cibus*.' And did you ever have the boy once home for the holidays, as old Farquhar had bargained with you that you should?" the schoolmaster continued, indignantly, as he thumped the elbow of his chair. "And didn't you keep all the poor lad's pocket-money to yourself—and all the Indian preserves and pickles his parents were continually sending him over, without ever so much as presenting my wife—though she's your own sister—with a single jar? Moreover, wasn't it a shame and a discredit to my highly respectable establishment, to see the youth go about the figure he was, just because you wouldn't allow him more than one suit out of the fifty pounds a year, you know you yourself told me that the Farquhars paid you for his clothing?"

"One suit!" interrupted Impey, quietly, laughing in his sleeve at his brother-in-law's extreme warmth of manner. "Come! come! the boy always had two pair of trowsers per annum."

"Well!" continued Vyse, inwardly exulting over the thought that he was getting by far the best of the dispute—"and wasn't Annie always speaking to you about the state of the lad's linen, and telling you she didn't know how in the name of goodness she was to manage to cobble up his rags, so as to make them even hold together? And all this *you* know, Sam, as well as *I* do, is nothing but the plain truth—if it wasn't so, I'm sure I should be the last man to say it. For, thank goodness, I can lay my hand on my heart, and exclaim, '*Amicus Plato, Amicus Socrates, sed*'—what, I should like to know? why, '*sed magis, amica veritas*,'—I love truth above every thing. And yet, notwithstanding all this, you have the coolness to come down here and talk of *my* ill treatment driving the boy away from the school."

"There! there! Joseph, let by-gones be by-gones! and don't let us get bickering about trifles," replied Impey, patting the doctor on the shoulder, so as to pacify him, for he knew the schoolmaster was utterly unmanageable in the excited state he was. "You wait till you've heard all *I've* got to say, and then you may talk as much as you please. You and I are in a nice mess, I can tell you!"

"Go on, then—go on!" cried Vyse, again rubbing his head violently, as he relapsed into all his former alarms.

"Well, then, as I said before, after *your* ill-treatment had driven the boy away," said Impey, determined to stick to his point, "I was obliged, on your account—and on my dear sister's as well, I must confess, Joseph—since I knew it would have been your ruin to have let the lad's parents know any thing about what had happened—to keep writing over to old Farquhar, telling him his son was getting on admirably at your school; and to make it look all right I sent, every year, a letter or two besides, as if from the boy himself—for, you know how easy a schoolboy's hand is to imitate—and, of course, I thought the lad would soon get starved out, and every day expected to see him come back in rags."

"Yes, I understand," returned Vyse, sarcastically, as he walked quickly up and down the room, twisting to pieces a pen he had taken off the table, "and to make it appear all the more natural, you went on pocketing the remittances year after year into the bargain."

"Why, of course I did," answered Impey, starting back, as if in horror of the man who could bring such a charge against him. "If I had not, I should like to know what would have become of *you* and *your* school, sir? And do you think I could be so destitute of every proper feeling as to turn informer, and become a willing party to the ruin of my own brother-in-law? No, Joseph, for my dear sister's sake, I repeat, I couldn't! So, as I daily expected the boy back, I went on year after year receiving the money—just to save *your* character from being blasted, mark!—until my stupid good nature got me into a pretty mess. At last, the Farquhars wrote over, saying—'it was time their son should be put to some profession, and they would prefer him to be articled to me.'"

"Which, of course," added Vyse, bowing and smiling, with bitter irony, "you pretended to do, and charged them a hundred and twenty pounds—or whatever it is—for the stamp, and two or three hundred as a premium besides, I'll lay my life. I suppose now, you'll make out you did this, too, for me and *your dear sister's sake*, eh?" he added, imitating the lawyer's tone.

"Ha—ah! was there ever such ingratitude in man?" sighed Impey, shaking his head, and letting his hands drop like plummets at his side. "Here have I," he said, addressing the carpet, "been for years doing acts which I positively blush to ac-

knowledge—merely to preserve unsullied the reputation of my family—and this is the return they make me for it! But, never mind,” he added, briskly, tapping the left side of his surtout, “a man’s conscience is his best reward. However, after the little insight I’ve now had into your character, Mr. Joseph Vyse, I can only say you may manage your own affairs for the future. From this moment I wash my hands of you altogether; so don’t blame me if ruin befalls you—and, as I said before, and say again—every thing and every body connected with you, man!”

“Ruin! there you go again!” exclaimed Vyse, half crying. “What ever do you mean? How you do talk! Why won’t you let me know the end of all this long tale?”

“The end of it!” returned Impey, in a loud, indignant voice. “Why, the end of it, sir, is merely this.” Then taking out his pocket-book, and slowly opening it, he added, in measured sentences, “Here is a letter—I received it this very morning—it is dated Portsmouth, and it tells me—”

“Of course,” interrupted the impatient Vyse, not able to wait for the conclusion—“it tells you the boy’s been to sea, and has come back.”

“No! if you will allow me to proceed, sir,” said Mr. Impey, with most obsequious ceremony, “it tells me no such thing. The boy has *not* come back—but the boy’s father and mother *have*”—and here he paused for a moment, and looked intently at the schoolmaster. “They will be in town to-morrow—and what’s more, they have desired me to meet them at Melton’s Hotel, in Jermyn-street, and to bring their son Walter with me. And now, as *your* ill treatment, Doctor Joseph Vyse, has driven that son Walter away, perhaps you will be good enough to inform me how I am to act.”

“Good Heavens, Samuel!” exclaimed the poor doctor, in a deep whisper, as he clasped his hands and sank upon the sofa. “What ever will become of *you*?”

“Become of *me*!” shouted Impey, with a forced, hollow laugh. “Well, that certainly is delicious. Become of us *both*, you mean, man! for you’re in it quite as deep as I am. However, as you seem to fancy that it’s no business of yours, why, I’ll be off. But I was fool enough to imagine that it was more *your* affair than *mine*, and to have come down here—like a good-natured ninny as I am—to assist you in your hour of trouble. For, thank God! I’m not yet quite such a pauper, as not to be able to pay back the paltry remittances; but the boy, Dr. Vyse!

the boy!—are *you* able to refund *him*, let me ask you? No, sir!” he shouted out, as he stamped violently on the carpet. “And what will be the consequences? why, your school will be exposed in every paper, sir, and you must end your days in a workhouse. But, of course, *that* doesn’t concern *you* in the least—oh, dear me, no! So I wish you a very good day, Joseph”—and, taking his hat, the lawyer moved toward the door. With the handle in his hand, he turned round to say, as if some emotion was choking his utterance, “You can tell poor Annie, you know, that when the worst comes to the worst, there will always be a home for her in my house!”

“Stop! stop!” shrieked Vyse, rushing up to him, “if you don’t want to drive me mad, for Heaven’s sake stop, man.” Then taking Impey by the arm, he dragged him back, and seated him in his chair again. “Oh! dear, dear, dear! how can you ever make out, Samuel, that I’m in it as deeply as you are? Why I never received a sixpence on account of the boy, after the ungrateful vagabond had chosen to run away and leave me—and what’s more, I wouldn’t have touched the money if you’d offered it to me. It’s your cursed grasping disposition that’s done it all—it is! or else why couldn’t you have written over and said the boy had died of a fever—or the small-pox—or been drowned—or any thing you like—there were a hundred ways of killing him—there were—you know there were.”

“O yes!” said Impey, calmly, “that looks all very fine, I dare say; but do you think parents are quite such simpletons, as not to want burial certificates, or coroner’s inquests—eh? And more than that, ten chances to one, but what they would have come over to England to inquire into the business themselves; and then you would have been a ruined man nine years ago, you would, Joseph—you would!”

“Oh, dear! oh, dear!” cried Vyse, burying his face in his hands, in an agony of despair. “How will this dreadful business end? Yes, I see the whole family are ruined; and my hard-earned and spotless reputation that has been the work of years, is gone—gone!”

“There! now don’t go raving about in that way like a maniac,” returned Impey, “unless you want the servants to hear all about it, as I told you once before. Come and sit down here quietly, Joe—there’s a good fellow—and I’ll tell you a plan I’ve got by which we may both of us get clear of all the bother.”

Vyse's eyes glistened with delight at the very thought, and returning to his seat, he said, eagerly—

"What is it? what is it? I never knew such a man as you are, Sam! You must have nerves of adamant, you must. Nothing seems to take away your presence of mind. Now what do you propose to do, eh?" he asked, as he drew his chair close to the lawyer's.

"Well," continued Impey, nudging his elbow and winking his eye at him, "you've got another Indian boy, of the name of Burgoyne, haven't you?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered Vyse, wondering to himself what on earth that could have to do with it—"you mean Hugh, the son of old Major Burgoyne of the twenty-fifth Native Infantry. Well, whatever do you want with him?"

"Lord! how blind you are, Joe," returned Impey, laughing, and tossing up his head at the schoolmaster's obtuseness—"can't you see I want to pass young Hugh Burgoyne off as the runaway, Walter Farquhar—is *that* plain enough for you, eh? The Farquhars, you know, haven't seen their son since he was four years old, and young Burgoyne is a dark-complexioned lad, so that the deuce is in it if they'd ever be able to tell the difference; indeed I wouldn't mind betting you two new hats to one, but what Mrs. Farquhar, when she sees the lad, declares he's 'the very image of his father.'"

"It'll never do! It'll never do, I tell you!" cried Vyse, again pacing the room. "Hugh Burgoyne is not yet eighteen, and Walter Farquhar was twelve years old when he ran away, and that was eight years ago last Midsummer."

"Young Burgoyne only eighteen!" exclaimed Impey, lifting up his eyebrows, and starting back with feigned surprise, determined to put his plan in execution at all hazards. "Well, now really to look at the lad, I could have sworn, do you know, that he was two-and-twenty, if he was a day! and I'm considered a very good judge in such matters, let me tell you. Besides, a lad's age can't be told, like a horse's, by his teeth; and even if it could, it surely isn't the time, when ruin's staring you in the face, to stick at trifles."

"Yes, that's true enough," continued Vyse, half-convinced by his fears, as well as by the great reliance he placed upon Impey's skill. "Besides, old Burgoyne, in his last letter, Sam, said he didn't expect to be able to get over here for four years to come."

"Just the very thing, you see!" said Impey, quickly following up, slapping Vyse sharply on the back. "For the Farquhars, you know, can't stay in England longer than three years—as that's the extent of the furlough they are allowed by the Company—and they can't take the boy back with them, you know, because his articles with me wouldn't be out—d'ye see?"

"Ah! but I'm afraid we're reckoning without our host," added Vyse, his alarms again returning, as he thought that upon the boy the whole would depend. "Suppose young Burgoyne won't consent to be a *particeps* in the affair—what then, eh?"

"Oh! he'll consent fast enough, and precious glad of the chance, too, never fear," answered Impey; "that is to say, if you'll leave the business entirely to me, and not go putting your spoke in the wheel, for you're so plaguily frightened yourself, that you'll be sure to alarm the lad. Only you let me have the management of the affair, and I'll warrant I'll twist him round my little finger."

"Well, Samuel, I only hope you may, though I shall be very much surprised if you do," said Vyse, with a shake of the head, as much as to say, "I'm certain you won't." "I know the boy much better than you do, and I've paid such attention to the cultivation of his morals, that, bless you! he'd no more consent to be mixed up in any falsehood, or countenance any deceit, than his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ah! you may laugh, but, as Terence says, '*Tu si hic sis*,' if you knew the lad as well as I do, Samuel—'*aliter sentias*,' you'd think differently of him—that's all, my fine fellow."

"Well, there's no harm in sounding the lad, is there, Joe?" asked Impey, smiling, "and then we shall soon see which is right—you or I. So come! as there's no time to lose, let's be off to him; and you tell Annie to get a little mouthful of something ready for lunch, for I feel as if I could eat a bit of cold meat myself. Your Blackheath air has made me as hungry as a poet, and to tell you the truth a little wine won't be thrown away on the boy, before we break the subject to him. A glass or two warms a body up, and opens his heart so, you know. Besides, it's rather a ticklish thing to propose to the lad."

"Hah! you may well say that, Sam," said Vyse, with a sigh. "Hugh is the quietest and best-behaved boy in my school; and if it wasn't for the regard I have for a spotless reputation, nothing on earth would ever induce me to countenance such an offer being made to the lad. But I have always held with Livy, that it is im-

possible to recompense one for the loss of his good name. *Famæ damna*, you see, my dear Impey, are, of course, *majora quam quæ æstimari possint*." Then, as they both left the room, the schoolmaster added, "Ah! historians nowadays don't give such beautiful sentiments as these! What a pity it is, Sam, you don't pay more attention than you do to the classics. It looks so well in a man, you know."

"Hem! it *looks* so well, does it? But burn your classics, I say," cried Impey; "let's go and see after the luncheon—that's what I want to pay attention to, Master Joseph."

CHAPTER III.

ON inquiring, the schoolmaster found that Master Hugh Burgoyne was out on the heath; and as it would take some time hunting him up, Vyse agreed with Impey it would be much better first to find out Mrs. V., and get her to prepare the luncheon while they were looking after the boy.

As they went through the different rooms in search of the good lady, Impey couldn't help thinking the school, deserted as it was, had the same dreary appearance as a theater by daylight. In the large dining-room, the long, narrow forms and tables were piled up one on the top of the other, and the playground seemed as lonely as the city on a Sunday. Not a creature was to be seen in it. Under a small shed lay two or three old, soddened bats, with the string off their handles, and a sprawling, unfastened hoop, and here and there a dirty, broken trap. In the little ante-room adjoining the school-room there was only a cracked slate or two, and a torn cap, with the cane burst through the edge of the crown, left hanging to the many rows of hat-pegs that ranged all round the walls; while the lockers underneath were so crammed with dog's-eared and half-skinned school-books, that their lids could not be closed.

But Mrs. Vyse was not to be found below; so both the lawyer and the schoolmaster ascended the carpetless stairs, to seek for her in the bed-rooms. These appeared even more dreary than the rest of the apartments put together. For the long, double row of beds, stripped of their customary white curtains,





MRS. VYSE SURROUNDED BY THE LEGS AND RIBS OF A DISSECTED
BEDSTEAD

and the bare mattresses, hardly covering the wooden ribs of the bedsteads, and the gray, striped tick of the naked bolsters lying at full length along them, made Impey, as he went shivering with his hands in his breeches pockets, down the narrow path in the middle of the room, feel as gloomy as if he were walking among so many tomb-stones.

As is usually the case, they found the object of their search in the very last place they looked into. In the "third bedroom" sat Mrs. Vyse, surrounded by the legs and ribs of a dissected bedstead, which a housemaid, half hidden by the steam of a pail of boiling water, was scrubbing, while her mistress was applying, with the feather-end of a pen, a not very odoriferous solution to their joints, as fast as they came from the maid's red and swollen hands.

The good lady who was engaged in this homely, but—where there are near upon seventy beds—highly necessary task, had for twenty years, "next oak-apple day," shared the cares and looked after the "great big house" of the worthy schoolmaster. She certainly was not that peculiar, fine, stout, showy kind of woman that one might have expected the doctor, from his love of appearances, would have associated himself with for life. But at the time he courted her he had his way to make in the world—indeed he was under-usher at Clapham seminary, and sighing to be the head of an "establishment" of his own. Accordingly, he had sought for a lady who possessed mental rather than personal beauty, with a small property in her own right; and at last, finding that his dearest Annie was a good, frugal little body—not altogether bad-looking, and entitled to fifteen hundred pounds on her day of marriage, he had wooed, won, and wedded her, without a rival—unless, indeed, we mention an Irish reporter on one of the daily papers, to whom the lady had given little or no encouragement.

And assuredly whatever attractions Mrs. Vyse possessed rested more in what her husband delighted to call her "inward," rather than her "outward woman." Despite of the doctor's energetic and persevering endeavors, the lady still remained far from plump; indeed, judging by the narrowness of her face, the length of her neck, and the straightness of her figure, one felt convinced that under the scanty black German-velvet cape she then wore, lay concealed two "salt-cellars," as they are called, in which martens might have built. Her hair was light, and certainly not what is styled "thick;" and, as if to make the

most of it, was arranged in a number of thin, short ringlets. On her head she wore a cap with two bright, cherry-colored rosettes at the sides, almost as large as those which were formerly popular at the heads of the old-fashioned bell-ropes. Her features were sharp and pinched; but then she had always been, like her brother, a great advocate for cold water, and brought up "hardy," as she termed it, from her cradle.

In fact, if the good soul objected to one thing more than another, it was "coddling," which was the term she invariably applied to making one's self in any way comfortable. If she found any of the young gentlemen huddled around the school-room fire, of a frosty morning, she would hurry them out into the playground, telling them "to go and have a good game, and warm themselves, instead of sitting shivering there, until they got their hands and feet all over chilblains."

Another horror of hers was "orts." She didn't mind how often the boys asked for "more;" indeed, as she said, she liked them to eat hearty; but whatever they had upon their plates she expected them to finish, for she could not bear to see waste at a time when there was so much want in the world. Often had she begged for boys to be let off for not attending to their lessons; but never had she been known to interfere when a young gentleman was punished for what she styled "a wicked, wicked sin." If any bread was left at dinner, the offender was sure to have it for his tea; for the very idea of a morsel of the staff of life being wasted would horrify her beyond every other juvenile offense.

The love of cleanliness was with Mrs. Vyse a perfect mania. Indeed, she was one of those excellent housewives who, from her over desire to have her house so particularly clean, always had it in a mess from the very fact of being continually cleaning it. Either the stairs were wet and the carpets up—or else all the furniture was wheeled out of one room into another—or the beds were being taken to pieces—or the paint was being scrubbed down—or the windows were being cleaned—or the floors being scoured—so that it was almost impossible to sit down in any room one wanted, or to walk up-stairs, or along the passage, without tumbling over a pailful of water.

The lady was as particular with the boys, too, as she was with the house. Every Saturday she was in her glory, for it was "tub night," and then she always made a point of hoping and trusting the maids would not spare the soap. Only let her

see a boy scratch his head, and he was instantly made to undergo a full half-hour's currying with the small-tooth comb. Once or twice the young gentlemen had asked permission to keep pigeons or guinea pigs, but she knew from experience the nasty things "only bred fleas," and fleas were her especial abomination. Moreover, Mrs. Vyse had "a wonderful eye for rashes," as the doctor said. If so much as a pimple broke out upon a boy, he was instantly hurried away to the infirmary, and "senna and pruned" for a good week, at least. Formerly, the French master had lived in the house, but Mrs. Vyse declared that all the "*Natives de Parry*" she had ever come near were so horribly dirty that she wouldn't have another fellow with all that hair about his face living in *her* house—no! not for his weight in gold.

But with all this she was a good, kind-hearted little body, and an excellent wife to Vyse. Though she was continually "dratting those young monkeys of boys" for the tricks they were as continually playing her; and though she was always declaring and protesting that "one boy was more trouble than a dozen girls," still no one liked them better than she did; and so soon as the irritation of the moment had passed over, no one laughed so heartily at their pranks. Indeed all the boys knew they had a good friend in her, and that the best way to get a half holiday, or be let off any punishment, was, as they said, to "carney over old Mother Vyse."

As soon as the schoolmaster had sent the maid out of the room, Impey informed his sister of all that had happened, and the plans they had formed for getting out of the dilemma. But Mrs. Vyse, growing alarmed, recommended an immediate confession as the safest mode of proceeding; and to strengthen her case, told her brother a long, round-about story of how she had once forgiven Master Edward Robinson, for actually hiding in his trowsers pocket the fat he was too dainty to eat, merely because he had told her the whole truth, and confessed to her where he had put it. "And depend upon it, Sam," she continued, shaking her head, "you'll find in the long run that 'honesty is by far the best policy,' as poor, dear father, you know, used to say, and that truth, like murder, will out some time or other."

"Yes, Annie's very right," said Vyse; "'*Magna est veritas*,' say the Latins, '*et prevalebit*!'—d'ye understand?"

But her brother Sam, in answer, merely hinted at the total ruin such a course would bring upon the scholastic reputation of her husband Joseph; while her husband Joseph informed her that

it would be likely to cause her brother Sam to leave his native land and business. Whereupon she said she was sure she would at any time do all in her power to assist them both, though in this particular instance she begged of them to understand they must not blame her if certain people, who were not a hundred miles from where she was standing, burnt their fingers, in the end, as she couldn't help thinking they would.

The point once settled, Vyse requested her to have lunch ready in the study against their return.

"In the study, indeed! that I'm sure you can't," exclaimed Mrs. V., indignantly. "Why, you must be mad, Joseph, love, to propose such a thing, when you know it's only just been cleaned, and it took Hannah all the morning to do it; and there I shall have that boy Hugh coming with his nasty, dirty, snowy boots all over my beautiful clean crumb cloth. No, any place but that, Joe, dear, if you please."

"Well then, my darling," said Vyse, in a mild, expostulating tone, "it's no matter to me! Let it be in the parlor, if you prefer it!"

"That I'm certain it won't," again ejaculated Mrs. V., with great decision. "How you do talk, to be sure! Haven't I had all the carpets taken up, and hasn't it only just been-scrubbed down; and I'll put it to you now, whether with that nasty rheumatism of yours, flying about you, as it has been all the last week, you'd like to sit down to your lunch, with the boards all wet under your feet."

"Well then, Annie, put it in the dining-room," said Impey, laughing; "surely, there must be one room in the house fit to go into."

"Lor, Sam, I do wish you'd talk about what you understand," cried the little woman; "you may be very clever at law, but you know no more than a child, about the management of a great big house like this. Only just go and look into the dining room, now; and you'll see all the forms and tables piled up there, previous to my having the whole place thoroughly washed down. Besides, there's no fire there, and I'm sure I'm not going to have one lit in those stoves, just after they've been so beautifully black-leaded as they have."

"There! it's no use talking, Annie!" said Vyse, biting his lips with suppressed annoyance, "we are in a hurry now, and must have lunch somewhere when we come back; so pray don't say any more about it, my dear."

"Well, if you must, Joe, my love, I suppose you must," replied the good lady, sighing, "though where on earth, I'm to put you, I'm sure I don't know. And now I come to think of it, I really believe I've got nothing in the house to give you!"

"Why, there's the remains of that leg of mutton, my love," said Vyse, petulantly.

"Then you can't have it," answered Mrs. V., with firmness; "that I intended for the servants' dinner. Really, you go on as if there was a butcher's shop next door, and I'm sure I can't spare any of the maids to go dawdling their time away in fetching anything from Labern's just now; and even if I could, cook hasn't got time to get it ready. You know, as well as I do, it's Wednesday, and she's all her stone passage and that big back yard to clean, and I'm quite certain that's as much as she can manage. Besides, it serves you right; for, as I've told you over and over again, you ought not to go asking people to stop, without first consulting me."

"Really, Annie," said Vyse, getting angry, "you should remember it's your own brother."

"Sam knows me well enough by this time, not to think of taking offense at what I'm saying," she replied, pertly. "I dare say his own wife says the same thing to him. By-the-by, I hope the poor dear has got over that nasty attack of low spirits she had, Sam."

"Oh, yes, she's all right," answered Sam, impatiently. "Come on, Vyse, we've no time to spare. But stop! now I think of it, let's have some wine, will you, Annie? and as little of that good wholesome table beer of yours as possible."

On this Mrs. Vyse, with a good eye to economy, asked her brother whether he had ever tasted her "red currant." But Impey informed her he had not, and, moreover, that he had no wish at present to make the experiment; whereupon she told him that he need not turn up his nose at it, for she was celebrated for her red currant, as she never put less than two gallons of the very best British brandy, that could be had for love or money, into every eighteen gallon cask. Impey, nevertheless, clung to a glass of sherry; so Mrs. Vyse stated that she wasn't going to give sherry indeed to the boy; for that if currant wine wasn't good enough for him, he might go without. To this Impey assented, for it struck him that the brandy in the article would make it quite strong enough for what he wanted.

Then, as soon as the schoolmaster had brushed and spruced

himself up a bit, they both sallied out in search of young Hugh.

They found the youth skating on a pond at the other end of the heath, hard at work, trying to cut a figure of eight, and by the snow on his knees, it was evident Hugh was far from being well up in his "ciphering" on the ice. Vyse had to shout two or three times before the lad heard him.

As the boy came skating up to them, it was easy to see that—fine, strapping lad as he was—he had not yet done growing. For the sleeves of his jacket—though it was far from old—were tight and above his wrists, while his trowsers had become so short for him, that they showed his socks above his bluchers. He looked taller too, than he really was, not only from the slimness of his figure, but also from his wearing a jacket that scarcely reached to his waist.

No sooner did he see that Dr. Vyse was accompanied by Mr. Impey, than the boy colored up and grew so nervous and bashful, that he slackened his pace as he advanced toward them, with his large black eyes cast on the ground. Not that he had any objection to the lawyer—for Impey was generally liked by the boys. But since Hugh had been a mere child, he had never been a week absent from the school, and he was so little accustomed to the society of strangers, that one could not speak to him without the blood mounting to his cheeks. Mrs. Vyse—who not only liked the boy for the gentleness of his nature and the prettiness of his face, but also from the fact of his parents being so far away—had taken him under her especial care; and the lad, from being always with her, and nearly secluded from the world, had acquired more the ways of a woman than a man. Indeed, she often laughingly told him "he was so timid, that she was sure he was meant for a girl instead of a boy."

Even among his school-fellows, Hugh seemed to want the forwardness and recklessness of boyhood; but with strangers, it took a long time and great familiarity, before his diffidence left him. For, having passed almost all his life under a sense of authority, the poor East Indian scarcely dared to hold an opinion of his own. He had never known the genial influence of home, for he had left it at so early an age, that his memory could not reach back so far as even to figure his father and mother to his imagination; and his recollections of his infancy consisted merely of some vague and indistinct notion he had of a black nurse, and something about the ship that had brought him over to England.

He knew his mother was dead, but how or when he had been deprived of her, he could not recall. The first creature he could remember having loved, was his school-fellow, Walter Farquhar, who had run away. For their lots were alike, and they were the only two who never went home for the "Vacation;" so they had become cronies from the first. But now, even *he* was gone, and poor Hugh was passing the desolate holidays alone, at the school.

As the boy reached the bank, Vyse again assumed the scholastic dignity he had laid aside before Impey. "Come, Burgoyne," he said, speaking as he usually did on such occasions, slightly in his throat, "you must give over skating for the present, you're wanted at home. Here's a gentleman come to see you."

"You recollect me, don't you, my young Dutchman?" asked Impey, patting the boy on the head.

"Oh, yes, sir! you're Mr. Impey, Mrs. Vyse's brother, please sir," said the lad, blushing, as he stooped down to unfasten his skates.

"To be sure I am, my man! I'm the fellow that can always get you half-holidays, can't I?" replied Impey, as he playfully dug his finger into the boy's side, and made that peculiar noise out of the corner of his mouth, which is so much like the opening of a bottle of ginger-beer. Poor Hugh expected the friendly poke was intended for a cuff on the head, and starting back, put up his arm to ward it off. Seeing this, the lawyer exclaimed—"Ha! ha! what! you thought I was going to hit you, you rogue, eh! and if I had, you'd have shown fight, would you? Well, come on then! I don't think a round or two would do us any harm this cold weather." So Impey began squaring and dancing round Hugh, who hardly knew whether to take it in earnest or jest. After having indulged in this exercise for a second or two, the lawyer cried out—"Now, Hugh, mind your eye," and as if by accident, struck the pompous doctor, who was standing very stiffly by, such a smart back-handed blow on the chest, that poor Vyse turning pale, dropped his cane, and gasped for breath.

The boy endeavored to restrain his laughter, but at last it burst out all the more violently; so that he was obliged to cough and bend down and pretend to be undoing the straps of his skates.

"Here, put your foot upon my knee, Hugh; your hands are

cold. Let me take your skates off for you," said Impey, determined to lose no opportunity of ingratiating himself with the lad.

"Oh, no! thank you, sir," answered the boy, blushing scarlet, and with his eyes cast on the ground, "only the straps come off behind, please sir; so I was obliged to tie them on with a bit of string, and it's got wet with the snow, sir. I'll soon cut it, thank you, sir."

"What? are these the best skates you've got, Hugh?" asked Impey, as he held them at arm's length and twisted them round to examine them. Then, as the three commenced walking homewards, he went on saying—"Well, in those things you would be like me, Hugh, when I was a skater—never able to get beyond a spread eagle. Now," continued he, as the boy modestly laughed, "if I was to give you half-a-sovereign for a Christmas box, you'd go buying a new Virgil with it, you would, you sly young rogue—you know you would."

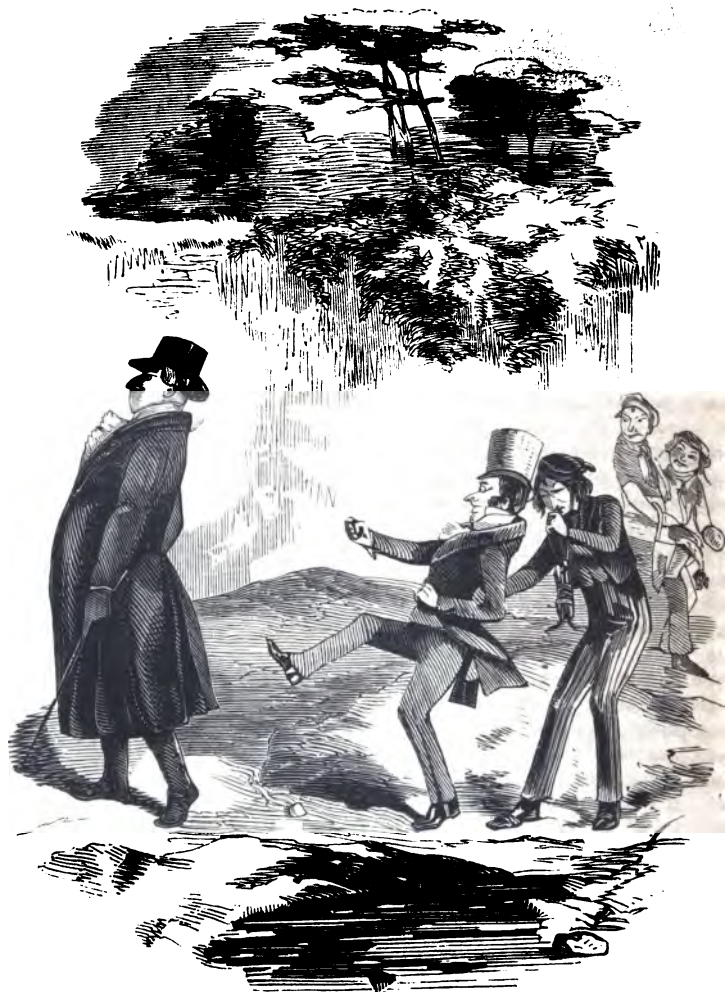
"No, I'd buy a new pair of skates, if you please, sir," innocently answered young Burgoyne, his eyes sparkling at the idea of getting so large and unexpected a "tip."

"Hush—sh—sh," whispered Impey, nudging him with his elbow, and pointing to Vyse. "You mustn't let *him* hear you say that, or he'll go telling us both to hold our hands out, and giving us a little bit of 'virumque *cano*,' ha! ha!" Then drawing out his purse, and giving the lad the money, he added in a loud voice—"There is the half-sovereign for the new Virgil you want to buy, Burgoyne."

Thus Hugh and Impey grew to be the best of friends, and the bashful boy began even to look in the lawyer's face when he spoke to him. Indeed, the marvel would have been, if so expert a man of the world and so quick a reader of character as Impey was, had failed to make the boy like him.

All the way home the lawyer kept asking Hugh such questions as would be likely to please him, such as—"which boy was cock of the school?" and "how he liked 'stick-jaw,' and 'sky-blue?'"—now inquiring "who was the best hand at rack-ets?" and wanting to know "how many Hugh would give him, if they had a game together by-and-by"—then telling him funny anecdotes of his own school-boy days, and going over a variety of old Latin puns, in the style of "Cæsar entering Gaul"—"*summâ diligentia*"—"outside the diligence." Sometimes he would ask the boy whether he could spell *Constanti-no-ple* yet.





IMPEY AMUSING HUGH ON HIS WAY TO MINERVA HOUSE.

And when he found Hugh was aware of the catch, he'd exclaim—"Ah! you're too sharp for me, you good-looking young dog you"—and immediately propose a game of "I one my mother." This, too, Impey would so manage, that it should fall upon him to say—"I *eight* my mother," whereupon Hugh would burst out laughing, and the lawyer would scratch his head and say "he didn't mean that—and vow he'd have it all over again." Every now and then, too, he would drop behind—while old Vyse, cane in hand, stalked on—and begin squaring with his fists at the schoolmaster's back, whispering to young Burgoyne that, "he'd pitch into him directly, if Hugh would only stand by him." Or else he'd twist up a paper pigtail, and creeping softly up to the doctor, quietly slip it under his coat-collar, to the boy's great enjoyment. Once he made a snow-ball, and after going through a variety of threatening attitudes to the stately schoolmaster, threw it at him, and lodged it just above the nape of his neck. Before the angry and shivering Vyse could turn round, Impey was shaking his fist at some boy in the distance, crying out—"How *dare* you do that, you rascal?" while Hugh was cramming his handkerchief into his mouth to prevent himself bursting with laughter. So that by the time they reached Minerva House, Hugh thought Impey the "jolliest old cock" he had ever met with.

On their return, the table was ready laid for lunch, and while the boy went to wash his hands and brush his clothes, before Mrs. Vyse made her appearance, Impey and Vyse were left alone in the library. The lawyer rubbed his hands with glee at his apparent success, and pulling up his shirt-collar with a triumphant jerk, said to the schoolmaster—"Talk of *your* management of youth! Bless you, you know nothing about it! Look at *me*, now! I can do any thing I please with them, you see. It's all very fine for you to prate about your moral training—but what is it, after all? Why, such mere cobweb stuff, that I walk in, and in less than a quarter of an hour, you see, sweep away all that it has taken you upward of a dozen years to do. Moral training! ha! ha! Pshaw! I could make that boy tell any lie for me—and so could any one, indeed—that is to say, if they had only got the sense to set about it in the right way."

"I grant, my dear Sam," replied Vyse, crossing his two forefingers, and looking intensely learned, as he put his head a little on one side, like an owl's, "you are a wonderful man! with a

profound knowledge of the workings of the human heart. But still, as I said before, I should as soon expect the earth to open and swallow me up, as to hear that lad consent to become a willing party to any fraud," and as he said this, he tapped his fingers furiously together. "You don't know the noble nature of that youth, Sam. I grant he is particularly sensible to any kindness; but," he continued, laying great emphasis on each word, "you'll find in the end—notwithstanding all your arts—it will be beyond your power—much as I reverence your genius—to induce that boy to swerve, even a hair's breadth, from the right path."

"Well, old fellow, we shall see—we shall see," said the lawyer, laughing incredulously. "By-the-by, though, I'll just trouble you for five shillings—the moiety of that half-sovereign I invested on our joint account in the youth."

"I really can't see I've any thing to do with it," replied Vyse, drawing back with a look of injured innocence. "No! no! that was *your own* speculation. Besides, let's see how the affair turns out, first; and I can't help saying that as yet, it only seems to me, like so much money thrown in the dirt; for I must repeat that the lad—"

"There! come, don't for goodness' sake let us have any more of that twaddle," interrupted Impey, in a tone of disgust, as he turned his nose up, and walked to the window. "You had better keep your beggarly five shillings, if you're not man enough to go halves."

"Moreover, Mr. Impey," said the doctor, with dignity, lifting up his coat tails and taking his stand before the fire. "I must beg of you, for the future, to be a little more respectful in your behavior to me before the pupils. I'm sure the way you went on toward me this morning, was perfectly disgraceful. How must it have looked to strangers, I should like to know?" he said, growing warm, and throwing his arms out, "and what do you think the world says? Why, they hold, as I do, with the immortal Juvenal, that, '*Nil dictu fœdum visuque*'—nothing improper, either in word or deed, remember—'*hæc limina tangat, intra quæ puer est,*' should be allowed where boys are. Besides, snow-balls melting down one's back are as unpleasant as I believe they are—unhealthy. Then again—"

But Impey, hearing the footsteps of Hugh Burgoyne in the passage, cut short the doctor's appeal, by exclaiming in a loud and distinct voice, "Yes, as you were saying, Doctor Vyse,

young Burgoyne certainly does appear to be a very intelligent and well disposed youth. What! Hugh, my boy! back so soon! well, you don't take long about *your* toilet!"

CHAPTER IV.

ONCE at lunch, Impey began again with renewed vigor—the schoolmaster, according to his instructions, saying as little as possible.

"I'm afraid it's very poor fare for you, Sam," said Mrs. Vyse, as they sat down; "it's only some cold mutton and pickles. But it's your own fault, and serves you right, for not letting me know you were coming—so don't complain."

"Pack o' nonsense, Ann! It's capital! capital!" returned Impey, spreading his napkin over his lap; "Hugh and I will soon show you whether we can eat cold mutton, or not." Then addressing the boy, he added, with a grin, "Which do you like best now—walnuts, or rods in pickle, eh?—Rods, I lay my life, ha! ha! ha! doesn't he doctor? ha! ha! ha!"

"He's a very good boy," answered Vyse, gravely, as he stretched over to reach the fresh butter. "Thank goodness, we haven't much use for the birch here."

"O-o-o-oh! he may tell that to the marines, mayn't he, Hugh?" cried Impey, nudging the boy; and as he saw the lad afraid to laugh before the schoolmaster, he added, "Come, don't mind him! Bless you, he daren't touch you while I'm here. Now how many dozen of you did he flog last half, eh?"

Hugh only blushed, and simpered in reply.

"Lor! Sam," exclaimed his sister, lifting up the carving knife and fork with her surprise, "how you do go on, to be sure, I declare you're as bad as ever."

"Halloo, Hugh! who says that you and I are not to have a glass of wine together?" ejaculated Impey, filling up the glasses. But observing that the boy merely sipped his, the lawyer slapped him on the back, saying, "There, drink it up, old fellow! It isn't sky-blue! Why you're not half a man; one would think you were in love. Hey-day, now, you needn't

blush, or egad, I shall begin to suspect you are—a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed, good looking young dog like you! I know you can go breaking girls' hearts as if they were crockery ware. Now I'll lay my life you've been pitching letters with stones in them over the wall, to the young ladies, at Miss Newstead's, next door—haven't you, you rogue?"

Hugh colored up to his eyes, almost painfully, and looked confusedly at Mrs. Vyse. On this the lawyer dexterously shifted his ground for awhile, and to give the timid lad more courage, laughingly said, "Come, another glass of wine, Hugh; here's your jolly good health, old fellow." And when he had made the little fellow finish his glass again, and had silenced Mrs. Vyse, who was about to protest against the quantity of wine her brother was forcing the youth to drink, Impey went on. "Well, but about these girls—there's nothing to be ashamed of, we have all done it in our time, Hugh. Bless you, there's old Vyse here—you wouldn't think it to look at him—but he was a deuce of a fellow among the petticoats."

"My dear Sam," cried Mrs. Vyse, considerably alarmed at the turn the conversation was taking, and fearing lest her brother might be injudicious enough to let out to the boy certain family secrets, that she had long since forgiven, and almost forgotten. "What *are* you talking about, my love?"

"Upon my word, it's true, Hugh," added the wily lawyer. "I recollect the time when he used to come figged-out so grand in his cocked hat and pantaloons, and long-tailed coat, courting my sister Annie here, now—let me see—yes—now, near upon sixty years ago."

"Sixty years, indeed! sixty years!" indignantly interrupted Mrs. Vyse, jumping up from her seat; "Why, you good-for-nothing great big story, you!—sixty years! when you know as well as I do, that we haven't been married twenty yet!"

"There you see, Hugh, they can't stand a joke about their age. It's a tender point with them all. But we're forgetting that little golden-haired love of yours, next door."

"Lor', Sam," again exclaimed Mrs. Vyse, frowning, and trying to stop the lawyer's mouth with her hand, "for Heaven's sake don't go putting such ideas into the child's head."

"Come, you attend to the mutton, Annie, and leave us alone," he answered, half angrily, as he arranged his neckkerchief.

"Come, Hugh, we'll drink the young lady's health. What's her name—eh—Emily?"

"No, sir," sheepishly answered the lad.

"Oh, Rosa!" cried the lawyer, dexterously twisting the boy's answer to his own purpose. "Well, then, here's Miss Rosa's good health; mind, a bumper! and no heel-taps this time, you know."

And so the lawyer went on, laughing and drinking with the boy, and inventing all kinds of merry excuses, for "just another glass," until, by the time the lunch was removed, the youth's eyes twinkled again, and his cheeks grew as red as cricket balls, under the influence of the potent currant wine, while he grew more and more talkative, and bolder and bolder with each fresh glass that Impey plied him with, and now unblushingly laughed outright at all the practical jokes the lawyer for his amusement kept playing off upon the cautious Vyse. Indeed, whenever the schoolmaster showed the least disposition to speak, he was silenced by a good kick from his brother-in-law, under the table. Mrs. Vyse, however, was not so easily quieted. It was as much as Impey could do, through her interference, to fill up the lad's glass each time he pressed him to take wine—and when, despite of her, the lawyer had done so, she would hardly allow the boy to empty it. First, she seized the decanter, declaring she would not sit by and see such "goings on." As soon as Impey had wheedled it back from her, she would run away with Hugh's glass, and not part with it until the doctor had knitted his "fine brows" at her, and the lawyer had taken her aside, and spoken to her very seriously, asking her whether she wished to bring her husband to the bar of the Old Bailey or not.

At length, Impey, thinking the boy sufficiently primed for his purpose, gave as his last toast, "Our absent friends, the birch included."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Hugh outright, "I'll drink that precious soon. Here's 'our absent friends, the birch included.'"

The boy's glass was no sooner empty than Impey, with a solemn shake of the head, and a deep sigh, said, "By-the-by, talking of absent friends, Hugh, do you recollect young Walter Farquhar?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Hugh; "he ran away the year I got into the fourth class, sir. He and I were cronies. You were his guardian, weren't you, Mr. Impey?"

"Yes, my dear lad!" said Impey, sorrowfully, resting his head in his hand. "And many a sleepless night that ungrateful boy

has caused me. But the worst of it is, his poor old father is coming over to England, and I don't know what on earth will become of him when he hears of Walter's conduct. I never knew a man so fond of his son. The deal of good, too, that fine old gentleman has done in his time. Ha-ah! it'll break his heart when he learns all about it, I know."

"What! do you think it will kill him, Mr. Impey, sir?" said Hugh, with emotion.

Mrs. Vyse frowned, and shook her head at her brother, but feared to say a word.

"Ay, my boy, that I do," answered the lawyer, with his eyes intently fixed upon the plate where the fresh butter had once been; or what's worse, I shouldn't be surprised if he ended his days in a mad-house. You see, Walter was his only son," he continued, appealing to Hugh, "and to tell you the truth, I knew how the poor gray-headed old soldier had set his whole soul on the boy, and I hadn't the heart, when Walter ran away, to write over and tell the brave veteran how his son had turned out. Besides, I thought, you know, Hugh, that the scapegrace would get tired out, and come back some fine morning, sorry for all he had done; so, as there was no good in plaguing his father about what I fancied at the time was only a boyish freak, why, I made up my mind, for poor, dear Walter's sake, to keep his whole conduct a secret from the fine old gentleman."

"It was very good of you, I'm sure, Mr. Impey, sir," joined in Hugh, growing interested in the tale.

"Ah! my dear boy," continued Impey, whose melancholy increased in proportion with the interest he saw he excited in young Burgoyne, "our love often leads us blind mortals into sad difficulties. For you see, the worst of it is, Mr. Farquhar will be in town to-morrow, and expects me to take his boy to him, and—I will only ask you now—what *am* I to do?"

Mrs. Vyse here threw up her eyes toward the first floor, but whether in pity for the elder Farquhar, or in horror at her brother's duplicity, remains a mystery. The schoolmaster merely remarked, "it was very sad," and received, under the table, such a stamp on his corn from Impey, who feared that he was going to spoil all by his interference, that the doctor's face wore an expression of heart-rending grief, which was fortunately very apropos to the sentiment.

Hugh asked whether there was no possibility of finding Walter, and said he was sure if Doctor Vyse would only let

him, he would do any thing he could to help Mr. Impey—that he would.

"Bless you, my good dear boy! I know you would," said Impey, shaking Hugh violently by the hand, and wiping away, with a theatrical dash, a pretended tear from his eye. "But where are we to seek him? Where are we to go for him? There's no time. If we had a week, perhaps it might be done. Ha-ah! indeed! indeed! I know not how to act. It will bring the poor old man's hairs in sorrow—But stay!"—he exclaimed, looking wildly at the mustard pot, and quickly tapping his forehead with the tips of his fingers—"a gleam of sunshine breaks in upon me!" he said hurriedly, gasping with apparent emotion as he spoke. "I see a plan by which you—yes you! young as you are—may save your friend's father from an untimely grave. What say you? Will you do it?" and he seized hold of the boy's hands, and pressing them between his, turned his head away as he spoke the last words.

Mrs. Vyse sighed in pity for her poor Hugh; but the boy construed it into pity for poor Walter, and without answering Impey, looked inquiringly toward Dr. Vyse.

"That's right, good lad," continued the lawyer, with enthusiastic approbation. "I see what is going on within you. You are seeking for the countenance of your faithful preceptor, conscious that he would counsel you to no wrong. And can *he* in so good a cause object? No!" Whereupon he gave the faithful preceptor such a violent kick under the table, that the tears started into his eyes, and Vyse was enabled to reply, with much real feeling, "That in so good a cause he certainly *could not* object," adding, with his usual love of platitudes, "Virtue was the only path which led to happiness; or as the Roman satirist, Juvenal, had beautifully said, '*Semita certè*'—you see, by *certè*, the poet has no doubt at all about it, Hugh—'*tranquilla per virtutem patet, unica vita.*'"

On this, Hugh told Impey that he would do any thing that lay in his power to serve Walter's father.

"That's nobly said!" exclaimed the attorney, slapping him on the shoulder. Then immediately he proceeded to inform Hugh how he wished him to personate his old schoolfellow, Walter, for a week or so, or until such time as they could find out the runaway; and he concluded by telling young Burgoyne, that it would be a nice holiday for him, which Impey was sure Hugh deserved. Besides, it could not be pleasant stopping at

school all alone as he was, during the vacation; and, moreover, the old man would be sure to give him lots of pocket-money, and take him about with him to all the sights of London, which, after living so long in India, of course the Farquhars would want to see; and that even when Walter returned, the good old gentleman would bless Hugh for his kindness, and no doubt would remember him very handsomely in his will. "But what would these rewards be," added the lawyer, "compared with the far higher one, that Hugh would derive from the approbation of his own conscience?"

"Yes, indeed!" ejaculated Vyse, with another of the learned tritenesses that he delighted to indulge in "what is so beautiful as to have what Horatius Flaccus has eloquently called *Mens sibi conscia recti*."

All this delighted Hugh extremely, who believing that he was really going to perform an act of great benevolence, said, "Besides, you know, Mr. Impey, if the Farquhars got to like me, I could say a good word for Walter when you brought him back. And my father said in his last letter he didn't think he should be over here before four years to come—didn't he, Dr. Vyse? And I never was at a theater yet—and some of the boys say the pantomimes are such jolly things, I should like to see one so. Oh, I don't mind it a bit! It will be a jolly good spree. I dare say too they'll buy a pony for me, and won't it be jolly just to go out riding on horseback as Colin Chapman does every day?"

Then the lawyer and the doctor drank the health of Mr. Farquhar and his new son, and arranged how Dr. Vyse should bring Hugh up to Impey's office on the morrow, so that he might cram as much law into his head as he could in half-an-hour; for Impey told young Burgoyne that to screen Walter he had actually been obliged to make old Farquhar believe his son was articled in his office.

Impey had risen to go, and had shaken Hugh heartily by the hand, when Mrs. Vyse informed them, in a peevish tone, that if it wasn't for her they would spoil the whole business. "How, she would merely ask them, was the boy ever to go as Walter Farquhar, with all his linen marked 'Hugh Burgoyne?' Why every thing would be found out in a minute—and serve them right too she'd say."

The doctor, to soothe his Annie, complimented her on her foresight, and Impey observed that "none but a wife and a

mother would ever have thought of such a thing." Then giving her a sovereign, he requested her to get a couple of shirts, socks, and what not, and mark them just so as to do for the present.

This Mrs. Vyse, after some coaxing and complimenting, promised to attend to, observing that perhaps she might be able to find some of the handkerchiefs, and other things, that Walter had left at the school when he ran away—though the shirts and nightgowns she was sure never could be got to fit a big boy like Hugh.

Suddenly, as Impey heard the horn of the approaching omnibus, he jumped up from his seat, and putting on his invariable napless white hat, with its narrow brim, turned up with green, the lawyer took an affectionate leave of his sister, and invoking a blessing on Hugh, departed, saying to Vyse, as they walked toward the garden-gate, "Come now, I'll just trouble you for that five shillings, Master Joseph, since you've seen how the affair *has* turned out." As the doctor reluctantly handed the silver over to him, Impey added, "How about your moral training now, eh? But joking aside, Joe, you *must* be with me first thing to-morrow morning. I shall be at the office at nine; and you know if we don't give the boy a smattering of law before he goes to the Farquhars, they will see through it all."

Here the omnibus drew up, and Impey jumped in. But while the schoolmaster was still standing at the gate, the lawyer let down the side window, and thrusting out his head, shouted, as the coach moved off, "Pray, mind and don't be late, whatever you do, there's a good fellow."

CHAPTER V.

THE chambers of Mr. Samuel Impey were situate in that small gusset of dingy buildings, let in between the streets of Wych and Holywell, and christened by its hare-brained architect LYON'S INN. To those unskilled in legal mysteries, the place had the appearance of a blind alley in a higher walk of life, and seemed to have been originally intended for a little colony of cockney hermits or hypochondriacs, who having grown

disgusted with the busy hum of Regent-street, might here have enjoyed a quietude compared to which the heart of a forest would have been positive uproar; for shut up in this empty tank of an Inn, they might have lived as secluded and unsocial as oysters.

As you enter the long, dark, square passage which leads to the Inn, you feel as if you were walking down the tube of a camera-obscura. The first thing that strikes you on reaching the narrow oblong court yard, is the little crop of grass growing up between the paving stones, and which gives it the appearance of a field with the ringworm.

In the center of the court stands a lonely lamp, and you are astonished to find the enlightenment of gas has reached even this primitive quarter; for it is exactly one of those dreary spots that you would expect to see still fondly clinging to the dark ages of oil. There is a legend in black letter in which "~~the cleaning of the windows of the chambers~~" is once alluded to, but on inquiry of the porter we find that he is wholly unacquainted with any such tradition; and judging by the windows themselves, any unprejudiced person would certainly be inclined to place little faith in the story; for the dust of ages has settled so thickly upon the panes, that they look more like old cracked slates than squares of glass; and it is only with great difficulty and a lorgnette, that one is able to read the bills which tell you that nine-tenths of "THESE DESIRABLE CHAMBERS" are "TO LET."

Nor is the illustrious Inn of Lyon's without its mysteries. To the right of its verdant and exceedingly knubbly court-yard, runs a long, low building, which is one of the greatest riddles of modern architecture. It is impossible to say whether it is an "outhouse" or the "dining-hall"—whether, in fact, it is dedicated to the cleaning of knives and forks, or the dirtying of them. The leads of this eccentric pile form a delightful balcony to the windows of the back drawing-rooms (if there be such things) belonging to the houses of Holywell-street; and the Israelites encamped in that quarter, have, with a love of ornament peculiar to their tribe, endeavored to throw a floral grace over the barren waste of gutter. Even here, though, the son of Judah's love of dealing with "left-off articles," gives an incongruous quaintness to the mode of floriculture adopted in the back settlements of Lyon's Inn. Beside one window may be seen roses blooming in a worn out fish kettle; beside another, geraniums flowering in a broken wash-hand basin; while a third boasts

several fine healthy specimens of the sweet pea in a leaky slop pail.

Mr. Samuel Impey was the only professional man in the Inn, and even he followed the law principally as a convenient means of increasing his rate of interest on the bills he loved to discount; for the occupants of the other chambers were half-pay captains, and "men about town," who liked the quarter—first, because it allowed them to come home at any hour and in any state they pleased, without being subject to a landlady's impertinent remarks—and secondly, because it afforded them all the shabby gentility and bachelor convenience of chambers, at the lowest possible rate.

To this melancholy spot came Dr. Vyse and young Hugh Burgoyne, according to Impey's appointment. The passage leading to the legal parlor in which the lawyer carried on his business, was so dark, that Hugh, unaccustomed to the place, could hardly see the little knocker—like a note of interrogation in brass—that Vyse immediately laid hold of.

The door opened with a click, and they walked along the dusky corridor to the clerks' office. This was a large half-furnished room at the back of the chambers, with a window which was originally intended to have enjoyed a look-out into Wych-street, but which the passing carts and cabs had so bespattered with mud, that it would have required a spade to have enabled you to have caught a glimpse of any thing outside. However, you still had the benefit of hearing the rattle of all the vehicles in the street, and even felt the room vibrate as they went by, so that it was almost one person's time to pick up the rulers and wafer-stamps that kept continually rolling off the desk.

Occasionally, however, there was a long lull of the customary clatter. For, the extreme end of Wych-street being wide enough to allow only one vehicle to pass up or down, the right of way was a continual source of dispute between the drivers of cabs and coal-wagons, and when they met in the middle of the "narrow pass," the thoroughfare would be blocked up as long as the John Bull obstinacy of the drivers held out—and that was invariably a good hour, at least—during all which time the parties might be heard at the end of the street, wrangling away as to which was "in fust," and who ought to "back out."

These pleasing varieties to the monotony of a lawyer's office afforded frequent delight to the clerks in Mr. Impey's. For, in fine weather, the stoppages and squabbings occurred about

three times in the course of the day, but if it set in wet, and the cab-drivers felt disposed, from the increased demand for their vehicles, to avail themselves of all kinds of "short cuts," then at every other hour the whole street was blockaded with a string of opposing carts and coaches; and the young gentlemen located in Mr. Impey's legal back parlor paused long and frequently over their writs and declarations, to listen to the lively sallies of wit which kept flying about between the contending parties outside, "like chaff before the wind," while the "students at law" would chuckle with glee as they heard each fresh arrival come rattling up, only to swell the already long line of impatient and angry fares.

As Vyse and Hugh entered the clerks' office, two young gentlemen let fall their coat-tails, and skipped away from before the fire. Scampering behind the railed partition which separated a large sloping desk from the other part of the room, they jumped on their high stools, and, though writhing under the heat of their scorched pantaloons, were immediately so hard at work that it was evident their industry was intended more for show than profit.

By these young gentlemen's exuberance of nose and lip, they plainly belonged to the sons of Judah, and they wore the bright blue satin scarfs and tight, splay-footed, polished boots, and bracelet watch-keys dangling from their waistcoat pockets, so peculiar to the tribe. Their curly black hair, too, was so greasy that it looked as if it had been fried in oil, and their coats were so seedy and shiny at the elbows and collars, that the extreme shabbiness of this part of their apparel formed a strange and striking contrast to the extreme showiness of the other.

On the opposite side of the desk two bright green sporting cut-away coats (evidently the property of the dashing young Israelites) were hanging above an impudent, careless-looking boy, who was nibbling an extremely difficult pen, while he leered at the visitors as they came in. By his short, rusty, but well-brushed trowsers, which were strapped so tight over his brown-looking bluchers that he was obliged to keep his legs straight out on the rail underneath the desk, you knew immediately that he was the clerk of all work, or "fag of the office," who was expected to appear always "clean and respectable," on a salary that was scarcely sufficient to board and lodge him.

One of the young Israelites handed Doctor Vyse *the* chair, and, in an affected, thick voice, directed "Dando—aw—tell the

governor—aw—that Doctor Vysh—wash tare—aw—;” and having scented the room with patchouli by blowing his nose on “THE WINNER OF THE DERBY,” he sauntered back to his seat and pretended to go on with the declaration “for money had and received,” which was ostentatiously spread out before him, while in reality he was engaged in finishing the remainder of the cold fried sole that he had sent young Dando out to fetch for his lunch.

In a few minutes the lawyer came out from his room, talking to a tall, broad-shouldered man with deep velvet collar and facings to his coat, and a nose almost as large as they are worn at masquerades, and which fully convinced you, when you heard Impey say, “Don’t go yet, Abrahams,” that the broad-shouldered man was *the* Abrahams alluded to.

“Halloo, Hugh, my boy! What, have you come already? Why, you’re here to a minute; only look,” said Impey, taking his watch from his waistcoat pocket, and showing it to the lad. “If you go on in this way, my man, you’ll be Lord Mayor of London soon. Just take Hugh into my room, will you, Vyse?” he added, turning to the doctor, “and see if you can’t find something to amuse him there—Annie all right, eh?” he inquired, as he pushed the schoolmaster through the green baize door through which he himself had just entered the office.

Then turning to Abrahams, he said, “Now I’ll tell you what it is, Ikey. It’s useless talking! we must have a writ out against that scoundrel Melton. I’ve renewed that bill till I’m tired, and to tell you the truth, I rather fancy there’s something shaky in that quarter. You know no business can afford to go on paying such interest as that fellow gives. So I’ll put my name on the back of the bill, and send young Cohen with it over to you, and pray, go at him as hard as you can. Only, mind, the proceedings must be all in your name, for, you see, he’s a sort of relation of mine, and I don’t want to offend the fellow, you know. If you make haste now, your clerk will just catch him, and can serve him before he goes out.” And then, having shaken Mr. Abrahams by the hand, Impey went back to his room.

It was furnished and fitted up after the approved legal model. On one side was an old-fashioned book-case filled with volumes, all bound in yellow calf, with bits of red leather on the back. On the other side were three or four tiers of japan tin boxes, looking as if they had been colored with raspberry jam, against which children had been dabbing their fingers. Each of these boxes

had painted in front of it, in large, white letters, the names or initials of the most respectable of the clients. One, for instance, was labeled "THE COUNTESS OF P——," another "THE EPPING ESTATE," a third was dedicated to "SMITH'S EXORS," while a fourth held the deeds and papers of "K. P. N., Esq." At the end of the room was a pile of large pigeon-holes, or square cupboards, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, with doors in front of them, and each with a letter of the alphabet painted on it. These, however, were not devoted *solely* to the custody of papers; for in X, Y, Z was a wash-hand basin, jug, and towel, while under the title of "MISCELLANEOUS" were secreted a small stock of sherry, a wine-glass, and a cork-screw.

The only works of art about the room were a portrait of Lord Tenterden, a plaster cast of Sir Matthew Hale, the genealogical tree of the oldest chancery client, and a colored plan of the Epping Estate, that had been sold "by order of the Court," together with the models of a patent self-acting recumbent chair and a new high-pressure beer-engine—both of which had long since had the honor of being submitted to the inspection of some of the judges of the land.

Such was the place of business of Mr. Samuel Impey. The gentleman himself did not stand very high in the estimation of the members of the profession. Indeed, he was what is called a "sharp" practitioner. Having served his articles in the office of a "clever" attorney, he had, from the force of habit, learned to consider (though doubtless "the wish was father to the thought") common law not as the perfection of common sense, but as the perfection of uncommon roguery. No one was so ready as "Sam Impey" to take advantage of any quibble that the technicalities of his profession might afford him, or to avail himself of any unconscious delay in "signing," "entering up," or "filing" any of the proceedings on the part of his opponent. If, however, at any time he was reproached for the sharpness of his practice, he would say, with considerable speciousness, "You mustn't blame me, my good sir—you must blame the law."

His business, which was now considerable, he had made principally by discounting. For, directly a bill was dishonored, he issued a writ against every name upon it; but if he was afterward rebuked by any of the offending parties, for the costs he had put them to, he always replied, "My good sir, really I've nothing at all to do with it. You seem to forget that attorneys

and hackney-coachmen are the only persons whose charges are regulated by law, and yet people grumble more at paying them than they do at paying any one else. There! there! my dear sir, it's no use talking to me about costs—if you have any complaint to make, you had better lay it before the Houses of Parliament, and ask *them* to oblige you by making a new law on the subject."

And yet, in his heart, Impey did not mean so badly as his acts appeared, or people delighted to make out. On the contrary, were a man's deeds to be judged by his intentions, he rather was a man of considerable virtue. No one ever took such pains as our lawyer to justify to himself every act he did.

However wrong his conduct might seem to less prejudiced persons, at least he always made out to himself that "he was doing merely what was right, and that—thank heaven!—he could lay his hand on his bosom, and say he was actuated only by the very best of motives." It is true that, in moral matters, the gentleman did not see perfectly straight. But, though other parties could not help observing how dreadfully he squinted in all such affairs, still, the poor man himself, like most other squinters, was almost unconscious of his infirmity. "Now people," he would say, "rail at me, and call me a grasping, grinding usurer, for taking a trumpety five-and-twenty per cent. interest upon my hard cash, and yet that scoundrel of an iron-monger, round the corner, is said to be an honest, upright, fair-dealing man, though the fellow has the impudence to charge me one shilling for a padlock that cost one penny making, and which, most likely, he got upon six months' credit into the bargain. But so the world wags; five-and-twenty per cent. per annum is downright villainy in a money-lender, and twelve hundred per cent.—per week, may be—only the fair, hard-earned profits of a respectable tradesman."

It was with the same kind of specious self-deceit that the little lawyer had justified his conduct toward the parents of Walter Farquhar. When first the lad ran away, Impey vowed he could not bring himself to write and tell his father and mother that their boy had absconded from his guardianship; so he made a grand excuse to himself, that it would be positively cruel to agonize a fine old soldier, by telling him that his son had gone, goodness knew where—especially when the scapegrace, perhaps, was only playing truant for a week or two. Besides, there was no doubt, he said, Vyse had acted very wrongly in

his treatment of the poor lad, and he (Impey) was very sorry business had prevented him from having had Walter home as often as he would have liked. However, as matters had unfortunately turned out as they had, it was his duty—for the sake of his beloved sister Annie—to shield that man, Vyse, from ruin, though, Heaven knew, he richly deserved it. So he determined on letting the affair stand over for a while, and thought no more about it, until the half-yearly hundred pounds was paid into his banker's by the Farquhars' East India agents.

Then the lawyer certainly had a good long talk with himself, and held a council with his conscience as to what he *ought* to do with the money. At last, however, he agreed that, for Walter's sake, he wouldn't send it back for six months; and if, at the end of that time, the young scoundrel hadn't chosen to make his appearance, why, he would return the remittance with a letter—much as it might go against his feelings—acquainting Walter's parents with his disgraceful conduct. However, as he had a great regard for the Farquhars, he'd take care that their money should not lie idle all that time, and then, when he did return it, he should have the pleasure of giving them five per cent. for it, so long as it had remained in his hands. Accordingly, the next week he lent it on a bill to a young gentleman at Oxford, who was studying for the church; and then thanked Heaven that he'd at last had it in his power to serve old Farquhar, who, he certainly must allow, was as good and worthy a creature as ever drew breath.

When the next half-yearly hundred came to hand, Impey shook his head, and still assured himself that he could *not* bring himself to break old Farquhar's heart, by telling him that his pet boy had gone to the dogs. Besides, to confess the truth, he had been obliged to renew that young Oxonian's hundred pound bill, and he hadn't a penny to spare just then, as he said, and in the present dreadful state of the market, he was sure he wasn't going to sell out for any one, however much he might respect the party; besides, if Sam Impey wasn't safe for a hundred or two, why he had been working like a mill-horse all his life for nothing—that was all he could say.

And so with every fresh installment, the lawyer went on making some fresh, grand excuse to himself for a further delay in returning the remittances, for his love of money made him loth to part with them. Moreover, he felt that with every additional half-year, it became a more and more difficult matter

for him to explain the reasons why he had so long retained possession of the money. Accordingly he lived on in the vague hope of the ungrateful young scoundrel some day turning up, somewhere or other, somehow, until at length five years had slipped by, and the attorney received a letter from the parents, stating they should like their boy to be articted to him.

Then Impey felt that his conduct might bear a double construction in the eyes of persons less generous than himself; and people, he said, were always so ready to put bad constructions upon motives, that of course he, being a lawyer, couldn't expect to come off scot-free. Besides, he had received—yes! goodness gracious!—a thousand pounds, almost without knowing it, he was sure—and where on earth he was to get a small fortune like that from, at a moment's notice, was more than he could tell. Ah! that was the worst of him, he was always getting himself into scrapes by serving other people. However, come what may, the business must stand over until he foreclosed—as he knew he should have to do shortly—upon that mortgage at Kingston.

Accordingly, Impey determined—as matters had gone as far as they had—to tell what he called “a white lie,” and give the Farquhars to understand that he had done as they had requested. But, as he could not bring himself to take the premium they offered, he pretended, in the letter he sent back, to make his much respected friends a present of the lad's “articles,” stamp and all; for, thank heaven! he said to himself, he wasn't exactly the man to be guilty of such a downright fraud as to make them pay for them.

But Impey's magnanimity was all to no purpose, for the only answer he received was a liberal supply of preserved ginger and hot pickles, together with an affecting letter, stating that the Farquhars would not allow him to be out of pocket by their son, and had consequently given their agents orders to pay the sum of four hundred pounds into his banker's. This, of course, rendered the lawyer's situation more awkward than ever, and he found himself, in what he called such “a fix,” that he thought the best thing to be done, under the circumstances, was to say nothing about it to any body, and trust to the boy's being ultimately starved out, and obliged to come back, whether he liked it or not.

But when the letter came, informing him of the Farquhars' arrival in England, he at once saw that unless he bit upon some

desperate scheme for disguising the absence of young Walter, he was a ruined man.

At last, he thought of Hugh, and knowing that he could work upon Vyse in any way he liked, Impey at once devised the plan of passing the one boy off for the other; but not feeling altogether certain of the success of his trick, there was an unusual nervousness in his manner that showed he was well aware of the consequences if detected.

As soon as the three were alone in the lawyer's private room, Impey did his best to give young Burgoyne a bird's-eye view of an action at law. The Writ, the Declaration, the Brief, the Subpœnas, the Judgment—and the invariable result of all—the Bill of Costs, were each in their turn produced and rapidly explained to the bewildered lad. In fact, by the end of his half-hour's course of instruction, he knew about as much of the elements of common law, as the new postmaster-general usually acquires of the mysteries and economy of the post-office during his twenty minutes' tuition on the subject, previous to his installation.

But though Impey kept praising the boy for his rapid acquirement of legal knowledge, and told him every third minute, that, "if he only went on in that way, and buckled to it, he would undertake that his little man would be Lord Chancellor of England before he was many years older;" still, the timid doctor felt convinced, from the boy's continual blunders, that the imposition never could pass undetected, and that he and his hard-earned reputation would be ruined—just about the vacation. Unable to rest quiet on his chair, he tried to examine the genealogical tree of Owen Gryffyth Llewellyn, the perpetual chancery client, but ultimately flew in despair to the book-case, and tried to divert his attention by reading the titles on the backs of the books. Then he took one down; but finding, on opening it, that it was "PETERSDORFF ON CONSPIRACIES," he hurriedly closed the ominous volume, and crossing to the window, beckoned Impey to him as he wiped the perspiration from his bald head.

The sharp-sighted lawyer immediately read what was passing in his brother-in-law Joseph's mind, and having requested "his little Dutchman" to step into the next room for a minute, turned savagely round upon Vyse, and said, angrily, "What the deuce is the matter with you? Do you want to frighten the lad out of his life? Why you're as pale as lard; and just at the time,

too, when you know the boy wants all kind of encouragement. I never saw such a man! Come you'd better have a glass of sherry," he added, moving toward the private bin secreted under "Miscellaneous."

"No, no, no! Lord bless you, Sam, it's more than I dare do at this time of the morning," replied Vyse, putting out his hand, and turning his head away with a shudder, as if a black draught were being offered to him. "If I were to take only one glass of it I should have the blood rushing up into my poor head like soda-water from the fountain. Now, Sam," he continued in an insinuating tone; "upon my word, I wish you would think well about what you're doing. I've slept on the matter, you see, and I'd give a good deal if I could prevail upon you to make a clean breast of it, and confess the whole business. It would look so much better, you know."

"Yes, it would *look* much better, certainly," answered Impey, with a sneer, "to have your conduct exposed in every paper throughout the kingdom, under the title of 'BRUTAL ILL-TREATMENT OF A BOY BY A SCHOOLMASTER,' and that just about the time when you ought to be 'begging to inform your numerous young friends,' in an advertisement in the *Times*, 'that the studies at Minerva House will be resumed on the Monday following.' Ugh! I haven't patience with such a chicken-hearted old woman as you are, Joe! Here am I fagging my brains out, just to save you from perdition, or the workhouse—or even the hulks, may-be—and here you come whining and sniveling to me, as if I was doing my best to ruin you. There! take your hat and go home, for you're not fit to be here."

Impey took up the broad-brimmed beaver, and putting it on the doctor's head, hurried him to the clients' side-door, while the wretched schoolmaster clasped his hands and exclaimed with a groan, "Ah! well can I now understand the truth of what that fine old Seneca says, '*Calamitosus est animus*;' dreadful is the state of that mind which is—what, Sam?" and as he turned round inquiringly to the lawyer, the latter gave him a sturdy push into the passage, just as Vyse was in the act of adding "*why, futuri anxius*, to be sure."

"Oh, bother you and your calamitosuses!" said the indignant and unclassical Sam, locking the door. Then putting his head into the clerk's office, he called Hugh to him, and as the boy entered, Impey slapped him playfully on the back, and put-

ting on his most amiable look, said, "Come on, Hugh, now we've got rid of old Smellfungus, we'll have a regular jolly lark. Do you like jam tarts, old fellow?" he asked, with a wink. "Don't I just—that's all," he added, smacking his lips and rubbing his stomach. "Now I'll tell you what—I'll bet you what you like you won't get through a shilling's worth of pastry at Farrance's, while I'm finishing a basin of mock-turtle."

All the way to the pastry-cook's, and all the time they were there, the lawyer made himself as familiar as he could with the boy, so as to encourage him; for Impey saw from Hugh's continual blushings and silence, that now the lad was no longer under the influence of the potent red-currant wine, and the time drew nearer and nearer for his introduction to his pretended father and mother, he repented of what he had undertaken to do, and felt inclined, if he only dared, to get quit of it.

It was as much as Impey could do to get poor young Burgoyne to eat even the most tempting boyish dainties. Laugh and jest as the lawyer might, the lad never so much as smiled in return, but on the contrary, the tears were ready to stream from the corners of his eyes, as he sat silently by, downcast and afraid.

When they sallied forth again, the lawyer took him by the hand, for he saw that if the lad only had an opportunity he would be too glad to give him the slip. So Impey, as he walked with him, held his hand fast locked in his, and kept stopping, now to show him some picture shop, and now to tell him some joke. As a last resort, he bought him a six-bladed knife of one of the men in the street. But all his efforts were thrown away, for when they reached the door of the hotel, at which the Farquhars were staying, poor Hugh could bear his fears no longer, and drawing back, as Impey tried to pull him in, stammered out, "Oh, if you please, sir, I don't like to go in."

"Nonsense! nonsense!" replied the lawyer, still trying to force him to enter; "why, I declare you've no more courage than a girl."

But Hugh clung to the railings, and burst out crying.

"Come, come, Hugh!" said Impey, patting him on the shoulder, "why, what is this—eh? You're not going to be killed, my little man. I thought you said you'd do any thing you could to assist your young friend Walter," he added, in a serious tone, shaking his head.

Then seeing that some people on the other side of the way

had stopped to look at him and the boy, Impey put Hugh's arm in his, and began walking up and down before the house with him, reminding him, that if he didn't consent, it would be the death of Walter's father, and adding that he wouldn't be wanted for more than a week or two, for something had happened that very morning—which he wasn't at liberty to mention just then—but which had put him on the right track at last; besides Walter would be so grateful when he heard what his schoolfellow had done for him. At last, when by such means the lawyer had roused the boy's feelings again in favor of his old "crony," he asked him whether they should go in now; Hugh, however, again stood hesitating on the door-step, and said, "But, Mr. Impey, sir, when they find out I'm not their son—what do you think they will do to me, sir?"

"Find out! Why you talk like a child, Hugh," exclaimed Impey, with his blandest smile. "Now how on earth do you think they are ever to find it out until Walter comes back and informs them of it? And then, of course, they will be overjoyed at his return, and bless you, for a noble boy as you are, for having saved them from dying of grief at his absence. So come along now. You trust to me for seeing that you get nothing but kisses, presents, and ponies; but I suppose you wont object to that, will you, you young rogue? So come, put your best face on the matter," he said, pulling back the glass door for Hugh to pass through. As the lad did so, and the lawyer followed close after him, he whispered in his ear, "And do you know, I shouldn't wonder, Hugh, but what we shall all go to the play to-night."

CHAPTER VI.

IN one of the principal and most expensive apartments of "MELTON'S HOTEL," the Farquhars were located amidst that litter of boxes and packages, which always accompanies an arrival after a long journey. The breakfast had been finished some time, but the breakfast things were still on the table in the center of the room. All over the carpet were bullock chests of drawers and bullock trunks, and huge sea chests,

and tin cases, each of which was inscribed, in large white letters—

“BRIGADIER FARQUHAR, H.E.I.C.
MADRAS CAVALRY.”

Kneeling in front of one of the bullock chests of drawers was Mrs. Farquhar, busily engaged in unpacking it, and hedged in by small clumps of white jackets, and little pyramids of gauze waistcoats, hillocks of nankeen trowsers, and mountains of shirts, bushels of handkerchiefs, and sacks of socks. On the side-board was a display of fragile curiosities, that would have made the mouth of one of the inhabitants of Wardour-street water with envy. Here was a lump of coral like a petrified cactus, there an elephant's tusk fit for a giant's toothpick. Beside these stood models in clay of “*bheesties*,” or water-carriers, and “coolie” tailors, together with one or two small “*swamies*,” or gilt gingerbread-looking gods. Then followed worked muslin dresses, and carved ivory fans and card-cases, pieces of unprinted silk handkerchiefs, a cobra-di-capello in spirits, and a shark's backbone made into a walking-stick; while on the whatnots near the window, were ranged cages of paroquets and Java sparrows, and a host of other birds of all kinds of colors and whistles.

One of the sofas was drawn close up before the fire, and on it, stretched at full length, was the not over active brigadier himself, in his Indian flannel *robe de chambre*. At first sight, he certainly had not much the look of a warrior, as he lay there,

“taking his rest,
With his flannel gown around him;”

for however spirited and energetic he might have been before the fire of the enemy, he was almost powerless and inactive in front of his own. Indeed, though the cannon's roar might call forth all his energies, still nothing short of it could rouse him; and with his usual love of repose, he had now left Mrs. Farquhar—whom he always spoke of as “a perfect woman of business”—to unpack his things, while he reclined on the sofa, with his tumbler of “brandy pawnee” by his side, and read the morning's paper, which he had propped up before him—his cabin shaving glass being converted for the time into a reading desk. It was plain, too, from the stubbly state of all the lower part of his unshaven face, that the brigadier liked to put himself to as little

trouble as possible ; for his red, rough beard made his chin look like a rasped French roll ; and every time he moved his head, you could hear his beard scrub against his clothes, as if it had been so much sand paper. Though his liuen was as white as snow, still you knew, from his having buttoned his shirt collar to the wrong button, and his frill being crumpled, as well as from his wristbands being without their studs, and hanging down loose from his cuffs, that he hadn't "bothered himself," as he termed it, by dressing for breakfast, but had slipped his clothes on "any how," till he went out to report his arrival to the secretary at the India House.

But if Brigadier Farquhar was inactive in body, he was quite as inactive in mind, for the climate of India had only tended to increase the natural sluggishness of the temperament his parents had vouchsafed to him. Yet, from his long military life and habit of authority, coupled with the fact of his commands always having been executed with the greatest promptitude, he had grown to be extremely impatient, if what he desired wasn't done at the very instant ; and then he never failed to abuse the offending party for that very laziness to which he himself was such a martyr. "D—n it, sir," he would cry, while he was reclining on his sofa, smoking his hookah ; "why the deuce can't you exert yourself, and make some little use of the limbs that the Almighty has given you, instead of crawling about half asleep over your work, like a good-for-nothing idle vagabond as you are!"

Notwithstanding his extreme impatience, however, and his love of exertion in every one else but himself, the gallant brigadier was a very harmless and inoffensive sort of individual, so long as he got what he wanted, directly he wanted it, and was not in any way "bothered," as he said, "about what didn't concern him." "Good heavens!" he'd exclaim, with a look little short of martyrdom, if his wife came to ask him, while he was spelling over the Naval and Military Gazette, what he would like to have for dinner. "Good heavens! Here, all I ask and pray for is a little peace and quiet, and yet you will *not* let me alone for two minutes together, but must come pestering me about what you know is no affair of mine. Why can't you use your intellects, without worrying my life out about that cursed dinner, when you know as well as I do, that so long as I can get a mere crust and a moment's rest, I'm perfectly content."

Still there was one point in the East Indian's character, which even the discipline of the army had not been able to eradicate, and that was his love of procrastination, and consequent want of punctuality. He was never ready for dinner until long after it was ready for him. If he was at home, he'd put off going up-stairs to dress until the cloth was laid, and the dinner about to be dished up. And if he happened to have gone out for a twenty minutes' stroll in the park, he invariably returned two or three hours after the time that he had himself ordered it for. However, if by any accident (such as rain or a tight boot) he was forced to come home before the appointed hour, and the cook was a minute or two behind time, then his wrath, at such an utter want of punctuality, knew no bounds, and he'd grumble all the dinner through, declaring every thing was spoiled, and wondering "why the devil people would not stir themselves, and whether they fancied they were to be kept in idleness all their lives;" and winding up with—"if there was one thing he loved more than another, it was punctuality."

And so in his heart the brigadier really *did* love it, but his procrastinating, inactive temperament was too much for him. Struggle as he would, he was always behind time in the end. Let him have an appointment in the city at ten, and not only would he shave over night, so as to have nothing to detain him in the morning, but he would have all the people in the house up at six, so that he might not have to stay for his breakfast; still, at the last moment, notwithstanding all his fussing, he would be sure to stop, fiddling over some lock or bell pull, or looking after some letter—or indeed dawdling about any thing that could have been done as well at any other time—and at last start off to keep his engagement in the city, just about half-an-hour after the time appointed for his being there.

Luckily for the brigadier, his lady was, as he called her, "a perfect woman of business." From long association with the army she knew as much of military matters as her husband did—indeed the world gave her credit for knowing more. From her more active disposition, she had frequently been of great service to her husband, and by her continually spurring him on and encouraging him to his duties, she had been the means of his having signalized himself in several actions. This was so well known among the officers, that they had nicknamed Mrs. Farquhar "the Brigadier," and the brigadier himself "Mother Farquhar;" and when the gallant gentleman was absent from

the mess table, neither he nor his lady were ever spoken of by any other name.

Nor was Mrs. Farquhar's military knowledge much to be wondered at, considering the better part of her life had been spent among that class of society which is composed chiefly of gentlemen, and which consequently gives to the few ladies who may constitute part of it, almost the same habits, tastes, and style of language as the rougher sex. Accordingly, whenever her husband's inertness offended her, Mrs. Farquhar was continually "wishing to goodness she had been a man." Her great glory was that she had been an eye-witness of one or two battles, and nothing delighted her more than when she had an opportunity of recounting the whole proceedings, and criticising the different manœuvres of both parties. Then she would speak in melodramatic terms of the honor of the British flag, and talk rhapsodically about dying on the battle-field for one's country. Indeed, the brigadier's wife was just that style of woman, who is considered the pattern of female excellence by soldiers, and something bordering on a monstrosity by civilians. She could ride as well as any man; she loved a tiger or a boar hunt as much as any man, and could endure the fatigues and privation of a long campaign better than many men.

And yet Mrs. Farquhar had not always been the manly style of woman she was now. Twenty odd years back she had been a fine, tall, showy, and yet bashful young lady, with a remarkably good set of teeth, and a jet black, fiery eye. One of a large family of girls, she had been brought up in the country, and was consequently so little accustomed to gentlemen's society, that if one spoke to her she colored up to her very temples with nervousness. Her father was a gentleman of good family but limited fortune, and wanting the means to mix in such society as he would only allow his girls to choose their husbands from, he had, in consequence of a letter from a gentleman "in India," consigned his eldest daughter, Joanna, to his Anglo-Indian friend, per the Cambridge, "with care"—and that at a time when he found it difficult to give the security then required by the East India Company, that "she would conduct herself with propriety, and not put the government to any expense for her return or maintenance in the country."

The young lady had scarcely been six weeks in the country, before she had won the heart of the not very excitable but then handsome young Lieutenant Farquhar. And if the lieutenant

had been a good match for her, assuredly she had proved herself an equally good match for him. For she had married him in those palmy days of Indian life, when men made fortunes long before they had grown gray in the service, and "when the profits of commerce were permitted to be blended with the spoils of the sword," or in Anglo-Indian phraseology, "when the golden fruit could still be shaken from the rich pagoda-tree." Being naturally quick, the young wife had soon made herself mistress of the native dialects, and managed so well to ingratiate herself with the rajahs "up the country," that the simple princes, impressed with extravagant ideas as to the power of the young officer, had, with the view of gaining his favor and assistance, sent them costly and magnificent presents and large sums of money, at a time when the acceptance of such things had not yet been branded as dishonorable by the Company. These had been received with one hand, and invested in some advantageous mercantile speculation with the other; for they were "the good old times," when the strictly preserved monopoly of the Honorable Company, kept the country so perfectly free from all merchants, that "the officer and the gentelman" had no fear of competition from other traders, and could obtain almost his own price for the rare goods that he sent home, or the trumpery baubles that he directed to be sent out to please and tempt the rich and simple princes.

But Mrs. Farquhar, though from long education she had acquired all the manners of a man, was still a woman in feeling—especially in all those matters where her nerves had not been blunted by military notions of glory. It had been a hard struggle with her to allow her boy to come over to England, even though she knew that if he remained in the country, he would be certain to grow up weak and sickly—supposing he should be spared to her. And when at last she *did* consent to part with the boy, it was only on the promise of her husband, that they should go over and see the lad directly the time for their furlough arrived. However, when the time for the three years' customary leave of absence came round, her husband found his wealth increasing so rapidly, that thinking it best to make all his hay while the sun shone, and then return home for good when he had stacked as many lacs of rupees as he wanted, he had refused to avail himself just then of the customary privilege. Besides, the brigadier had a cat-like attachment for places, and warmth, and ease, and had been only too glad to find an ex-

cuse to save himself the trouble of transferring himself to a country where servants were neither so obsequious, so cheap, nor so plentiful as in India. Again, as he told his wife, he was satisfied Walter was in very good hands, and it was better to let him finish his education in quiet, without their taking him away from his studies for a year or two, as they would be sure to do, if they went "bothering back to England in such a galloping hurry."

Accordingly, the return of the Farquhars to England had been put off and put off, until they had both agreed that it was high time the boy should be put to some profession. Though nothing would have given the lady greater delight than to have seen her boy a soldier like his father, still her good sense told her, that the time for officers making fortunes in India was quickly passing away, and that, thanks to the interference of the Company, a military man would soon have nothing more than his pay to depend upon. And as old Farquhar saw that the easiest thing for him to do would be to article his boy to his friend Impey, to whose guardianship he had consigned him, why, he consulted with his wife on the subject; and she, hearing that the law was a very lucrative profession, and the calling at least of a gentleman, had herself written the letter for the brigadier, requesting Impey to take the boy into his office—making certain that the business was something similar to that of a writer in India.

At last, however, by dint of continual entreaties, Mrs. Farquhar had prevailed upon the sluggish brigadier to apply for his three years' leave of absence, and come over with her and see their boy, whom they had not looked upon since he was a mere child. All the long voyage home she had been picturing to herself what kind of a youth the passionate little boy had grown into, and wondering whether his limbs were as strong and well-shaped as they were when he used to play on the mat underneath the tamarind trees in front of their house—whether the young Turk was as like his father in the face as when they had parted with him; though all she hoped for was, that he was a good bit taller than even herself, and that he had a fine, high spirit of his own. Indeed, ever since they had quitted India, she had talked of the lad so incessantly to the lethargic old brigadier, that even he, unenthusiastic as he was, had gradually warmed into as tepid a furor as he had ever been known to reach.

But to return to the state in which we left the brigadier and his wife at the hotel.

The lady was still down on her knees, looking at the list of clothing pasted on the inside of the lid of one of her husband's bullock trunks, and seeing whether the different articles scattered on the ground tallied in number with it.

"Why, what on earth, Farquhar, have you ever done with all those forty-eight pocket-handkerchiefs you had when you left Madras?" said the lady, in a tone of agony, as she counted the bundle of bandanas over, one after another. "I can only make thirty-two here. Now, are you sure you haven't got half-a-dozen dirty ones in your pockets up-stairs?"

"Upon my word, this really is too bad, Joanna!" whined out the soldier, as if in pain, lifting up his eyebrows and letting his head fall back on his pillow. "It is a very strange thing you won't let me be quiet for a minute, my dear! What on earth have I got to do with my pocket-handkerchiefs? Is it my place, I should like to know, to go over the dirty linen? But I see what it is; you'll worry me into my grave. If I had forty-eight pocket-handkerchiefs when I left Madras, why, all I can say is, I ought to have forty-eight pocket-handkerchiefs now. I suppose you fancy I've swallowed them. They must be somewhere about, and why, in heaven's name, can't you stir yourself a bit to look after them? Only the fact is, you are as lazy this morning, my dear, as you can well be, and I dare say nothing would please you better, than if I was to get up off the sofa and leave my paper here, to do your work for you."

Mrs. Farquhar was about to make some answer, and, by the sudden mounting of the blood to her cheeks, it was clear the reply would have been far from complimentary to the brigadier, when the door opened, and the waiter handed to her Impey's card, at the same time saying he was waiting with a young gentleman down-stairs in the coffee-room.

Directly the brigadier's wife read the name, she cried out, "Oh! Farquhar, Farquhar, here's Walter below;" and hurried down the stairs. No sooner had she entered the coffee-room, than—regardless of the two strangers that were there—she ran to Hugh, and throwing her arms round his neck, kissed and hugged him, while the tears started to her eyes, till the poor frightened boy gasped for breath under the pressure of her embraces. And when at last she let him go for a time from her arms, she drew back a pace or two and took a long view at him, running her eyes up and down him from head to foot, and twisting him round, first this way, then that, so as to examine his



SHE RAN TO HUGH, THROWING HER ARMS ROUND HIS NECK, &c., &c



frame, now looking at him full in the face, and now going to the side of the blushing boy to get a view of his profile. Then brushing his long black hair off his forehead, she kissed him again and again, and once more folding him in her arms, burst out weeping on his neck.

Without so much as noticing Impey, she hastened with the boy up-stairs, and having pushed him into the arms of the brigadier, who by this time had risen up on his sofa, and was engaged in looking for one of his slippers, the poor lady sunk down beside her husband and broke into a violent fit of hysterics, making the room ring again, now with her laughter, and now with her cries, till poor Hugh caught the contagion, and sobbed as the old soldier hugged him; while Impey—who, afraid to leave the boy alone for a minute, had followed them up-stairs—began to grow alarmed lest the lady's shrieks should bring a crowd of servants and strangers into the room, and the boy he recognized as young Burgoyne by some one of them—though he hardly knew how—accordingly, he ran to the door, and closing it, stood with his back against it, so that no one might enter.

At last Mrs. Farquhar was herself again, and having placed the boy on the sofa, between herself and her husband, she kept smoothing his hair with her hand, and stroking his soft, rosy cheek. Then, taking his hand in hers, she sat looking at him with her eyes intently fixed on him, without saying a word; while Impey amused himself with looking out of the window, watching an apothecary's boy—who, basket in hand, was sailing down a slide on the other side of the way—confidently expecting, every minute, to see all the physic streaming in the gutter.

"Well! he certainly is very good-looking, the dear," burst out Mrs. Farquhar, in a rhapsody of delight, "though I did expect to have found him at least a head taller, from the bouncing boy he was when he was with us in India. Oh! you never saw such limbs as he had when he was a child, Mr. Impey. But I'm afraid both Farquhar and myself have been sadly neglectful of you, though I hope you will make some allowance for a mother's and father's feelings.

As the lawyer, hearing his name mentioned, turned round from the window and advanced toward the lady, both the brigadier and his wife proceeded to apologize for their apparent neglect, and to thank him for his past kindness to their son, till

the corner of the lawyer's eyelid twitched again at the undeserved thanks.

When all the preliminary inquiries as to health and voyage were over, the party gathered round the fire; and Impey, determined not to allow any objection that might be raised against Hugh to remain unanswered, proceeded to explain away the lad's shortness of stature.

"So you expected to find our rosy-cheeked young rogue here taller than he is—eh, ma'am?" he said, chucking Hugh under the chin, so as to force him to hold his head up, and make the most of his height. "Ah, but he hasn't done growing yet, and if you only knew how he's shot up the last six months, you'd be surprised. I give you my word, since Michaelmas term the young monkey has grown two pair of trowsers into perfect knee-breeches."

This, as the lawyer had anticipated, had the effect of putting them all into good humor; and Mrs. Farquhar having finished laughing, replied, "Well, now I look at him again, he is not so short as he appeared to be at first sight; only you see, Mr. Impey, I had been imagining he had done growing, and was a great strapping fellow by this time. Here, Walter, dear, come and stand with your back against mine," she added, rising and placing herself opposite the glass; and as she looked in the mirror, she said, "Why I declare, he's only half-a-head shorter than I am, and I'm regulation height."

"There, don't bother the lad's life out in that way, Joanna, my love," joined in the brigadier. "I'm sure he's tall enough for any thing, and I dare say he'd much sooner sit down here and be quiet, instead of having you knocking your head against his in that way. Now, why can't you come back to your places, instead of giving me the trouble to speak twice on the matter."

As soon as they were seated again, Hugh happened to turn his head round to look after Impey, who had placed himself behind his chair, when Mrs. Farquhar suddenly called out, "There! stop like that, Walter! don't move your head an inch! Just look at him now, Farquhar, and say whether his profile isn't the image of yours. I should like to know, too, whose nose that is? Why it's his own dear father's, that it is!" she added, playfully pinching it between her fingers.

"By Jove, yes!" cried Impey, first looking at the brigadier and then at the blushing Hugh. "Upon my word I never saw

such a resemblance. I don't think any one in a court of justice could hesitate to say whom he was next of kin to. Only produce those two noses before Lord Denman, and I'm certain he wouldn't even let the case go to the jury. Now, Walter, from all you've seen of his ludship's character, do you think he would?"

"No, if you please, Mr. Impey, sir," replied the boy modestly.

"Well, I really do begin to fancy the rogue has got my nose," exclaimed old Farquhar, who had all the time been examining it through his glasses. "Upon my word, his bridge is as like mine as—a—as—a—;" and the brigadier in vain fumbled in his dull brain for a simile.

"As Westminster is to Blackfriars," suggested Impey, and they all laughed again at the lawyer's jokelet. As soon as they were quiet, Impey, with a serious look, thumped the table till the glasses clinked again, as he exclaimed, in a determined way, "Well, I've said it over and over again to Mrs. Impey, and I'd say it again, if I was to be drawn and quartered for it—that boy's the '*image of his father*.'"

"So he is, the rogue! bless his dear heart, so he is!" cried Mrs. Farquhar, smiling, and playfully shaking her head at Hugh.

"Yes, but he's got his mother's black eyes, notwithstanding; a lucky young dog!" continued the lawyer, patting the boy on the head, as he threw in the little bit of flattery that he knew would be sure to tickle the lady.

"And I don't think he's so very fortunate, Mr. Impey, if he has," replied the lady, languidly smiling, as she fished for a supplement to the compliment. "But I certainly was thinking he'd got just the same fresh complexion I had, before I went out to that horrid India, and I only wish he'd sell it me back again. Now what shall I give you for it—eh, Walter? Oh, Mr. Impey," she added, turning round again to the lawyer, "you can't imagine how a vertical sun withers up all the roses in one's cheeks, and, indeed, dries one up like a fig." Then, again turning to the boy, for she could think of nothing else for two minutes together, she exclaimed, "Oh! but, Farquhar, you haven't noticed his foot and hand. Only look at them—ain't they beautifully small? Now, wouldn't any one be able to tell from this hand, that he was the son of a gentleman, and that neither he nor his parents had ever been accustomed to

manual labor? Ah! what a pity it is," the soldier's wife continued, "that this hand is not destined to be one day raised in his country's defense."

"Well, I'm very glad, Joanna, that Walter's got a decent hand of his own," was the only answer the brigadier made, "for all our family have always been celebrated that way;" and he sank back on his sofa again, quite exhausted with the exertion of looking at it.

"Ah!" exclaimed the lady, seriously, as if propounding some weighty truth, "they say it's a wise father that knows his own child; but I'm sure it's a very stupid hen that can't tell its own chick. Now, upon my word, Mr. Impey, do you know if I had seen that face"—she went on, as she pointed to Hugh, "in a crowd of ten thousand—ay, of ten times ten thousand—I should have known him directly as my child. For there's something in a mother's breast, Mr. Impey," she added, feelingly, laying her hand on her heart, "a small still voice, I may say, which whispers in her ear, when she stands face to face with her offspring—as I do now with that boy—which whispers in her ear, I repeat, 'That's your child!'"

"Yes, my dear madam," answered Impey, drawing himself up, and growing eloquent, as if he were at judges' chambers, "it's a vague, indefinite feeling—a something that it's impossible to describe in words—a something, I say, which we men can not understand. All we know is, that it's an intuition—an instinct, if I may be allowed so strong an expression—one of those mysterious feelings that leaves blind and lame reason far, far in the distance. And that's all that the first philosophers have been able to arrive at on the subject, Dear! dear!" he added, with a shake of the head, almost as profound as my Lord Burleigh's, "instinct, take it altogether, is a most wonderful thing. Here, we vain, silly mortals, fancy the Thames Tunnel the most extraordinary work of the most extraordinary engineer of the age; and yet the poor little neglected busy, busy bee, goes to work and beats it hollow."

"Or look at the white ant with us in India, Mr. Impey," cried Mrs. Farquhar. "You should see the tunnels they will make."

"Ha! very true, my dear madam; it's all very well, our cockering ourselves up with the belief that we rational animals are the paragons of creation, but you may take my word for it—we are nothing but worms, after all."

"Very beautifully and eloquently said," exclaimed Farquhar "I don't think that missionary we had on board coming home could have done it better; and he used to call us all kinds of hard names every Sunday, Heaven knows!"

"Well but, Walter, you haven't said a word," said Mrs. Farquhar, endeavoring to remove the lad's bashfulness, which she felt half annoyed at. "Why, what's become of your tongue? You're as silent, lad, as a pair of list slippers. Really, one would fancy you were a girl, instead of a boy big enough to be in long-tail coats. Why, haven't you got so much as a word for your dear mother, whom you haven't seen these sixteen years—eh, Walter, love?"

"Come, come, Joanna, my dear," interfered old Farquhar, "let Walter be quiet if he likes; you may depend upon it he'll find the use of his tongue when he's had a glass or two of wine with me by-and-by, and be making noise enough to drive me clean out of my wits, I dare say." Then suddenly seeing the waiter bringing in the lunch, the brigadier turned upon the man, and said, "There, for goodness' sake do make haste with that tray, young man! What on earth you've been doing with it all this time, I can't make out!"

"It was only ordered for two o'clock, sir," replied the man, with his most conciliating smile.

"And if it was ordered for two, what makes you bring it up at five minutes past?" replied Farquhar, pointing to the clock. "But the fact is, sir, you're too lazy to exert yourself in the least. I only wish you were a servant of mine, and I'd soon make you put forth the energies that the Almighty has given you. There, put it down and have done with it, or you'll drive me mad to see you fidgeting about there in that bothering way."

When Hugh drank the wine old Farquhar poured out for him at luncheon, and the soldier's wife saw her fancied son's eyes light up with courage, and his cheeks dimple, and his lips begin to play with merry confidence, then, with the delight she felt as she watched his nervousness leave him, she thought he was just the boy she had wished her son to be.

Impey, too, saw that the wine was mounting to Hugh's head, and fearful lest he might grow too talkative under the influence of it, and then make some dreadful blunder or other, which would expose the whole trick, he fancied it was high time to stop the brigadier, who was about to fill Hugh's glass for the

third time. So, stretching his hand out between the decanter and the glass, he said, hurriedly,

"You'll excuse me, sir, but upon my word, I think you'd better not. You see you don't know Walter as well as I do, and really he is so excitable, that if he has more than one glass of wine, he goes nearly mad."

"Bless him!" cried Mrs. Farquhar, quite delighted at the intelligence. "Ah! he's got his mother's disposition, I can see;" and she put her arm over the boy's shoulder, and began telling him of all the different presents she had brought over for him. First she pointed out to him the paroquets and the Indian drawings on rice paper; then she described to him the monkey they had brought over for him, and which was coming with the remainder of the luggage from Blackwall; next she ran over to him all the theaters and places of amusement that they would visit together, saying, that he should be her beau, as it was useless her trying to get Farquhar to stir a foot any where, for any thing or any one.

All this put Hugh so much at his ease, that he began to like the part he had undertaken to act, and to feel that it really would be a very good holiday for him, after all. So he grew bolder and bolder, and at last, to the great joy of Mrs. Farquhar, began to say something more than a mere "Yes" and "No." This talkativeness on the part of the boy made Impey almost as nervous as Hugh had been before, and he sat on thorns at every word the lad uttered; and though the lawyer was apparently engaged in conversation with old Farquhar, still he was listening with all his ears to every word that fell from Hugh's lips, so as to be ready to turn off any unguarded slip the boy might make.

At last young Burgoyne had commenced telling the delighted Mrs. Farquhar some of the tricks practiced by the boys at his school, and was busy relating how Fred Chisholm had bored a hole in the floor of their bedroom with a red hot poker, right against the door, so that they might put a stick in it and prevent old Vyse coming in upon them suddenly, while they were having their battles with the bolsters after they had gone to bed.

"Well, and what then?" said Mrs. Farquhar, as the boy, seeing Impey frowning at him, stopped short in his tale.

"Why, it was found out, and one of the little fellows of the name of Drew," he continued, half hesitatingly, but warmly, as

he proceeded with the tale, "who was the biggest sneak in the whole school—just because I'd merely touched him on the head with my bolster the night before—went and told Mrs. Vyse, out of spite to me, that Hugh Burgoyne had done it."

"Oh, I suppose Master Hugh Burgoyne, as you call him, was on your side then—eh, Walter?" quickly added the sharp practitioner, wishing to put matters straight again, and to remind the boy of the part he was assuming.

But the boy, seeing his mistake, grew nervous, and became more and more confused, and when Mrs. Farquhar pressed him on with his tale, saying, "Yes! well! he did this out of spite to you," the lad stammered over every other word as he proceeded.

"So when Vyse," stuttered poor Hugh, "came into the school-room, you see—in the afternoon, you know—he came up to my form, and said—said he—'Burgoyne, come here.' So I—"

"Remained quite quiet, I'll be bound," immediately interrupted Impey, in an agony. "Ha! ha! it wouldn't have been quite so pleasant for you, though, my young Dutchman, if he'd said, Walter Farquhar, come here."

The boy's jaw dropped as he saw the blunder he had nearly made, and though the brigadier's wife tried to make him finish the tale, still all she could get from him was that he'd tell her about it by-and-by.

"Hugh Burgoyne!" drawled out the brigadier, "why, that must be Major Burgoyne's boy. I suppose we must go and see him, and take him the jar of mango jelly, and the letter his father asked us to bring over for him."

Poor Hugh's ears tingled at the sound of the present and the letter from his father, and on the spur of the moment he forgot the part he was acting, and said, as he grinned with delight—

"Yes! father always took care to send me plenty of mango jelly."

"I'm sure your father never sent you any thing of the kind," exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, indignantly, "for it was myself that sent you all your good things, and you never had any mango jelly from me, that I can say, for I don't think it's wholesome. Preserved ginger and tamarinds, now, I'll grant you had—for as Doctor Ross of the 50th used to say, eat as many of them as you like, and they will never hurt you."

"Yes, Walter Farquhar used to have a great many of those," answered Hugh, to Impey's horror.

"Why, I suppose Walter Farquhar had, considering Mrs. Farquhar sent him as many as half-a-dozen jars every year," replied the lady, smiling at what she imagined was her son's quaint way of speaking of himself—"that is, unless Walter Farquhar was stupid enough to give them all away to that young Hugh Burgoyne."

"Ah! I know what he means," said Impey, who had been standing on hot irons, expecting that every minute the whole affair must come to an explosion, and was now glad that the turn which the conversation had taken, gave him a chance of saying a word of plausible explanation. "You see, what he means is, Mrs. Farquhar, that he and young Burgoyne were partners, and used to share whatever good things came to them."

"Oh! you went partners with Hugh, did you, Walter?" replied Mrs. Farquhar. "Then I'll tell you what, my dear, you mustn't do any thing of the kind for the future, for I want you to have as little to do with that young man as possible. Associations at your time of life, my dear, are every thing. Now, of course, knowing the major as intimately as we do, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have his son Hugh home with us for a week or so; but, when we were at Nagpore, poor Major Burgoyne had a letter from Doctor Vyse, telling him that Hugh was such an extremely idle and badly-disposed lad, that I don't want you, Walter, to be in his company more than is absolutely necessary."

The tears started to Hugh's eyes on hearing this; for though Doctor Vyse had once, in a fit of passion at some trivial fault, threatened to write a letter of complaint to his father in India, still the boy had never imagined at the time, that the school-master would actually have done so.

But Impey, to encourage the mother's disinclination to see the boy, nudged Hugh familiarly under the table, and said, laughing, "Yes, I've always been told, that young Burgoyne was a regular young monkey."

"Yes, but, Joanna, you really ought to have the young fellow home here," expostulated old Farquhar—"if it's only to dinner once or twice," he added, as a thought flashed across his mind that he should never be able to get a moment's "peace and quiet" with both boys in the house. "Besides, how would

you have liked it yourself, if the major had come over and never once had Walter out, even for a half holiday?"

"But I'm afraid your kind intentions, brigadier, must be abandoned for the present," exclaimed Impey, wishing to prevent them making any inquiries about Hugh, "for I remember when I went down to Blackheath that fine frosty morning we had about ten days back, and wanted to take Walter out to see the skating in Hyde Park," and the legal gentleman grew as particular about the details of his falsehood, as most people do when knowingly departing from the truth; "why, Mrs. Vyse, who I recollect was far from herself, told me in the back parlor, that young Burgoyne had been fetched by his aunt, in a glass coach, and that he had gone with her to spend the holidays at her little box, in Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire."

"Why I thought Major Burgoyne had only got one sister," exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, "and she lived at the Briars, near Wycomb, in Bucks. But you're more likely to be right than I am, Mr. Impey."

"Yes, I believe she did live there," replied the ready lawyer, "but you see, ma'am, when her father died, Miss Burgoyne—"

"Miss Burgoyne!" cried the brigadier's wife, in astonishment. "Why, the major told me his sister was married to a Mr. Hudson, who was formerly in the custom house."

"Oh, indeed! then we must mean different persons," answered Impey, seeing that he had got into a mess. "I suppose—not being personally acquainted with the lady—I'm wrong in fancying her to be a sister of the major's. All I know is" (though the lawyer knew nothing of the kind), "she is a maiden lady of that name, and upward of sixty, with beautiful silver hair, and gold spectacles, and wears a splendid diamond on her forefinger—so she's certain to be some relation of the family. And now I come to think of it, it's a cousin she is, to be sure."

"Cousin! why what an odd creature that Burgoyne must be then," exclaimed the lady, throwing up her hands, "for he's told us over and over again, that Mrs. Hudson was the only relation he had in the world. But he's such a strange man, I declare there's no making him out."

Thus the day was passed, Hugh and Impey continually getting into difficulties, and Impey as continually getting out of them. Though, to say the truth, it required but little skill on the part of the expert lawyer to do so. Having not the least suspicion of any trick being played upon them, and placing the

strictest reliance upon the integrity of the guardian they had chosen for their boy, the last thing the Farquhars would ever have dreamed of, would have been that the boy they had been caressing and making so much off was not their own Walter. Indeed, so far from their suspecting any imposition, if any person had informed them of the trick they would never have credited it. And though, after Impey had left, Mrs. Farquhar once went as far as to say, that she never could have believed that a child of hers would have been so timid, still the very next moment she added, "That comes, you see, Farquhar, of sending your children away from you, and having them brought up by other people."

The lawyer, as he took his departure, formally invited Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar to dine with him on the Wednesday following, and then, having wished them good-evening, he proceeded to shake young Burgoyne heartily by the hand; but in the enthusiasm of the moment at the idea of the boy having got so well through the difficult part he had to play, the lawyer forgot himself so far as to say, "Good-by, Hugh," and then, suddenly remembering himself, he added, "~~h~~—*you* young Dutchman," giving the personal pronoun such an aspiration as to make it appear as if he had been guilty of a grammatical error, instead of having addressed the lad as young Burgoyne.

In the hall of the hotel, Impey met Melton (the landlord), who requested to say a few words with the lawyer before he left.

Taking the little lawyer into his private room, the hotel keeper cautiously closed the door, and said, indignantly, in a half whisper, so that he might not be overheard by any of the waiters, "I say, you know, Impey, there's that Abrahams's clerk been up here this afternoon, and served me with a copy of a writ on that hundred pound bill you said you'd renew for me."

"Served you with a copy of a writ! pooh! pooh!" exclaimed Impey, as if it was something he could not possibly credit. "You must make some mistake, Melton—you must indeed."

"I don't know whether it's a mistake or not, but here's the writ," replied Melton, producing a long slip of paper from his waistcoat pocket.

"Tut! tut! tut!" chirruped Impey, throwing up his hands in assumed horror. "Now, upon my word, it's positively shame-

ful. Well, I do think that scoundrel, Abrahams, would do any thing for costs. Why, it was only yesterday the bill was due, and here he runs you up to all this frightful expense because it isn't paid to a moment. Ah! these are the things that get our noble profession the bad name it has. You know I told you, Melton, I had been obliged to pay your bill away to the fellow, and you saw me make a note in my diary, only yesterday, when you were with me, that I was to see Abrahams, and get him not to take any proceedings in the matter, because I know as well as any one what a sharp fellow he is. And you see now, just because I'm obliged to step up here to see the Farquhars, the scoundrel takes advantage of my being absent to do this dirty work. Oh! it's downright robbery, it is," and he dashed the copy of the writ on the table, and walked up and down the room chirruping forth his mock indignation.

"Well, what had I better do, Impey?" asked Melton, almost affected by the lawyer's assumed sympathy.

"Why you had better come to my place first thing to-morrow," answered Impey, "and we must see what we can do for you in the matter. I dare say he'll want you to give security now, even if he consents to renew the bill, and even then, I dare say, the ogre will want his costs down. Oh! upon my word it makes my heart bleed to see worthy men like yourself fleeced in this way. You see I can make some excuse for a starving man going out into the highway and clapping a pistol to your head and demanding your money or your life, but of this kind of business"—and he pointed to the writ—"why the less said the better. Really and truly, it's my firm opinion, that that man Abrahams, would sell the very bed from under his mother if she was dying and happened to owe him ten shillings for costs. So good-by, old fellow, and mind you're at 'Lyon's Inn' first thing to-morrow."

CHAPTER VII.

By the time Impey reached his chambers on the morrow, the hotel keeper was waiting for him in the outer office. Immediately the lawyer saw him, he said—"Just step in my room,

will you, Melton?" and as soon as they were alone, Impey talked to the landlord, as he opened his morning's letters.

"Well, old fellow, I've been round to that scoundrel Abrahams, and I think I have made excellent terms for you," he said. "By Jove, you ought to thank me for getting you out of that man's clutches, or you'd have been eaten up alive, before you knew where you were. Egad, Mrs. Farquhar may talk about her white ants, and the things they destroy, but I'd back a couple of Jew attorneys against a whole swarm of them, for making the most havoc in the shortest possible space of time. Deuce take it!" Impey suddenly exclaimed, as he opened the second letter, "here's that parson dishonored his bill for the third time, and yet the man keeps his hounds. Ah! that's the way of the world, all the world over! But if he don't know better, I must teach him. Here, Cohen!" he shouted out, putting his mouth to one of the speaking-pipes that are peculiar to lawyers' offices and eating-houses. In a minute one of the dashing young Israelites made his appearance. "Here, Cohen," Impey exclaimed, "write a letter to the Reverend Alfred Pierpoint, giving him till Tuesday, and make a note to commence proceedings then, if not paid."

Then stirring the fire, he again addressed the hotel-keeper. "Well, as I was saying, Melton, I've seen Abrahams, and arranged that you're to secure to him the amount of the bill, with interest, out of the Farquhars' account during their stay at your hotel, and then he'll renew upon your paying his costs, which, after a great deal of badgering, and just telling the fellow what I thought of him, I've got him to cut down to two guineas."

"Well, all I can say is, I don't know where the two guineas are to come from," answered Melton, pulling in his breath, and thrusting his hands deep down into his breeches pockets. "You see I've got to pay my wine merchant seventy-two pounds tomorrow, and I've only nine-and-twenty pounds toward it. I expected a good sum from an Irish member of Parliament, who is a very good customer of ours, but when I went to him last night, all I could get from him was his acceptance for a hundred and fifty; and if you'd be so good as to discount that for me, I should be all straight again."

"No, really, Melton, I can not. I think I've done enough for you lately," replied Impey, with the tone of a small martyr; "I sent the Farquhars to your house, you know; and you'll get a matter of five hundred pounds out of them, if you get a penny,

before you've done with them, and, what's more, I never even said so much as a word to you about commission or bonus, you know. Besides, it really does seem to me like picking your pocket. I'm sure you can't afford, out of the profits of your business, to pay five-and-twenty per cent. interest for money, as you're continually doing. Why don't you go to your father? He's got plenty of money, and ought to be glad to do it for you."

"Oh! you know, as well as I do, he wouldn't listen to it," answered Melton, tapping his boot with his cane.

"Wouldn't he though, really!" exclaimed the lawyer, tossing his head in affected disgust. "Ah! I'm sure I don't know what's come to men with their money, lately. All I can say is, the love of pounds, shillings, and pence seems to be destroying the best feelings of our nature."

"Come, do try and do this one for me, Impey. I can assure you the gentleman's safe," expostulated Melton.

"Well, come now, Melton, I'll tell you what I'll do as a great favor for you," at last said Impey, turning sharp round,—“I'll let you have the money this time on condition that you pay me twenty-five per cent., and insure your life in my office. I've been at you a long time about it, you know, and often told you it's what every honest married man ought to do. Besides, you really should do it, not only for the sake of your poor, dear wife, and those two sweet little children of yours, but upon my word, you ought, if it was only out of consideration for me. You just think, now, suppose any thing serious was to happen to you, how should I like to have to sell your fatherless family up, and leave your widow and orphans without so much as a bed to lie upon? So there, now you know my terms, and if you don't like to do your duty to the poor dears, why, all I can say is, you must not come to me to help you in your hour of trouble;”—and the lawyer set hard to work writing, as if no one was in the room.

It was clear from Melton's manner that he could not do otherwise than accept the proposed terms; so in a short time the life was insured—Impey dispensing with the preliminaries usual on such occasions—and a check drawn for the amount of the bill, minus the interest and the first quarter's premium of the life policy, while the policy itself was left as security with the lawyer.

Impey had not been alone above a quarter of an hour, when

Doctor Vyse, who had come to town by the "first bus," expressly to see his brother-in-law—without waiting to be shown in—rushed suddenly into the lawyer's private room, and, throwing himself into a chair, commenced wiping his bald head with his handkerchief, and unbuttoning his coat, while he puffed and panted in a way that told you how fast the portly gentleman had been walking from Charing Cross.

"Why, what the deuce is up now?" cried Impey, starting up. "You come bouncing into the room, here, wheezing and blowing as if you had just made your escape from a mad dog. What's up now—eh?"

"I'll tell you what it is—Sam—" exclaimed the schoolmaster, punctuating his speech with gasps, "I'm not going to be played the fool with—any longer."

"And who the deuce has been playing the fool with you now—eh, Joe?" laughed the lawyer, rising from his seat, and standing with his back to the fire.

"Never mind, Sam," answered the doctor, still polishing his bald head, till it looked like a large ostrich's egg. "It's all very well for you to laugh; but you haven't a reputation to lose, and even the little you have, perhaps you might be a gainer by losing," he added, growing savage at Impey's laughter.

"Ay! and yours is so exceedingly brittle, Joe, that it flies like glass directly you get into a little hot water," answered Impey, with a sneer. "Now, what do you want?—I'm busy. It may be holiday time with you, but it isn't with me."

"Well, I want that boy back!" cried the schoolmaster, pale with passion.

"Well, then, you can't have him," replied Impey, resuming his work.

"But I must have him!" hallooed Vyse, thumping the carpet with his ebony stick.

"Dear me! then I'm very sorry for you, for I'm afraid you won't," coolly answered the lawyer, going to the speaking-pipe, and shouting out, "Isaacs, bring me up 'Chitty on Bills.'"

"Now mark me, Sam," said the doctor, advancing to the table, and striking it with excitement as he spoke, "I must and will have Hugh Burgoyne back."

"Lord, how you talk, Joe," quietly answered Impey, "when you know, as well as I do, that there is no such person as Hugh Burgoyne now, and that he's been Walter Farquhar for the last four-and-twenty hours. Besides, you needn't thump the table,

and keep jogging in that way, when you see I'm writing. And if the clerks hear you shouting out at the top of your voice again, they'll fancy we're quarreling, and that'll *look* so, as you say."

"Well, but, Sam, upon my word, you don't seem to have any regard for one's feelings," expostulated Vyse, growing calmer, "and that at a time, too, when ruin's staring one in the face as hard as it can."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Impey, "what! you're going to be ruined again, are you, Joe?"

"Yes, ruined!" the schoolmaster cried, clasping his hands, and throwing up his head. "Ruined! and, if I'm not mistaken," he added, with savage glee, "you're going to be ruined, too."

As he said the fearful words, the boy entered with the book, and there was a sudden pause in the conversation, for neither of them liked to speak on the subject before the son of Judah.

"You don't think he heard me say I was ruined, do you, Sam—eh?" asked Vyse, in a whisper that told his extreme agony.

"Lord bless you, no!" answered Impey, smiling; and if he did, he's too much accustomed to hear people say that sort of thing here, to pay any attention to the rubbish."

"Ah! people don't expect to find a lawyer the incarnation of all the cardinal virtues," answered the doctor, with an inspired look; "but a schoolmaster's character is like a diamond, Sam—if there's the least speck in it, it loses all value with the mothers directly. So come, Sam, do let's be reasonable, and devise some plan for getting that boy back, for have him back we must. I declare I kept poor Annie awake nearly all last night."

"Oh! I see what it is—you and that stupid sister of mine have been stewing yourselves out of your lives, by imagining all kinds of horrible things about that boy. The fact of it is, Joe, your stomach's got so out of order with the quantity of fresh butter you will eat, that you've grown as nervous as an Italian grayhound. Now you go home and take a blue pill to-night, and depend upon it you'll see matters with quite a different pair of eyes to-morrow. You needn't worry yourself at all—the boy's going on capitally, I can assure you—so well, indeed, that even if you told the Farquhars that Hugh wasn't their son, they'd most likely give you in charge as an impostor. Just as I prophesied, you know, they declared he was 'the very image of his father!'"

"Good gracious! it's wonderful how love will alter people," cried the schoolmaster. "Terence made the same remark some centuries back you know, Sam, '*Adeone homines immutari ex amore*,' he says. But now do let us come to business. The fact is, old Major Burgoyne has come home ill with the fever!"

Impey turned suddenly pale, and pushing himself back in his chair, looked at the schoolmaster intently for a few seconds, and then cried out, "The devil he has!" The next minute, however, he said, "Nonsense, Joe, you must have made some mistake. You're so nervous, you know, you could frighten yourself into the belief of any thing."

"Well, all I can say is, Sam," continued Vyse, delighted to see the impression his news had made upon Impey, "last night I received a letter from the major, dated, the 'Lady Macnoughten, off Brighton,' telling me, that directly the ship reached Gravesend, he intended to come on with his daughter to see his boy, Hugh, at my school; and now I should like to know whether it's the fresh butter that has made me as nervous as an Italian grayhound, as you were pleased to call it."

"Gad! it is enough to alarm one, with a vengeance, Joe!" said Impey, almost cowed by the fearful intelligence. "And what's worse—hang me if I see any way of getting out of it."

"Oh, don't—don't say that, Sam! even if you think it," cried the schoolmaster, wringing his hands, and whining out his despair. "For goodness' sake don't say that, for my only hope has been in you; and if *that* fails me, I do think I shall be driven to pack up my carpet bag and be off to Guerusey or Jersey under an assumed name by the next steamer; for I'm certain I should never have the courage to stop and face it out."

"Well, then, I only wish to goodness you would," said the lawyer, snappishly, "unless you can make up your mind to be a man, and not come crying to me like a great fat girl. Now why can't you set to work and devise some plan to extricate yourself from the difficulty, instead of stewing yourself into a consumption?"

"Oh! I've thought of a thousand plans but they are none of them worth any thing," cried the doctor, almost childish with fear. "And that sister of yours nearly drives me into apoplexy, by telling me it all comes of not having taken her advice, and

confessed the whole affair like that cursed Master Edward Robinson did about the fat he hid in his trowsers pocket. Oh, dear! the only thing I see left for me to do is to call myself Captain Smith, and go to Boulogne, and let my mustaches grow."

"Nonsense! nonsense! you talk like a baby, you do, Joe," snarled Impey, growing irritable under the almost insurmountable difficulty. "The only thing to be done is to find another boy, somehow—but how that somehow's to be managed, is more than I can say, just at present. I suppose you couldn't go and borrow one at some of the neighboring schools, could you?"

"Gracious, how you do go on, Sam," indignantly replied the doctor. "I dare say now, you'd like me to go round the heath and confess the whole affair to all my rivals, when they are just the *last* persons I should like to know any thing about it, and the *first*, I'm certain, to do me an injury, if they had it in their power."

"Well, it's all very well talking, Joe, but we musn't stick at trifles," said Impey, thumping his desk. "Another boy we must have. We are too far in the mess to think of retracing our steps now."

"Yes, that's just it, Sam," answered the schoolmaster, stamping his feet. "I ought to have remembered what that invaluable Roman dramatist tells us, *Fallacia alia aliam trudit*, Sam; one imposition begets another, you know."

"I've got it!" suddenly shouted Impey, slapping his thigh so loud that the schoolmaster jumped again like a flea with surprise. "By Jove! you ought to bless me, Joe. Ah! that was a good day's work for you, my man, when you married my dear sister. I declare I'm quite a genius at these things: here you're no sooner in some new difficulty than I hit upon some new scheme for getting you out of it. But I'm always working for every body else but myself. Now yesterday I gave up the whole of my day to you, just to set that young Burgoyne straight with his new father and mother, and prevent you and your Minerva House being exposed."

"But what is it—what is it, Sam? What plan have you got?" impatiently asked Vyse, leaning forward in his chair. "Come, now, what is it? pray don't tease one so, for you can't tell what a dreadful state all my poor nerves are in. Upon my word, they are twitching away as if some invisible fiend had got a string right up my back bone, and was making my legs and

arms move up and down like one of those puppets they sell in the toy-shops."

"Well, then, I'll tell you," said Impey, with a satisfied smile, wheeling his dumpty cane-bottomed writing chair close up to Vyse, and putting his hand on the schoolmaster's shoulder, "you know that lad of mine in the outer office?"

"What, Isaacs!" exclaimed the doctor, falling back with horror at the idea of a boy with a nose almost as long as Punch's being passed off as the son of any Christian.

"No! no!" answered Impey, smiling at the fearful expression the doctor had put on. "I mean young Dando—that sharp-looking boy, that sits near the window, you know."

"Well! and what of him?" asked Vyse, hardly believing that Impey ever could mean to make any use of him.

"Well! that boy is so sharp and impudent, that, if he had only been properly educated, I'd lay my life he'd have been Lord Chancellor by this time," continued Impey, in a confidential whisper. "He's up to any thing—particularly mischief; and if we only make it worth his while—for I suppose I must go you halves in the expense—why he's the very lad we want. Besides he's just about Hugh's age, and what's more, of such a dark complexion, and so uncommonly bilious, that any body to look at him, would say he'd been born in India. Now, confess, didn't you think so yourself when you first saw him, Joe?"

"Certainly his complexion is favorable for Indian extraction," answered Vyse, "but—"

"But!" retorted Impey, with a sneer, "of course you must raise some objection or other, because you yourself did not make the proposal. But now, candidly, Joe, did you never notice how like he is to young Burgoyne about the eyes?"

"Well! yes, now I come to think of it, he is something like him," replied the schoolmaster, staring at the carpet with his head on one side, and fancying he could trace a resemblance, now he had been made to believe that some really existed. "But, I say, Sam, you know that boy's education has been so shamefully neglected, that I never could—for the sake of my reputation—allow him to be passed off as one of my scholars."

"Oh! I don't mean to say the lad's been brought up at Cambridge or Oxford," replied Impey, with a sneer at Vyse's fastidiousness. "But I'll lay my life he'll do very well for the major, for officers, you see, are proverbially not learned men."

"Ah! but at least they don't murder the king's English

every time they open their mouths," answered Vyse, indignantly. "As for that Dando of yours, I declare I never heard him speak two sentences together, but what he invariably, with that perversity so peculiar to the vulgar, would throw in an 'h' where none ought to be, and where the 'h' ought to be, would leave it out. Now it was only the other day—when he was going over a deed—I heard him talking about somebody and his '*hairs, hexors, hadmors, and hassigns aving and olding* some said *ouse* for *hever*. How do you think I should like any one to fancy that a boy like that had been seventeen years at my school? Oh, it'll never do," continued Vyse, as the recollection of some fresh barbarism flashed across his mind. "Why it was only the other day I heard him tell Mr. Cohen he'd *torse* him for a *pen-nuth* of *pudden*."

"Well!" answered Impey, determined not to be beaten, "and are you prepared to say that *pudden* is not the proper pronunciation? *Pudding* indeed! Is there any such verb as 'to pud,' I should like to know? Do you say *garding*—eh? Of course not, but you say *garden*; and for the very same reason it strikes me that we should say *pudden* instead of *pudding*."

"Upon my word, you're a wonderful man, Sam, replied Vyse, tickled by Impey's ingenuity, "and were made for a lawyer. I really do believe you would prove to demonstration that black was white. But come now, what do you say to the young vagabond's calling oysters—*highsters*?"

"Why, I should say that that, like all such matters, was merely conventional, nothing more," Impey replied shrugging his shoulders, "especially as it's now well known" (though it must be confessed that Impey himself had never heard it before) "that George IV.—the first gentleman in Europe, mind!—always said *pint* for *point*. Besides, if Dando isn't quite so grammatical as you would like him, why won't it be very easily accounted for by your having written over to old Burgoyne (as you know you did)," observed Impey, dexterously making use of the letter that he had only heard of for the first time the morning previous "saying that he was an idle, bad-disposed boy, and that you could do nothing with him. So you see, Mr. Clever, if Dando did mind his p's and q's and v's and w's in the first-rate style you would like him to, why, it would never tally with the account you gave of young Burgoyne in that letter."

This was a poser for the doctor, who knew that he had written the letter in a fit of childish anger, and was almost glad to

have the opportunity of making his words appear right. Consequently, even though young Dando's deficiency of acquirements went a little bit beyond what, for his scholastic reputation, the doctor thought he could attribute to the boy's indolence, still, as it was not exactly the moment for him to hesitate, and as there seemed to be something like a feasibility about what the lawyer had said, he at once agreed with Impey, that the best way was to see what answer Dando himself would make to the proposal. So the lawyer put his mouth to the tin tube, and shouted "Dando," into the clerks' office. The reply was, that he had gone home with a sick headache.

"Now that's the third time that fellow has gone home ill within the last fortnight. Only last Thursday he left at twelve o'clock, as he said, stone blind with 'the bile,' and hang me, sir, if on my road home through the Park, I didn't see the young monkey with one skate on, cutting along as if he were doing the gallopade on the ice. So you had better come to-morrow, Vyse, for he's certain to be here then, especially as it seems inclined for a thaw."

As the doctor left "Lyon's Inn," and proceeded on his way to Charing Cross, his former timidity returned even stronger than before he had made up his mind to hazard the experiment. For he now began to think that it would be impossible even for Impey himself to make any gentleman believe that a boy of Dando's vulgar exterior and manners was his own flesh and blood. But if the schoolmaster had been acquainted with the lad's real habits and pursuits, his trepidation would have been even greater than it was; for Dando was one of that class of careless, impudent boys peculiar to the streets of London, who appear to be the cockney version of the "*gamins*" of Paris, called by elderly ladies "young monkeys."

If Impey sent him to serve a writ, he invariably was thrice as long as need be on the errand. For seeming to have an objection to walking, if a carriage went by with the footboard unoccupied, or unspiked, he invariably jumped up behind, and rode with it wherever it was going, trusting to the same kind of conveyance to bring him back.

A favorite trick of his, too, was to put on a modest look, and going up to some respectable elderly female, in some quiet street, and touching his cap, ask her in his civillest manner—"Oh, if you please, ma'am, would you be so kind, if you please, ma'am, as to show me, if you please, ma'am, the way to—*flare*

up!" bawling the two last words out under her bonnet at the top of his voice, and then darting off, leave her to declare—"she never saw such a young monkey in all her born days."

In his jacket pocket Dando always carried four bits of slate, conveniently ready, so that should he be so lucky as to meet with an organ or a hurdy-gurdy girl, he could pull them out, and immediately throw in a splendid castanet accompaniment. Occasionally, however, when his spirits were unusually high, he would suddenly give over, and throwing himself on his hands, stand on his head, while he beat time with the soles of his boots.

If Dando had no money—which with him was rather the rule than the exception—he would stop, flattening his nose against the outside of a pastry-cook's window, and fix his eyes upon some gentleman eating in the shop, in the hope that the party might take pity on his longing looks, and treat him to a cake, or a bun, at least. But when he found his looks to no purpose, he'd grow disgusted, and, determined to have a taste, would enter the shop, and going up to the tray of broken pasty standing near the door, would dip his finger into the middle of a stale jam tart, and, as he sucked it, say—"What's the price of that there damaged, miss?" And, with all the impudence imaginable, he would remain, diving his finger into all the different tarts round the tray, and sucking it afterward, until the girl, seizing an umbrella, rushed from behind the counter, and put the young monkey to flight.

But what pleased him more than all, was to go along the long line of cabs outside the doors of the theater, previous to the performance being over, and to wake up the sleeping drivers, by shouting out at the top of his voice, "Here, cabby! cabby! are you unhired?" And when they, all alive at the prospect of a job, told him that they were, he'd only reply, quite coolly, "Sorry for you, then—hope you'll have a fare soon, cabby;" then tear down the street as hard as he could, lest any of them should be after him, and make the best of his way to play off the same trick a little lower down.

Such was the young monkey—to adopt the phrase by which the gentler sex invariably called him—who in a few days was to be introduced to Major Burgoyne, on his return from India, as his darling boy.

Impey felt satisfied that even Dando, impudent scamp as he was, would—in the blindness of parental affection to all faults

in the real or imaginary offspring—be considered “the image of his father.”

The less sanguine Vyse, however, trembled for the result.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, a few minutes before nine, while the laundress (a lady with a very dirty widow's cap and a very red nose) who took care of Impey's chambers, was still down on her knees, putting the last polish with the black-lead brush to the grate in the clerks' office, young Dando marched into the room, with his black oil-skin cap knowingly perched forward on his head, and nearly over his eyes. Having hopped over the back of the industrious widow, to her great horror, he rapidly signed his name in the clerk's time-book, and pulling out from his jacket pocket the pennyworth of apples he had purchased on his road, commenced eating one, while he pushed the others into his desk.

“Well, I'm sure, Master Dando!” exclaimed the lady in weeds, smiling as she rested for a moment on her black-lead brush, “why you *are* yearly this morning! Bless me if you ain't fust! Why, the world must be coming to a hend;” and then she again turned her attention to the grate.

“Have a apple, mother White?” was the only answer Dando made, as, perched on his high stool, he continued munching one himself.

“Thankee, Master Jim; but they're rather too sour for my poor stummick so yearly in the day,” replied Mrs. White, throwing her most pitiful expression into her grubby face as she shook her head. “Howsumever, since you are so kind, I will just put one o' the ripest in my pocket, for my little Ed'ud, though I am sadly afeard the boy's got his poor father's nasty disgiester of his own.”

“Here you are, then,” answered Dando, descending from his stool without showing the least sympathy either for the widow or the orphan. And as he placed the apple in the hand of the laundress, he rubbed his knees, which were all over mud, against the “behind breadths” of the once black bombazeen gown.

"Why, you nasty, owdacious young monkey, you!" exclaimed the indignant widow, pushing him violently from her. "Just look at your trowsers! Where on earth have you been to, to get all that there mud from? and then to go a wipen' on it agin me!"

"Why I was knocked down by a yaller charrot a-coming over the bridge," answered Dando.

"Knocked down!" exclaimed Mrs. White, horror-stricken, and throwing up her eyebrows till they each looked like a half circle. "Then it's a mussy as all the bones in your body wasn't broke. But you're never happy—you ain't—unless you're playen' either in the gutter or out in the road, up to your ankles in some puddle, and my Ed'ud's the very spit on you—he is."

"Ease her! back her! stop her! mother White!" replied Dando, indignantly, while he was feeding with his apple-peel the guinea-pig he kept in his desk. "I wasn't a doing nuffin! I was only a coming to hoffice when I met this here yaller charrot a going my way, and there was a small cove a riding on the footboard. So I cried out, 'Cut, cut behind!' as loud as I could, and the jarvey cotched him sitch a jolly one, that down he drops, and up I jumps in his place, and was a goen' along so plummy, when what does the knowen' young card do, but run after the charrot a trying to get me whipped down too; and upon my word, though I tucked in my tuppenny, still jarvey did fetch me two or three sitch rummy wipes, that I couldn't stand it any further than the Wictoria Theayter, and then in my hurry to get down, I'll be shot if I didn't fall right in the mud."

"And it sarves you right, you young monkey, it do," replied "Mother White," smoothing the ends of her frizzy hair with the "sweep's brush." "What business have you got clambering up behind gen'elmen's carriages? But you're a mischievous young rip, you are."

"Lor' bless me, you don't say so!" answered Dando, balancing the ruler on the tip of his nose, to the imminent danger of Mrs. White's toes. "It was sitch an out-an-out footboard, though. Not a spike on it, you know; and so jolly springy, that when you went over the stones you couldn't feel it a bit. Oh! ain't it different when you rides behind them hackney coaches, where you has to set just over them there wheels? My eye, if they don't shake a poor boy wuss than a beadle does; don't they, mother?"

"Go along with you, do, Mr. Imperence," exclaimed Mrs. White, indignantly, "asking me about such tricks! What should I know about riding behind hackney coaches, indeed?"

"Well, mind you don't bust yer biler, mother, for you've got your steam up as high as a tater can's," continued Dando, who being tired of the ruler, was now engaged in the elegant pastime of blowing wet wafers from his mouth up to the ceiling. "But didn't I pay that young corderoys out just—that's all! For I got hold on his cap, and after he had followed me for it right up to Lancaster Place, I chucked it down one of them airies, which"—he added in his sharp, London-boy, way—"runs down so plaguy deep, that you expects the kitchens'll come out attics on t'other side of the world. Then I went up to the door, and gave sitch a stunning double knock, and bolted, and left the feller to settle it with the Johnny for having brought him up three hundred pair o' stairs in such a plaguy hurry, all about his trumpery cap."

"Then it was very cruel on you," replied the laundress, shaking her head. "How would you have liked it yourself?"

"Why, I am very partial to it—with plenty of sarce," answered Dando; then advancing softly toward the not particularly fair widow, he let his guinea-pig fall right on the nape of her neck, just as she was sand-papering the poker, and pushing her arms backward and forward with as much vigor as if she was playing the trombone.

The widow rose, hearth-broom in hand, to wreak her vengeance upon the frisky young Dando, but he was too quick for her, and with his guinea-pig under his arm and his tongue in his cheek, he made for Impey's room, where, having bolted the door, he amused himself by taking out of X, Y, Z the little looking-glass the lawyer kept there for brushing his hair in, and making Jack-a-dandy with it in the sun's rays, which he ingeniously threw into the chambers of an Irish reporter opposite, who was busily engaged in shaving himself at the window; and there the young monkey kept wriggling it up and down before the eyes of the son of Erin, until fairly maddened and blinded, the poor man threw up the window and thrust out his red head and whitened face, in the vain hope of discovering who it was that was "playing the fool" with him in the midst of so delicate an operation.

At last, hearing Mrs. White gathering together her brooms and pans, he returned to the room just at the same time as the

dashing young Cohen affectedly wriggled himself in. Seeing his old enemy about to depart, Dando immediately rushed to his desk, and taking his squirt quickly from his pocket, filled it from the inkstand, and discharged it right on the widow's cap, just at the moment when the buckish young Israelite had passed her. The furious Mrs. White immediately turned round, but Dando was so hard at work that the whole weight of her suspicion and anger fell upon the innocent Cohen, whom she told, that "if he didn't mind who he was spitten' over, the next time she'd pull his nose an inch or two longer than it was already," while Dando begged of her to do it, impressing upon her that "he'd stand by her, as he couldn't bear to see a lone widow woman, and a nice old girl, put upon in that way," leaving Cohen vainly to assure her that "he had nothing to do with it," on the "vord and honor of a shentleman."

When all was quiet again, the young child of Judah took from the pocket of the great coat he wore, with imitative sable collar and facings, a suspicious, dirty-looking, oblong parcel, done up in a piece of "the Voice of Jacob." Seeing this, Dando leaped from his seat, and going up to Cohen, leaned over his shoulder, while he asked, in a soft, insinuating tone, "What have you got for lunch, eh, Aary? 'Aint I got something slap-up, that's all! Give us a bite of yours and I'll give you a bite of mine?" On this, the wary Cohen requested to be informed what Dando's luncheon was to consist of, but could only learn that it was "out and-out plummy;" and to give the Jewling an additional relish for the delicacy, the young monkey rubbed his stomach and drew in his breath, while he rolled his tongue and eyes about, as if in a state of extreme rapture at the mere thought of the treat that was to come. This was too much for Aary, who quickly struck the bargain, and handed out a thick slice of bread and treacle for Dando to operate upon. He immediately bit a large arch out of the center of the slice, and as he smacked his lips, said, "Well, mine's am sandwiches, Aary; but as I know you won't take none of that there, why, it's no good my hofferin' 'em to you." Then as the chop-fallen Cohen proceeded to re-pack the remains of his bread and treacle, Dando dipped into the pounce-box, and having chalked "fool" backward on the cover of "Tidd's Practice," slapped it on the dandy Jew-boy's back, so as to leave the impression there, saying, "Never mind, old feller, I've chalked it all up to you, you know, and means to give you something slap before

I've done with you. My eye, Aary," he continued, boring holes in the desk, and filling them up with slate-pencil dust, "hasn't Varney, round the corner, got a stunning new roll of plumb duff in his winder! Crikey, if the raisins ain't as big as fardens! Lend us a penny, old feller! I'll give you three halfpence on Saturday." "No:" answered the sprouting money-lender, "if you chooses to make it tuppensh and a pite of the pudding, I don't mind." "Ah, ah! Aary," replied the cautious Dando, knowingly, pulling down the corner of his eye—then, as if suddenly attracted by something on the desk, he shouted out, "Oh, lookee here, Cohen, look at this rum codger," and no sooner had he got the eye of the unsuspecting Aaron over one of the holes he had bored in the desk, than he applied his mouth to the other, and discharged the whole of the contents of his slate-pencil cannon right in the face of the dandy Israelite.

Presently the gaudy Isaacs came rushing into the office, and requested to know whether the time-book was taken away, and he was too late to sign his name. Dando, however, no sooner saw him, than jumping off his chair, and looking at him from head to foot, he exclaimed, "My heyes, Hisaacs, why, you're coming it as strong as if it were Saturday! Blow'd if he ain't got his mother's boots on, and been tacking on to 'em all the pearl buttons off his shirts! and jimmeny! if he ain't been to a wire-worker's and got his hair curled! Surely you must be goen' to take your ooman to one of the preserved seats of the Bower Saloon to-night? Oh! Aaron, ain't he got a slap-up dandy shirt-front on, all open-work, and pink underneath, like a currant tart." Then throwing up his eyes, he added, "Oh, crikey! Isaacs, don't that there ebony nightingale, at the Bower do the bones slap up, just? This here's nuffen to it." Then drawing from his pocket two bits of slate, and whistling the cachuca, he fell upon one knee and commenced throwing his body about to a castanet accompaniment. This, however, he suddenly brought to a conclusion, by exclaiming, "Crikey, don't I love my love!" and doing what he called "the split," which elegant accomplishment consisted in sitting down on the floor, with his two legs at right angles to his body, till he described the figure of a bricklayer's plummet.

At this critical moment, Vyse and Impey entered. Dando immediately began to pretend that his position was one rather of accident than choice, and commenced writhing as if in great

pain, and making believe that he had hurt himself and could not get up again. The schoolmaster, seeing that it was Dando, and wishing to conciliate him, rushed to the boy's help with an affection of compassion.

"Dear me! I hope you're not hurt, my fine fellow! Really it's a mercy if there are no limbs dislocated," cried Vyse, trying to help Dando to rise. Then as the schoolmaster remembered some apt Latin quotation, he turned round with a look of evident self-satisfaction, at the idea of being able to show off his learning before the assembled boys, and said, "Ah, my dear lads, Virgil is always right. And what does he tell us? Why, '*Facilis descensus Averni*:' he beautifully says, '*Sed revocare gradum, &c., hoc labor,*' mind boys, '*hoc opus est,*'" and as the two Israelites burst out into a fit of violent laughter, to make out that they understood what was meant, the doctor added: "that is to say, when we've once fallen, it is very difficult to rise again, isn't it, Dando?"

At last, however, "the young monkey," after a great deal of o-o-o-ing, and sundry other expressions of violent agony, allowed himself to be raised up and helped to hobble into Impey's room.

The business in this instance was soon settled. Dando, unlike Hugh, required little persuasion; for having spent his childhood in the streets of London, and his boyhood in a lawyer's office, he had few moral scruples to overcome, and did not need to be impressed with the belief that he was benefiting a fellow-creature, in undertaking to play a part which had a pound a week in connection with it—for these were the terms they promised him. The increase of salary and the novelty of the situation were enough for him; and though Vyse kept continually endeavoring to give a moral aspect to the affair by continually quoting all kinds of virtuous platitudes from the classics and copy books, still he was either snubbed by Impey, or totally disregarded by the boy, who could do nothing but think of the fun he'd have and the things he'd buy with a pound a week and his board and lodging included. And when the bargain had been struck and the business settled, Vyse, advancing to Dando, patted him on the head saying "Good lad! Good lad! You're a fine noble little fellow! After all, my dear lad, virtue is the only real nobility; for how does Juvenal sing?" and he threw himself back, and paused, smilingly, for Dando's reply.

"Why, I'm sure I can't say, never having heer'd the sound of the gennelman's voice," replied Dando, with a roguish leer; for being sufficiently "knowing" to be fully aware that he had them both in his power, he felt little or no restraint in the answers he made; "but if so be as you're werry fond o' singing, why there's a cove at the Bower who'd soon shut up that there Juvenal o' yourn"—and then as he saw Impey leaning with his head on the mantle-piece, and almost bursting with laughter, the boy proceeded, "Oh, my eyes! you should jist hear him do that shake on 'the birds singing gayly, that cummed at my call,' in 'Ome, 'ome, sweet, sweet 'ome;'" and the boy looked into the horrified doctor's face without moving a muscle, as he added, "Oh, ain't it slap-up, old 'un?"

Vyse no sooner heard this than he took Impey up into a corner and immediately commenced an animated discussion in whispers. Although nothing could be heard, still from their gestures one could almost tell what was going on between them. The schoolmaster shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, and threw up his hands, as much as to say, "This will never do, I positively *can not* consent to pass off a boy like that as one of my oldest scholars:" to which Impey replied by throwing out his open hands, and lifting up his eyebrows, while he seemed to answer as he grinned, "Well, you must bear it, now that you've put yourself in the lad's power."

When Impey had once more quieted the alarms of the worldly reputation-loving doctor, it was agreed that the first thing necessary to be done was to take Dando out and get him measured for some clothes, and above all things, buy him a new pair of boots, for the ones he had on were as brown and cracked with the wet, as the skin of an over-boiled potato. While at the cheap clothier's, Impey suggested, and Vyse agreed with him, that it would be better to put the "young monkey" into "tails," as it would give him an older look than his jackets did. And when an entire suit of the "best seconds" had been ordered for the boy, they proceeded to the "LITTLE RED BOOT" and provided him with a pair of "good strong boy's," at "seven-and-three." During all this time the boy had been so absorbed in the different articles of dress that were being chosen, that in the joy of the moment he had forgotten his monkey tricks and with the exception of having put his legs into a pair of great big-top boots when Impey's back was turned, and having dropped a peg-top in a pair of cheap Hessians that Vyse was very nearly

persuaded into trying on, he had behaved himself more decently than usual, and indeed almost conciliated the austere doctor. Once outside the boot-maker's, Impey, who knowing the boy's disposition, did not like to trust him any further with Vyse, handed to Dando a warrant of attorney, telling him to make haste back to chambers with it, and to tell Isaacs to be sure and get it stamped before the offices closed, adding, "I shan't be back before five, and here's sixpence for you for being such a good boy as you have been."

The lawyer had not walked many yards with Vyse alone, before he had once more convinced him that Dando was the very lad for their purpose. All his vagabond tricks he made out to be mere animal spirits, for, in fact, he was confident there was no vice in him, adding, that, when the lad chose, he could behave himself fit for the first drawing-rooms. Again, even supposing he was not as polished as the "Handbook of Etiquette" would require, still he was so quick, that he (Impey) would wager he (Dando) would get up more real, sound knowledge in three days than half the men of Oxford would in a month. All this, and a great deal more, so worked upon Vyse, that, after having said that, as old Major Burgoyne could not possibly be with him for a day or two, he would have him down to Minerva house, and see what he and Mrs Vyse could do with him, "And now, Sam," he continued, "do you know, I feel such a weight taken off my poor mind, that I am determined, instead of going straight down to the 'buss at Charing Cross, to have a nice stroll in Covent Garden, and treat myself to a nice little basket of sea-kale, though I shouldn't at all wonder if they have the impudence to ask me four shillings for it at this time of the year. But with plenty of melted butter, you see, I think it is so delicious, that, notwithstanding I know I shall have to suffer for it, still I do think I deserve a treat, after all I've had to go through lately. Besides, it's a thing I very seldom do;" though, to tell the truth, the doctor was never so happy as when his scholastic duties allowed him to take a stroll down as far as the fish-monger's or poulterer's, and see what delicacy he could pick up for dinner, while he had often been known to return from his afternoon's walk with either a woodcock, a grouse, or a wild duck in his coat pockets, or a sweetbread stowed away between cabbage leaves in the crown of his hat.

As the worthy pair sauntered up and down the Horticultural Arcade of the Garden of Covent, Vyse kept looking askant—

now at the handful of early potatoes—and now at the six twigs of asparagus done up in a bundle, and marked only five shillings—and then at the little “*cornichons*” of strawberries at a guinea an ounce, or the lilliputian pottles of early gooseberries that so temptingly flanked the walk. At last, however, his attention was diverted by the voice of a man in front of the rails of St. Paul’s Church, who, with a large crowd before him, was shouting out the virtues of his new composition “for removing stains or spots arising from grease, fat, oil, or port wine, from any kind of silk, satin, cloth, merinos, or any other material, for the small charge of one penny a square.”

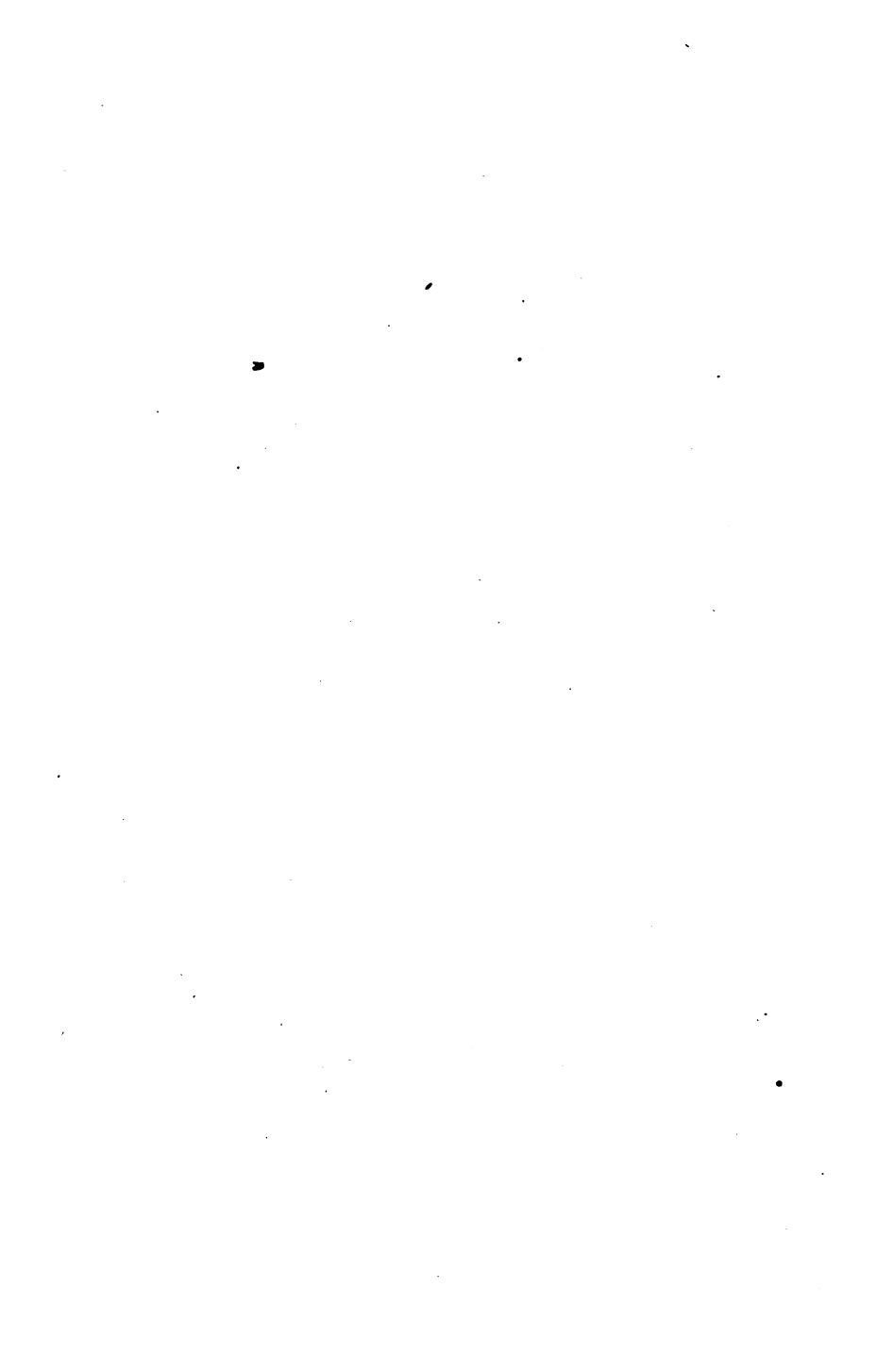
“Dear me! Dear me!” said Vyse, immediately. “Well now, that’s just the very thing I’ve been wanting for a long time, to take the gravy spots out of my waistcoats, for it takes me a good half hour every morning with the nail brush.”

As they advanced toward the man, the doctor drew Impey’s attention to the efficacy of the paste, with which the man was then operating on the collar of a boy who had volunteered to have the grease removed from his coat, and now stood out in the center of the crowd, with his back turned toward the assembled spectators, while the professor scrubbed away at the nape of his neck, all the time lecturing on the cheapness and utility of the composition.

“Upon my word, it does it capitally,” remarked the schoolmaster to the inattentive Impey. “Here, my man, just give me a couple of cakes of your stuff and change for sixpence,” he said, in an authoritative voice; and as the “professor” proceeded to seek for the coppers in his pocket, the boy he had been operating upon turned round to look at the crowd, while he munched the apple he had in his hand. But no sooner were the boy’s features observed by Vyse, than his jaw and sea-kale fell at the same moment, for whom should he see in the boy who had voluntarily come to have the filth removed from his clothes, before a whole crowd, in one of the most frequented of London thoroughfares, but Dando, the very lad who, in a few days, was to make his appearance as the oldest pupil at Minerva House!



DANDY DEVOTES HIMSELF TO THE FREEDOM OF GREECE.



CHAPTER IX.

THE next morning at breakfast, the doctor, who had passed a very restless night, had just agreed with his wife that it was much better to confess the whole affair—like Master Edward Robinson—and have nothing at all to do with that young monkey of a Dando, when the 'buss suddenly pulled up at the garden gate, and, to the schoolmaster's horror, he saw that young gentleman himself perched up on the roof, blowing away at a twopenny post horn, much to the amusement of the conductor and driver. The lad had been sent down by Impey, who very well knew, that if the lad once got fairly inside the doors, nothing but the prospect of a better berth would be able to get him out again; and, indeed, Dando himself, before long, convinced Vyse of this important fact. Though in his time the doctor had been the master of many boys, still he had now one boy who was the master of him. Let him try whatever treatment he might, it was all equally unsuccessful. If he adopted the authoritative, Dando would only put his finger to his nose; while if he essayed the coaxing, he would thrust his tongue into his cheek. Whenever the boy opened his mouth to speak, the schoolmaster drew his breath in between his teeth, and threw up his hands in horror at his violent grammatical blunders. And when he begged of the lad "for goodness gracious sake to mind what he was about with his nominative case," Dando would only cry out in answer, "Who's a touchen on him?"

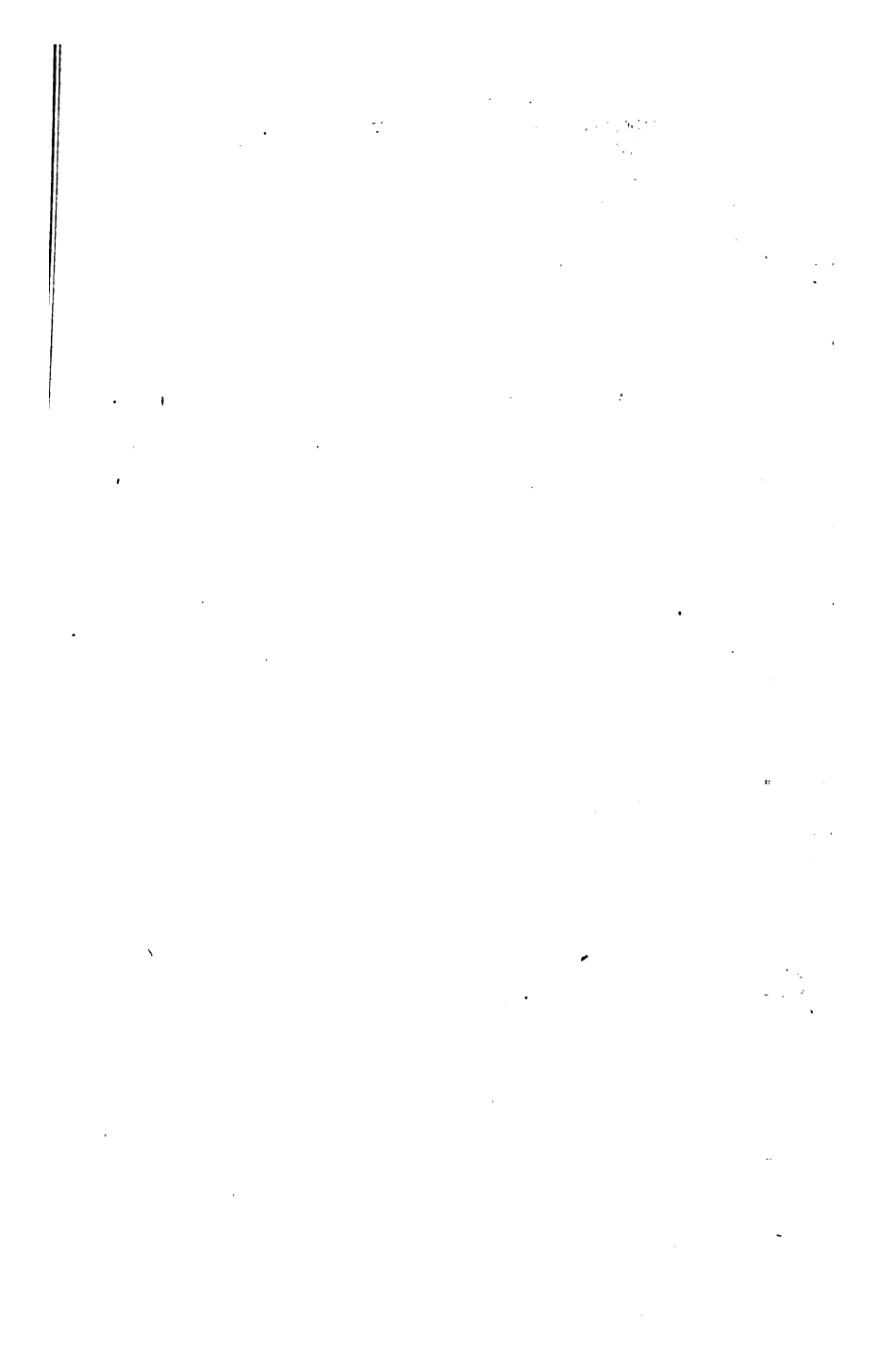
Once the doctor endeavored to wheedle Dando into learning a page or two of grammar, but when he asked him next morning after breakfast "what he called an article," the only answer the "young monkey" made was "Well, I should call you a werry rum article, old 'un!" The first time they sat down to dinner, he nearly drove both the schoolmaster and his lady out of their senses, by telling Mrs. Vyse that he'd "take some of them there *biled tatars*." In vain did the doctor cry, "My dear boy, who on earth calls them *tatars*, I should like to know?" for he only replied indignantly, "Why, Jim Berry do; and seeing as how he keeps the Halbert can, and deals in nuffen else, I should think *he* ought to know the name on 'em!"

But if he worried the poor schoolmaster half out of his life Mrs. Vyse came in at least for her full share of the annoyance. Scarcely a moment passed but what she was "dratting that young monkey," and vowing that one boy was more trouble than a dozen girls. He never would wipe his feet—a point on which the schoolmaster's wife was even more particular than most ladies. Indeed, you could almost count the nails in his boots from the *dirty* type impressions he invariably left behind him on the brown hollands all the way up the stairs. If she didn't catch him scratching his name with a pin on the polished dining-room tables, she would be sure to find he had written it on the ceiling in the bed-room with the smoke of his candle.

The second night after Dando had set foot in the house, she told Vyse "there really was no doing any thing for that young monkey. Now, there was that beautiful polished stove in the library quite ruined, by the boy's nasty way of spitting through his teeth into the grate as he did; and as for her beautiful bright poker, why, she felt perfectly satisfied she should never be able to clean it, for it seemed to her as if the young monkey took a pleasure in making it red-hot. Again, it was only that very day she had found him in the parlor, with one of those horrid sharp-pointed peg-tops, going to spin it, with all his force, on her best Brussels. And when she took it away, what did the nasty, dirty, young rip do, but creep up-stairs and steal her pot of pomatum; and next time she came into the room, lo! and behold! if he hadn't made a great big slide with it all down the carpet, by rubbing it well in, and there he was, sailing away, right across the room, crying out—'keep the pot a bilen'—as if he had got the Serpentine in our back parlor. Oh! what she should do if that young monkey stopped in the house much longer, was more than she could take upon herself to say. Now, there was that poor old cook had given her warning already. And no wonder! for the way in which that wicked, wicked, unfeeling boy had treated that poor—poor, fat old thing—whose nerves were none of the strongest—was positively cruel. The very first night he was in the house, what must he do, but put a good ounce of gunpowder right in those great, big, kitchen snuffers, and the first time she went to snuff the candle—off it all went, and nearly blew the good, stout soul right under the grate. The next day, too, just because poor cook wouldn't let him have a sop in the pan to go dropping the grease all over the stair-carpets, what did the revengeful young



THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.



monkey do, but take the poor thing's false front—which she had only just had newly baked and done up for the Sunday—out of its little box which was standing on the dresser, and must needs black-lead it all over, till, upon my word, it looked as if it was a cast-iron one."

Nor were Mrs. Vyse's complaints any way ill-founded or overdrawn. For, of an evening, while the poor lady was quietly darning her Joseph's socks, if he wasn't shooting at her spectacles with his potato pop-gun, he was swallowing her balls of cotton and bringing them out through his nose. Sometimes he'd steal up quietly behind her chair, and then putting his mouth close to the industrious and unsuspecting lady's ear, would blow into it such a cat-call, that she'd drop all her work and jump up into the air in a state of the most awful alarm; for, in order to perfect himself in the art, Dando had had his center tooth extracted, and could now whistle as shrilly as a railway-engine before entering a tunnel.

Dando would post himself at the first-floor window, and if he saw a ladies' school coming that way, he'd kiss his hands to them, and cry out, "Hullo, Lizar, leave us a lock o' your hair?" and "I say, Clara, who are you winkin' at?" And when the enraged governess shook her parasol at him and called him a "young monkey," he'd immediately discharge at her bonnet some half dozen balls of whiting done up in thin paper so as to break directly they hit the mark. This, with water upon some foot passengers, and lumps of coal upon others, caused such a succession of rings at the gate and complaints from persons requesting to speak with the gentleman of the house, that at last the doctor began to rue the day when he had received the "young monkey" into the bosom of his family.

In this manner three days were passed, and on the fourth Mr. and Mrs. Vyse were suddenly thrown into a dreadful state of confusion by the stoppage at the garden gate of a glass coach, on the box of which, beside the driver, sat a native East Indian servant, dressed in the white turban and petticoats of his country. This was quite enough to assure them that the long-expected and dreaded major had come at last. Immediately all the servants were sent flying right and left to seek Dando. But alas! the "young hopeful" was nowhere to be found. Vyse, however, thought it best to run out and welcome "home" the old gentleman, who, for fourteen years, had paid his bills with

such promptitude and punctuality. The major and his daughter, whom he had brought with him, had, however, alighted from the coach; but had both stopped at the garden gate to look up at something on the roof which had attracted the attention of a dozen or two giggling spectators. The schoolmaster, with an inward feeling that something was wrong, himself turned round to see what was the cause of the crowd. And then the doctor nearly sunk to the earth with shame, as he beheld the plaguy Dando out on the parapet, dressed in all his new clothes, in the act of painting an immense pair of black, curly-tailed mustaches on the huge plaster cast of the goddess Minerva there; upon whose head he had already forced one of the schoolmaster's old broad-brimmed hats, and into whose mouth he had stuck a short clay pipe. So indignant did the doctor feel at this treatment of his presiding deity, that there is not the least doubt, had it not been for the presence of the major, he would have sent for a policeman, and despite of the consequences, given the son that was to be into charge, then and there.

As it was, however, the nervous Vyse was so discomfited, that he had only presence of mind enough to stammer out a few words of congratulation to the old major, who, much to the horror of the schoolmaster, would, all the time he was being conducted toward the "reception room," keep wondering what the deuce that young vagabond was at up there. No sooner had he ushered the East Indian and his daughter into the apartment, than he rushed up stairs, three at a time, in search of the "young rip," whose manners and morals he was to have the credit of having cultivated for the last fourteen years, leaving old Burgoyne to continue his wonder, without the chance of meeting with a satisfactory reply.

It hardly required a second glance at the old soldier to tell the cause of his sudden return home; for he had set himself down as close to the fire as he could possibly get, and there he was huddled up in his red-lined camlet cloak, with its collar turned up over his comforter, stretching out his shriveled hands almost to the very bars, so as to obtain some little warmth for his half-perished frame. His white hair—which was as white as frosted silver—only made his yellow cheeks look even yellower than the Indian climate and the "jungle fever" (which he was not yet quit of) had done, while the blue, livid hue of his lips and finger nails showed how sluggishly his languid life-blood

crawled through his veins. And when his daughter had begged of him to take off his cloak so that he might feel the benefit of it on returning to the open air, his clothes so hung and bagged about him, that you saw how thin and prematurely old the disease had made the man; and how, since it had sickened him for food, he had been living on himself, and had almost eaten up all the muscles and strength he had laid by in health.

And yet you had only to glance from the wasted form of the soldier to the plump and well-shaped figure of his girl, to know what a handsome and "fine" man he had once been. For, despite the ravages of disease, there was still resemblance enough left to trace the features of the father in the countenance of his child. But *her* large black eye, fringed with its long, sweeping lash, was full and lustrous, and restless with animation; while *his* was sunk and leaden, and wore the vacant expression of bodily and mental languor. Though *her* cheeks, too, had been browned by the sun, still they were round, and almost rosy with the ruby stream of health that danced beneath them; while *his* were hollow, and the skin all shriveled upon them like a withered apple; and the more you admired the comeliness of the girl, the more you pitied the ghostliness of the man.

And in truth the major really was a man to be pitied. The prime of his life had been passed in mere muscular pleasures; and now, that he was paying the penalty consequent upon an over-indulgence in them, he was left without a principle or a creed to ease him of his pains or give him a noble resignation in his sufferings. The aim and end of life with him, had been to bend a poker across his arm, to ride the most restive and swiftest horses, and snuff a candle with a pistol. He had been the crack man of his regiment, and no party, either in the field, or at the table, was considered complete without the "jolly, hare-brained, and good-tempered Burgoyne." To get a shot at a black partridge, he would wade up to his knees through swampy paddy-fields, and, to bag a snipe or two, stand the whole day in muddy *jheels*. Many that had gone out with him in the morning, in perfect health, had been brought home in the evening prostrate with the pest, leaving him to brag at the mess-table the next day about the number of men that he had "lasted out." But at length *his* turn came, and the major, who had started laughing and joking about his invulnerability, had been stricken down and brought back raving with the "jungle

fever." His athletic frame had enabled him to stand up against the rigors of the more fatal form of the disease ; and the deadly "remittent" had with him ultimately subsided into the lingering "intermittent ;" but he had only escaped from the poisoned fangs of the one, to undergo a life of suffering from the continual gnawing of the other.

With his health the major's "good spirits" and temper had left him, so that even when not made furious by his disease, he had all the techiness and crabbedness of a man who knew neither ease nor rest. During his sufferings, the only one who had remained untiringly by the wifeless invalid was his daughter Nelly, and though her never-flagging kindness and gentle care had not failed to touch the major's heart, still it was only in the intervals of the fever that he in any way expressed his thankfulness to her. For when the fit was on, and, half frozen, he had shivered through the languor and almost stupor of the "cold stage," and the "hot one" had succeeded it, such was his irritability of both body and mind then, that while burning under the fever, the sick man would—if any thing were not done exactly to his whim—rave at his patient and careful daughter, and say such savage things and hurl such words at her, as no father should dare to speak even in the presence of a stranger's child ; until Nelly, forgetting the bodily infirmities of him that spake them, and imagining, from the continual repetition of them, that her father in his heart meant and believed them to be true, would bristle up with all the majesty of a woman's insulted pride, and leave the bed-side of her father, vowing to quit the roof of so ungrateful and unjust a parent. But when the perspiration broke out in the third stage of the fit, and bathed the parched body of the suffering man with a blessed comfort-bringing coldness, then the cruel insults which, in his almost delirium, he had heaped upon his girl, would flash upon him, and *he* would send and beg of her to come to him once more. And when she did return, the old man would throw his thin arms about her, and hug her to his bosom, and weep over her like a child, calling her his guardian angel, and heaping upon *himself* names almost as hard as those he had only a little while back heaped upon *her*. Then lifting up his clasped, bony hands before her face, he would shake his silver hairs, and beg his Nelly once more to pardon those fearful words, which, indeed, his *body*, and not his *heart*, had spoken.

Even now, as he sat over the fire, waiting for his son to be

brought to him, there was a peevishness and an impatience about him, that showed—even though it was not his day for the return of the fever—how his whole frame had been disordered by the pest. First he wondered “what the deuce could make them so long in bringing Hugh to him, when they knew he hadn’t seen the lad ever since he was a mere babe,” and when Nelly, who was as anxious as himself to look upon the brother she could hardly remember, said “they certainly were a long time,” he turned round upon her, and begged of her to be a little more patient, and not to go on grumbling about every thing in the way she had done all day.

No sooner had the half-frantic schoolmaster succeeded in catching the slippery Dando, than he handed him over to Mrs. Vyse, to have “those beautiful new clothes of his” freed from the “dust and dirt” with which they were covered; then hurrying back to the “reception-room,” he proceeded, with his “heart in his mouth,” and his face as solemn as an undertaker’s, to try and prepare the major, in some degree, for the ignorance and vulgarity of the boy he was about to palm off upon him as his son.

To his great joy, however, Dr. Vyse found the major ready to make more excuses for the lad’s deficiencies (which the schoolmaster attributed to extreme indolence) than in his most sanguine moments he had anticipated. For the anxious father told him that, from the letter he had received in India, he had made up his mind that his son was no genius, adding that he himself was a great dunce when at school, and yet it hadn’t done him much harm in after life. Whereupon Vyse, seeing the point he had gained, endeavored to explain away the boy’s utter want of knowledge of either the Latin or Greek languages, which he was supposed to have been studying for upward of a dozen years at Minerva House.

“But what grieves me more than any thing else, major,” continued the doctor, shaking his head and shutting his eyes with assumed sorrow, “is, that, do what I would, I never *could* get our dear young friend to attend to his classics, and I dare say at this very moment, he knows no more of his Horace, his Virgil, or his Homer, than your black servant out there does.”

“Well, and after all, between ourselves,” replied the major, stirring the fire with the bright poker, much to Vyse’s alarm, “we know very well that they’re not of much use. A man can get a very comfortable living without them. Now, I was seven years over the rubbish, and don’t recollect even a syllable of it

at present, thank goodness, and yet I believe I'm not quite a beggar."

"Very true, major! very true!" replied Vyse, extremely delighted to hear it, though at any other time he would have been thoroughly horrified at the confession. "It's only for the look of the thing, of course. But it isn't merely the Latin; but I dare say you'll scarcely believe me when I tell you, major, that our dear young friend can't speak even three words of his mother tongue *properly*. And yet, I suppose, if he's been through Lindley Murray once, he's been through it a dozen times, I'm sure."

"But don't they say, Doctor Vyse, that the stupidest boys make the cleverest men," interposed Nelly, on her brother's behalf. "You know Byron couldn't spell," she added, blushing as she hazarded the remark.

"Bravo, Nelly! you take your brother's part, that's right," chimed in the major; then addressing the fire, he continued, "Egad! I didn't think the girl knew so much."

"Certainly! certainly! Miss Burgoyne is perfectly right," replied the happy Vyse, turning to Nelly with his blandest smile. "And even Chatterton, I believe, my dear young lady, could not for years be made to learn his letters."

At this moment the door opened, and Dando entered with an extensive clean collar, and the ends of his hair all wet, and his face red and shiny with the good scrubbing it had received from Mrs. Vyse's heavy hand. At first, feeling a little abashed at the presence of the strangers, the boy leaned against the door-post, swinging his leg about, while he hung down his head and looked up at the visitors, slyly, out of the corners of his eyes; for, not having received any instructions from Vyse, he was at a loss how to act.

Vyse, seeing the old major smiling for the first time, as he viewed his son through his glasses, turned round to Dando, and said, "Is that the way you behave to your father, Hugh, when you haven't seen him for the last fourteen years? If I were you I should go and embrace him."

The schoolmaster had no sooner given him the hint, than Dando rushed forward, and, throwing his arms round the neck of the old gentleman, exclaimed, "My Fa-a-ther!" in the same theatrical tone as he had so frequently heard "the heroine of the Domestic Drama," at the "Vic," repeat the self-same words, after a supposed equally long absence from her fond parent.

The old man pressed his fancied boy to his bosom, and held him there without saying a word, while his gray head shook with emotion as it rested on Dando's shoulder. The boy returned hug for hug, and winked and thrust his tongue in his cheek to the observant Vyse.

Perceiving this, the schoolmaster put his hand before his eyes, as if the scene was too affecting for him, and, turning his back to Nelly, began frowning and making menacing grimaces at the unabashed "young monkey."

At length the old man's arms dropped powerless down, and he said, in a voice choked with emotion, as Dando rose from him, "Well, thank God we've met, boy! thank God we've met! for I was sadly afraid we should never see each other again—at least in this world," he added, as he buried his face in his handkerchief. The boy, however, was no sooner quit of the major, than Nelly, who, with her eyes full of tears all the time, had been standing by, anxiously waiting to greet the brother by whose side she had so often longed to be, now folded her arms around his neck, and kissed him, till his cheeks were bathed with her tears. But Dando, though little affected by the old major's hugging, evidently gave himself up to this part of the ceremony with considerable relish. For, Nelly being what he called "a nice young gal," he returned her caresses with interest, each time lifting up his left leg, and shaking it behind him with delight at Vyse.

While the young lady still held her supposed brother locked in her embrace, Mrs. Vyse—who, notwithstanding her vows to have nothing at all to do with the business, had still, from anxiety for her Joseph, been unable to keep any longer from the room—entered with her "best cap" on, and seeing the girl pouring out her affections upon a young man whom Mrs. Vyse very well knew was an utter stranger to her, the good soul was so horrified at the scene that, unable to repress her indignation, she sidled up to her husband, and, when no one was looking, jerked him violently by the coat-tail, as much as to say, "For goodness' sake, part 'em, Joe." However, luckily for the trembling doctor, she caught sight of the bright poker which the major had left in the fire, and having given the old soldier one of her severest looks (which fortunately he did not see) she seized it and bore it from the room, protesting to herself, for about the twentieth time, that she would *not* in any way appear in the business, declaring that it was positively disgraceful of Vyse to allow such

goings on with that poor dear—and wondering what on earth *that* major thought bright pokers were made for.

“Well, Nelly,” said old Burgoyne, taking the lad between his knees, as soon as he could get him away from his daughter, “he isn’t much like me, is he? I think, though, there’s a look of your poor mother about the upper part of his face—don’t you?” And here Dando, much to Vyse’s horror, began rolling his eyes about, first to one side and then to the other, like the Turk’s head on a Dutch clock.

“Oh, papa! how can you say so,” exclaimed Nelly, lifting up her hands. “To me, I never saw such a strong likeness as there is about the mouth and chin. Now look here, dear!” she continued, rising, and placing her small, white-gloved hand over the boy’s nose and eyes, so as only to leave the lower part of his countenance visible, “Isn’t this the very image of that picture of dear mamma we had taken when we were up at Manantoddy.” But, unfortunately for the resemblance, Dando here thrust his tongue out of the corner of his mouth, after the elegant style of Mr. Thomas Matthews, upon whom “the mantle of Grimaldi” is said to have descended, causing a profuse perspiration to break out all over the bald head of the schoolmaster.

The girl tapped him playfully on the cheek, telling him “he was an impudent rogue,” while the father said “the young dog had got just the spirits he had when he was his age.” Then turning to Dando, he said, chucking him under the chin, “Any thing for a bit of fun, eh, Hugh?” while to the schoolmaster, who was looking very black, he added, “Ah! we’ve all been boys in our time, haven’t we, doctor? And up to the very same tricks, too, I’ll be bound; at least, I know it was so with me.”

“Very true, major—very true!” replied Vyse, not a little gratified to find that—thanks to parental prejudice—even the boy’s vulgarisms were ascribed to the flightiness of youth. “We all know the adage—and those old saws have a world of wisdom in them, major—that ‘like father, like son;’ and I’m sure *I’ve* always found it so.”

“Perfectly right, Doctor Vyse,” answered the invalid, shaking his head and growing, in his delight in seeing his boy, quite amiable, and considerably less captious than he would have been at other times. “I think the lad’s got his father’s spirits and wild ways—or at least those I had once. Oh, I was a rare flighty one, I was!” he added, laughing away at the recollection of some of his youthful vagaries. “The tricks, too, I used to

play off on my poor old grandmother!" Then taking another peep at his supposed son, he said, "Yes, now I come to look at him again, Nelly, his chin and under lip are the picture of his poor, dear mother's. Ha-ah! you don't recollect any thing at all about her, I suppose, Hugh?"

"Oh! don't I just?" replied Dando, with a side jerk of the head, and determined to know as much as possible; "and a werry lovely crittur she were—nothing at all like old mother Vyse here, and from all I recollects, the werry himage o' me." Then, all of a sudden, without any earthly cause, he added, "Crikey, don't I love my mother!" making Vyse, who had often heard that song sung in the streets, turn quite cold all down the back.

The major, however, being entirely ignorant of the popular melodies of his native land, imagined it to be a sudden outburst of affection, and merely replied, "There's a good boy. Hugh, I'm glad to hear you say so. Dear! dear! she was very fond of you, lad. I thought it would have broken her heart, poor thing, when she parted with you."

"Well, it were werry kind on her to be so particular fond o' me," replied Dando, with a smile on his lips ready on the first occasion to expand into a broad grin, while Vyse, who had taken up the showy volume of PALEY'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY from off the table, and was pretending to be reading it, frowned, and looked "birch rods" at the boy from over the top of the book, but finding his menaces were thrown away upon the lad, he rose up, and marched indignantly to the window, satisfied that the barefaced deception could not hold out for many minutes longer.

While all this was going on, Nelly had drawn from her muff a small conical parcel, and having taken a sugar imitation quarter of an orange from it, held it up temptingly to Dando, who no sooner saw it than he rushed toward her. The boy's experience in confectionary never having risen above brandy-balls, he had no sooner put it to his lips than he cried out "Oh my! Ain't it plummy!" and as the *liqueur* inside of it ran down the corners of his mouth, he kept drawing up his leg, and rubbed his waistcoat up and down, saying, "Why, I'm a spillen' all the gravy," and as Nelly put her arm round his neck and kissed him on the forehead, he added, "I say, my dear, are you a-going to cum this every day o' the week?"

After the orange he had a bunch of sugar cherries, and while

he was busy crunching these he turned round to the good tempered girl—who was laughing at his extraordinary, and, to her, novel ways—and looking up in her face, said, “I say, Nelly, do you like cobblers?” alluding to the sherry ditto, of which he had so often heard the dashing Isaacs, who was a regular frequenter of the Casino, speak in terms of extreme approbation. “Ah!” he went on, while his imaginary sister stared with wonder as to what the boy could possibly mean, “Aary says cobblers is the sweetest things he ever put his lips to, and ven you lends us a shilling, Nelly, I’ll treat you to one; only from what Aary says, I’m afeard one cobbler ’ud be more than you could manage, for they’re so strong that they’d upset you in no time. But I’ll tell you what I likes.”

“Well, what?” asked the girl.

“Why, ‘dog’s nose,’” answered Dando, meaning some peculiar concoction of beer popular among the lower orders. “In summer, you know, it’s so jolly cool. Cohen says he’d go miles any day to have a good pull at his fav’rite ‘dog’s nose.’”

“What nonsense you *are* talking, to be sure, Hugh! I never saw such an impudent fellow as you have grown!” replied Nelly, laughing. “And do you know, when you left India, you were such a little, weak, delicate thing, that we all said you were more like a girl than a boy, and would take after mamma, at least in the gentleness and amiability of your temper.”

“Come, I say,” answered Dando, throwing himself back, and looking knowingly at Nelly, “there ain’t no green about my eye.”

“Good gracious, no!” answered the simple-minded girl, laughing, “of course there isn’t! It will be quite time enough for you to be green about the eyes when you’re as bilious as poor papa is.” But Dando, who had little faith in what he elegantly styled “soft soap,” kept shaking his head incredulously, while he pointed with his thumb over his left shoulder. So Nelly pushed him playfully from her, saying, “I declare you’re worse than what I’ve heard poor dear mamma say papa was when he was a young man.”

“Lor’ bless you, I’m as quiet as a hair gun,” answered Dando, breaking away from Nelly, “ven you takes me while I’m in the humor, and that’s now,” he added, but suddenly he stopped short, for seeing the corpulent Vyse lifting up his long coat-tails previous to sitting down, Dando gently slid the chair a short way back, and the wretched schoolmaster deposited

himself on "the Brussels," making the same noise that a pavior does when letting go his rammer.

"Good gracious, my dear young friend!" exclaimed Vyse, as he sat on the floor, gasping for breath. "You might have done me a serious injury." The dear young friend, however, made no reply; but as he stood behind the doctor, he put his fingers together and constructed a juvenile gun, and snapping his finger and thumb, he took an imaginary shot at the bald head of the prostrate schoolmaster.

At this horrible crisis, Mrs. Vyse, whose anxiety for "her dear Joseph" again forced her to step in and see "how matters were going on," entered the apartment; but perceiving the "dear Joseph" with his eyes shut, panting on the floor, the visitors all up in confusion, she made sure that Vyse and the old officer had come to blows, and that "her dear Joseph" had been severely punished for his duplicity. So she rushed back again up-stairs, and having double-locked herself in the "linen-room," exclaimed, "Ah! this comes of Joe's not having confessed, like Master Edward Robinson."

The boy's awkward practical joke, however, gave a serious turn to the conversation, and the old major calling Dando to him, said, "Really, Hugh, you should not go on in this wild, harum-scarum way! And what is all this about your not minding your books? The doctor says you won't attend to your Latin!"

"Quite correct, sir!" cried the angry schoolmaster, forgetting, in his desire to get Dando punished, the danger of abusing the boy. "I don't suppose our dear young friend knows one line of either his VIRGILII or HORATII OPERA."

"Well, if I don't know nuffin about them there '*hopperas*,'" answered Dando, impudently, "at least I knows most on the '*S'NAME'LAR*.' And what's more, I knows the '*Delphi hoppera* o' NORMA too, and werry fust-rate I thinks it—in pertikler Paul Bedford."

The old man, that had passed all his life in India, little dreamed that the operas that Dando referred to were of so utterly unclassical a character as the productions of the minor theaters, the names of which establishments the major was even not so much acquainted with. So he looked with wonder at his supposed son, and turning round to Vyse, said, "Well, the lad is not so *very* ignorant, after all. Are these really good works now that Hugh speaks of—eh, doctor?" he added; for

though the old soldier had decried the knowledge of Latin, he was still proud to find, as he fancied, that his boy knew some little about it.

"Well! certainly!" stammered out Vyse, with the blood mounting up to his bald head, as he hardly saw a way of concealing the lad's ignorance. "Why, we can only look, major, to what our first scholars say on the subject; and the ADELPHI, you know, has immortalized Terence."

"Terence!" exclaimed Dando, with vehemence; "you means Wright—there ain't no Terence among 'em."

"Of course not, certainly, my dear young friend," ejaculated Vyse, in vain trying to quiet the lad, encouraged as he was by old Burgoyne's nods—for the major was delighted to find the boy getting the advantage of the schoolmaster, as he thought—"I believe they were very highly spoken of by both Bentley and Porson; and they, you know, sir"—and the doctor smiled learnedly as he showed off his knowledge—"were some of the best and deepest read commentators we've had for years."

"Bentley and Porson some of the best common tatars! There ain't no *common tatars* of the sort!" cried Dando, jumping from his chair with excitement, for he fancied he had now got upon a subject, which, from his extensive acquaintance with the baked-potato men under St. Clement's archway, made him more than a match for Vyse. "Ask Jim Berry, father," he continued, "and he's been over agin the 'Delphi night after night, up to one and two o'clock in the morning. Don't believe him, Nelly, he knows nuffen at all about it. The only common tatars I've ever heerd tell on is Kidneys and Champions, and neither of them's deep red either."

Here the wretched Vyse, who had turned as pale as a cheap printed cotton after the first washing, asked the major, in order to change the conversation, "whether he could have the pleasure of offering him or his daughter any refreshment."

"No, I thank you," answered the old man; "but if it's not too much, I'd thank you for a wine-glass, for it's about the time for me to take my quinine." Then turning to his daughter, he said, "Now I'll be bound to say you haven't brought the bottle with you from the carriage;" and when the thoughtful Nelly drew a little wicker-bound flask from her muff, he said, "Ah, well, it's a wonder you remembered it, I'm sure!" For now the novelty of the meeting with his boy for the first time was wearing off, the sick man's irritability was beginning to return,

while Nelly colored crimson at the idea of receiving such a reprimand in the presence of a stranger.

As soon as the wine-glass was brought, the old invalid poured out and drank off his medicine; though, accustomed as he was to it, he could not help making a wry face at the bitter draught. "Ah!" he said, with a sigh, "that may do me some good, perhaps! but," he continued, turning to the doctor, "you don't know what I've had to go through; and if the change of air here doesn't make a great alteration in me for the better, why, I can't last much longer, I know."

"Tut, tut, tut!" clicked Vyse's tongue against his teeth, while he shook his head with a solemn air, during which he was rummaging his mind for some classical quotation, wherewith to re-establish his scholastic reputation, but he could only remember the old platitude about "death being the common lot," so he continued—"It's a sad, sad thing. But we're all traveling that way, you know, major; for, as the poet says, '*mors omnibus communis*.'"

"Then the poet know'd nuffen at all about it," roared out Dando, determined to avail himself of every opportunity for displaying his knowledge; "there ain't no Moore's homnibus running. There's NELSON'S and VILSON'S FAVORITES; and CHANCELLOR'S and GEORGEY CLOUD'S; and there vas SHILLI BEER'S, but he's painted all his'n black, and gone into the funeral dodge, finding von inside to pay better nor twelve. But there ain't no Moore's, I say, as ever I heerd tell on."

"There, Hugh, that will do; and for the future never trust yourself to speak upon a subject that you are utterly unacquainted with," said the old major, growing more and more techy.

"Oh, he was only in play, papa, dear," interposed the kind-hearted Nelly.

"Nonsense! nonsense! how you can talk such stuff I can't make out," growled old Burgoyne, flying out at the poor girl, "when any one in their senses can see that the boy's as ignorant as a Methodist preacher, and knows no more of Latin than a quack doctor does."

"Don't I, though," cried Dando, starting back with affected indignation. Then calling to mind all the law-terms he had heard in Impey's office, he continued, speaking as quickly as he could, "What do you say to *ne exeat regno, nulla bona, in forma pauperis, non compos mentis, non est inventus, feme covert*, I should like to know—so there!"

On this the old man unable to bear the boy's blunders any longer, took Vyse aside, and was asking him "whether the lad's things were ready; for he intended to take him away with him," when Dando (who had all the time been eyeing the wicker flask—which the major, from his constantly requiring to have his medicine with him, had converted into his physic-bottle), perceiving old Burgoyne and the schoolmaster in close conversation, and thinking the flask must contain something good, filled up a wine-glass to the brim, and having looked slyly round, quickly emptied it into his mouth. But no sooner did he taste how horribly bitter the draught was, than, with his cheeks distended to their utmost, he rushed to the fire-place, and spirted it all over the front and sides of Mrs. Vyse's polished grate, crying out, "Ugh! ain't that stuff jolly beastly? that's all."

But the peevish major had got past his relish for the boy's pranks, and turning to Vyse, he said, "There! there! there! take him up-stairs! take him up-stairs, do! or he'll fidget me to death. I'm not in a state to bear it just now, you see;" and every limb of the sick man trembled again with irritability.

The schoolmaster was proceeding to the door with his dear young friend, when Mrs. Vyse—who, for the last ten minutes, had been seated on the bottom stair to be ready to throw herself at the major's feet, and beg mercy for "her dear Joseph" on the first cry of "police"—hearing somebody at the handle of the door, and immediately fancying that the dreaded discovery had been made, and that the time was come for her interference, hurried into the room. Before Vyse had had time to request her to "take the boy, and get him ready to go home with his father," the excellent housewife's quick eye fell upon her darling polished steel grate, which, by this time, owing to the heat and the acid used to dissolve the quinine, was covered all over with large red spots, like a child's sixpenny wooden horse. With a loud "Ho!" and looking scissors at all the party, she seized Dando by the hand, and rushed from the room.

As soon as the door was closed again, the major startled Vyse—who was thinking of what a noise his Annie would make about that trumpery grate—by inquiring, suddenly, "By-the-by, what has become of my friend Farquhar's boy, young Walter Farquhar, that was with you here?" and, as he asked the question, he fixed his eyes intently upon Nelly, who no

sooner *felt* her father's glance, than the blood rushed to her cheeks and she hung her head down—while, to make it appear as if she had paid little or no attention to the inquiry, she began tapping her boot with the ivory end of her parasol.

But to the unprepared Vyse, the question came like a clap of thunder upon his ears; and had it not been for the father being wholly engrossed in watching the effect he produced upon his daughter, the ghastly pallor of the schoolmaster's face, and the violent agitation of his whole frame would soon have convinced the old soldier that all was not right.

"Oh! he's gone home," answered Vyse, turning round to blow his nose, and so give himself time for a little consideration; "he was fetched by his guardians—his friends arrived from India—that is, Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar—only a day or two back."

"And he was with you here, at your school, up to that time?" continued the major, with his eye still riveted on his abashed girl.

"Certainly, certainly, major!" replied the schoolmaster, ready to faint, as he wiped the crown of his head with his handkerchief.

"There, Miss!" he said, addressing poor Nelly, who still kept tapping her boot more quickly than before; "*Now* are you satisfied that that scoundrel on board the ship was an impostor?" and as he said the words, a big tear dropped upon the front of the girl's silk dress.

The wretched schoolmaster did not know what to make of all this. He saw in a moment that the runaway, Walter Farquhar, had been on board the ship the Burgoynes had come over to England in; though in what capacity he knew not. It was evident, too, the young man had been trying to get acquainted with the major and his pretty daughter, though, for some reason or other he could not divine, the major had doubted the lad's being the person he called himself. And though it was a relief to Vyse to know that old Burgoyne was now more than ever convinced of the youth's being an impostor, still it was madness to the wretched schoolmaster to find out that the long-lost lad was so near at hand.

"Do you know where the Farquhars are staying?" asked the major, for the first time looking at Vyse. And when he saw his pale face, he fancied that the man's trepidation might arise from his having been the cause of dissension between

father and daughter. So he added, "You needn't alarm yourself, Doctor Vyse, it's only a slight difference between me and that self-willed young lady yonder," and, as he said the words, the girl bit her lip, and rising from her seat, left the room and went back to the carriage.

Vyse, in horror at the very idea of the parents of the two boys meeting, hurriedly assured the major "he had not the least idea whether the Farquhars were even residing in London or not—though now he came to think of it, he felt satisfied he had heard somebody say something of their going up the Rhine."

Then, to turn the conversation, the schoolmaster began apologizing for his supposed pupil's want of education, and concluded, by saying, that he hoped, as soon as the vacation was over, his "dear young friend" would be allowed to resume his studies at the school, for he was anxious the boy should make up for lost time.

But the irritable major was by this time, in no humor to "mince matters" with the doctor, so, turning sharply round upon him, he said, as he looked at him sternly from head to foot, "I wonder, sir, that you have the impudence, after your willful neglect of my child, to ask me to intrust him again to your care. For more than fourteen years I've paid you for the training of my boy's mind and heart. And how have you performed the task? Why, because his father was far, far away, and could keep no watch upon you, you let the lad run wild in the streets, to pick his morals, his manners, and his very talk, out of the gutter."

Vyse, hearing his reputation thus ruthlessly assailed, was about to confess the whole deception, when the major, putting out his hand, said, imperatively, "There! not a word, sir, not a word! You of course, would make out that it's the poor boy's fault, but I'm not to be gulled in that way. Though I didn't want you to make a *book-worm* of my son, still less did I want you to make a *blackguard* of him, sir. And now, after having picked my pocket for fourteen years, you have the face to ask me to hand my motherless boy over to your charge once more. No, sir; and what's more, I'll take good care that neither the Farquhars, nor any other person I know, or mind one straw about, shall ever let a boy of theirs come within your cursed doors again.

Then hearing the boy coming down stairs, he drew his with-

ered frame up as straight as he could, and having looked for a moment, scowling indignantly, at the humbled schoolmaster, who sank almost powerless into a chair, he quitted the room, and in a few moments the father and his fancied boy were on their road to London.

As soon as Mrs. Vyse heard the coach rumble from the door, she hurried down-stairs to her husband. But directly she entered the room, the schoolmaster started from his seat like a raving madman, and lifting his clenched fists high in the air above his head, he screamed out from between his clenched teeth, "Oh, curse that honey-tongued brother of yours! he'll be the ruin of me!—Oh, curse him! curse him!" and exhausted with the paroxysm, he again fell heavily in the chair, and burying his face in his hands, he rolled his body, as if in agony, from side to side, as he groaned out, rather than said, "Oh! Annie! Annie! what ever will become of us?"

"Ah! why would you not be advised by me, and confess it all, as you know from the first I begged of you to do, Joe," exclaimed his little wife, as, bursting into tears, she fell upon her husband's shoulder. "For I was sure, Joseph, that no good could come of it." Then adding, in her simple way, "But it's a judgment upon you for being a party to an untruth."

"Ah! indeed, why didn't I confess! why didn't I confess!" cried Vyse, growing a little more calm. "But I thought it would look so, you see, Annie."

"Yes, Joe!" answered the little woman, raising herself up and solemnly shaking her head. "So to *look* right you didn't hesitate to *do* wrong! And when those poor souls came to seek the little one they hadn't set eye upon for fourteen years, you played a wicked, wicked, cheat off upon them, and met those that had trusted you so long with a lie in your mouth upon your very doorstep. Ah! Joe, Joe! you may well say, what ever will become of us."

CHAPTER X.

As the day drew near for the Farquhars to dine with Impey, the little lawyer was busy and bustling about, giving out his best dinner service, and trays full of silver candelabra, and waiters, and side dishes, and epergnes, which came out of their wash-leather envelopes yellow from long want of use. Then he had his best drawing-room curtains put up, and the brown holland bag taken off the chandelier, and wax candles fitted in it. His telescope tables, too, had a couple of fresh leaves put in, and the footman was kept almost the whole of the day before the party polishing them up; and on the morning of the day itself Impey did not get to office till nearly twelve o'clock, for he had been busy at home getting up the wine. But he was back to his house in Oxford Terrace again by five to ice the champagne and decanter the Madeira and rare old port. Then having spruced himself up a bit with a white waistcoat, he took his stand at the drawing-room window twiddling his watch chain, and whistling "God save the Queen," in anxious expectation of his guests. And when at last the glass coach bearing the brigadier and his lady and Hugh stopped before the door, Impey rushed down, and having handed Mrs. Farquhar out, drew her arm through his, saying, as he led her up-stairs, "Now you know you mustn't expect any thing beyond a mere quiet family dinner, for I haven't put myself at all out of the way for you, and intend to treat you quite like old friends;" to which the lady shook her head, and said, smilingly, "Oh, Mr. Impey, I can assure you an old soldier's wife can mess upon any thing. I've smacked my lips over a horse cutlet before now."

Then while the dinner was being dished up, the active little lawyer hopped about his rooms like a robin, showing his guests all the pictures and curiosities about the place.

And truly the house was a perfect curiosity itself. For it had been furnished nearly from top to bottom by "executions" and "distresses," levied upon the goods and chattels of the different noblemen and gentlemen whom the money-lender loved to accommodate by cashing their paper for them. In the center of the room stood a superb round table with a green mar-

ble top and white and gold pillar and feet, that had once been the property of the elegant Count Endorsey; against the wall was an elaborately carved oak Elizabethan book-case, that had been saved from the wreck of the extravagant Reverend Henry Kiteflifer. Here were a set of chairs richly inlaid with mother-of-pearl relieved with gold, that had once ornamented the cottage ornée of the dashing Lord Alfred Boulogne. There was a magnificent cabinet highly ornamented with the most expensive marquetric work, that the reckless Horace Schedule had given hundreds for. The curtains were of a rich crimson damask, and the sofas had yellow satin coverings to them, while the cushions of the chairs were of a light blue velvet. The carpet in the back drawing-room was a beautiful Brussels with a crest worked in the center, and had come from the Albany, while that in the front was a thick velvet pile, that had been carried off from a card-playing countess in May-fair.

And when they went down-stairs to dinner the sideboard was one blaze of gold and silver plate—some with ducal coronets embossed upon it, and some with crests, well known to all frequenters of the Park. Here stood the massive silver wine-cooler of the bankrupt Lord Forty'orse Discountingpower, that had never yet been paid for, and there the heavy silver ale tankard, out of which the saloon-loving Earl of Kevortern had once delighted to drink his "malt."

Over the mantle-piece was a valuable full-length portrait, by Reynolds, of the noble father of the Honorable Frederick Fitz-Obits, while under it was a miniature, set in diamonds, of the once admired beau, Sir Methuselah Papillot, which had been given by him as a *gage d'amour* to a celebrated actress, and had been long since left by her as an unredeemed security for less than a quarter of the value of the mere brilliants that encircled it. Ranged round the room were other pictures by some of the best and most imprudent artists of the day, who having got themselves into the lawyer's clutches, had been forced to paint themselves out of them. As the party were at dinner, Mrs. Farquhar could not help observing that the ivory handle of her knife had a lion rampant engraved upon it, while her silver fork bore the crest of an eagle standing over a snake. Nor did her quick woman's eye fail to observe that the table-cloth and napkins were marked with different initials, and neither of them Impey's.

The dinner over, while they were at dessert the sleepy brig-

adier, who for the last ten minutes had been continually putting his hand before his mouth to hide his yawns, and screwing his eyes up tight while he shook himself violently to keep himself awake, at last turned round to the lawyer and said—"Upon my word, you must excuse me, Impey, but I can't for the life of me keep my eyes open. I'll just take forty winks on that sofa of yours, if you'll allow me, and then I shall be all right." And when the lethargic old soldier had dropped off, Mrs. Farquhar—finding a willing listener in the insinuating little lawyer—began to run over the stories she loved to tell of the battles she had seen, and to develop the military taste which her attention to her boy had in a measure kept concealed at their first meeting. To every observation that Impey made she managed to drag in something about India in answer, and to introduce anecdotes of some of her adventures "up the country," astonishing the gentle Hugh by the enthusiasm with which she spoke of the "slaughter" she had witnessed, and making Impey smile at the *mannish* tone and half-slang terms with which she embellished her discourse.

"Will you allow me to cut this pine-apple for you, Mrs. Farquhar," asked Impey, holding a silver-bladed knife over the one he had hired for the occasion.

"No, thank you, I'm sick and tired of the things," replied the lady, laughing. "They're no treat to a person that's seen them over and over again, growing wild in the grass—with leaves six feet high—as I used when we were up at Ramoo. By-the-by, that was a ticklish time. I really thought it was all up with us!" and the lady shook her head, while Impey stared again at the peculiarity of her language. "You know it was just before the Burmese war, when Maha Bandoola—a first-chop native chief—took the command of the Arracan army, which was going to invade Bengal—as they said—and the stupids up at Calcutta were actually croaking away like a pack of old women—ha! ha! ha! Well, directly we heard the news at Ramoo, and that Bandoola intended to march against us immediately, why our boys began croaking too. 'Erect a battery on the hill toward Rutnapullung,' says that wiseacre Postans of the 13th.—'Of course,' answered I, 'to be the work of fairies in the night.'—'Wait till they run up their stockades, and then throw one shot from cantonments into the battery,' cries that donkey Cockett of Baylis's troop.—'Guardian sylphs all the while protecting our men, of course,' I replied, laughing."

"Well, and how did you manage after all," asked the polite

lawyer, pretending to be disgusted with the conduct of Postans and Cockett.

"Why, Farquhar and my brother-in-law, Woollaton, had decided upon getting our two nine-pounders into the bastion, and setting to work forthwith to cut the embrasures to fit them. But oh, dear me, no! the wiseacres couldn't see the use of such things, though it was all so clearly explained that even I understood it as well as hemming the handkerchief I was making."

"Bless me, you don't mean to say so!" ejaculated Impey, with mock indignation, though he couldn't make out one word of the military jargon. "But let us hope the fellows were severely punished!"

"Ah! that they were," continued the lady, in high spirits, "for as soon as it was day-break, up came Bandoola with a tremendously strong corps, through secret roads they had cut in the jungle, and bullied us fearfully. Captain Hodder immediately rushed out to meet and oppose them, leaving three companies of the 27th under Tennison to maintain their position. I had taken up my post, as usual, on the top of the house, and a first-rate view I had of the field of action, to be sure! Besides, the chimney pots, you know, kept off the bullets that whizzed past me every minute. There I saw the Sipahes march forward under a heavy fire with commendable steadiness and great alacrity, and drive the enemy from the hill by our shrapnell. After this we opened Woollaton's battery, and treated the enemy to a good shower from our five-and-a-half inch mortar and two nine-pounders. The effect, I can assure you, was beautiful to us in cantonments, but I'm afraid that's the only effect it had."

"Indeed!" said Impey, throwing his head back, while he was thinking how long it would be before coffee was announced. "How was that?"

"Why, I'm sorry to say we only killed on an average four or five each time, and *that*, you know, is a very small number for so great an expenditure of powder and shot. However, the enemy rushed on, drove our men before them like a flock of sheep with a wolf at their heels, and captured one of our guns—though the artillerymen fought like heroes, and two were killed at it. It was here that little Grant proved such a trump"—(Impey threw up his eyebrows at the words). "Poor fellow! he was shot while waving his sword over the gun, and cheering on the men in tip-top style. All after this was a regular confusion, and I declare my heart leaped to my mouth, as I saw the

Cassay horse ride clean through our troops, and proceed to bear down upon the cantonments. So I rushed down stairs, and was just in time to hear Woollaton—like the fine fellow he is—crying out to the Sappers and Miners, ‘Now, my brave lads, who volunteers to take muskets?’ But I blush to tell you, Mr. Impey, a dead silence ensued.”

“Good gracious! I never heard of such cowardice,” replied the little man, sipping his port. “What did you do then, madam?”

“Why I thought that perhaps the curs might be shamed into doing their duty, so I cried out, ‘You’d better give *me* one, Woollaton, and I will head the party.’” And here the lady brought her hand down on the table with such vehemence, that the lawyer jumped back in alarm at his proximity to so warlike a woman. “But it was all to no use, for not one of them would stir a stump. Ah! it’s a sad thing to think of men being so lost to all right feeling! So in a short time afterward it was a regular case of *saute qui peut*, and we all had to cut and run for our lives. It was such close work, too, that I had only just time to empty my chest of drawers, I can tell you. And as it was, I left more than half of my traps in them, and among other things some small bottles, saying to myself, ‘I only hope the scoundrels will try their contents,’—for one, you must know, contained nitric acid and another a strong solution of lunar caustic, do you see?” and the “heroine” laughed as she nudged Impey in a not very lady-like way.

“Ho! ho! I understand—to poison the black ruffians,” answered Impey, forcing a laugh, and almost beginning to fancy there was a suspicious flavor about the glass of port wine he had just drunk off. “It’s a pity, my dear madam, all the officers’ ladies ain’t like you, and then we could do with half the number of men, you know.”

“Well, now, I call that a very good joke, don’t you, Walter?” cried the lady, taking the speech as a compliment, and turning to her supposed son. But seeing the lad almost horror-stricken at the tale he had heard, she said, “Ah, Walter! you’d never have done for a soldier, I can see. Why the mere story of a battle’s made you look quite pale and chop-fallen.”

Nor was the timid boy’s horror lessened when Mrs. Farquhar, a few minutes afterward, drew up her black satin sleeve to show them the scar of a bullet-wound she had received in her arm during the retreat, while she told them that three others

had passed through her "*poshteen*," near the shoulder, without doing her any injury.

At this moment, the old brigadier, aroused by the servant—who had come to announce coffee—closing the door, rose from the sofa, and as he rubbed his eyes and gaped, he said, "By-the-by, Joanna, I forgot to tell you—a-a-a-ah—good gracious, how sleepy I am—I forgot to tell you something, I say. Who do you think I met down at the Oriental, this morning?" And as the lady put her head on one side to think, the brigadier continued, "Why, old Major Burgoyne, of the 25th."

The words no sooner fell from his mouth than a visible effect was produced upon all parties. Impey was instantly intently occupied with something in his plate, for he feared even to look at Hugh. Directly the boy heard the news he jumped from his chair, and gasped out, "What, my—" but he was stopped short by a kick from the lawyer under the table.

"Yes! your old schoolfellow's father; come back from India, you see, *Walter*!" added the ready Impey, with a marked stress upon the last word, so as to bring the boy back to a sense of the part he was acting.

And as it did bring that sense back, Hugh fell powerless in his chair, while his head dropped on his bosom. For fourteen years he had never known his father but in his fancy; and had never seen him but in his dreams. When alone in bed, or when the holidays had taken all his playmates from him, poor Hugh had often tried to call to mind what kind of man his father was, whom he had left when only four years old; and though his memory had served him but little, still he had in his imagination made so vivid an ideal of his parent, and with a boyish romance had heaped such virtue and such kindness about the old man, that he had worked himself into a love that had more the character of a passion than a sentiment. His mother's death, too, had only served to make the remaining parent still more precious to him, for the heart that he had once shared between the two, he then gave up whole and undivided to the one. Amused with his reveries, the school had seemed less like a prison to him than it really was, for the solitude of the wretched holiday time had been made less wearisome by the spiritual presence of those his thoughts were ever turned to. And as he sauntered about the desolate playground, he missed no playmate, for either as the lone boy lay dreaming in the shade at midsummer, his father and his sister were by his side—or else he was with

them scorching beneath the sun in India, though, as he walked along, the Christmas snow crunched beneath his feet. And so the alien boy had gone on, looking forward to his parent's return: and as a tired youngster counts the milestones on his road, and thanks Heaven as he passes them that each one brings his journey the nearer to a close, so the wearied and spirit-worn Hugh had watched each twelvemonth as it went by, and blessed it for narrowing the space between him and home.

"Yes, my dear, I saw our old friend Major Burgoyne," continued the brigadier, shaking his head solemnly, "and I never witnessed such a ghastly change in any man before, in all my life. Do you know, a little time after we saw him, he caught the jungle fever?"

"What, that horrible jungle fever!" exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, with a shudder. "And we all thought, you know, that nothing could hurt him."

"Ha! so we did, Joanna—so we did!" continued the brigadier, with a sigh; "but you should see him now! I never saw such a fearful wreck of a man! And he used once, you know, to be called 'the handsome lieutenant.' Ugh! it gave me quite a turn to look at him. The poor old fellow is so thin and so weak, that if he lasts out another six months, it will be as much as he will, I'm sure."

And as the brigadier and his wife were still shaking their heads with pity, they were startled by the sound of something heavy falling on the floor.

It was poor Hugh, who, unable to bear the dreadful news, had fainted, and sunk like a corpse to the ground.

"Look at Walter!—look at Walter! he's fainted, I declare!" screamed Mrs. Farquhar, and before she had said as much, they were all up and crowding round the boy.

"Poor fellow!" said Impey, almost as pale himself as the lad, while he sprinkled water from one of the finger glasses in his face. "You may depend upon it, something he took at dinner has disagreed with him. I noticed he had twice of those cutlets with that rich sauce, and you don't know how delicate he is. Besides," he added to the lady, who was too busy kissing the lad to speak—"you will excuse me, I'm sure, Mrs. Farquhar; but it really was not judicious of you to tell that anecdote about your being wounded—and especially to show the scars."

"Yes, Mr. Impey, it was very thoughtless of me," answered

Mrs. Farquhar, undoing Hugh's neckerchief; "but you see I had no idea he was such a delicate thing as he is."

"There, there! leave the boy alone," growled the old brigadier. "Just give him a glass of wine and let him be quiet on the sofa a bit, and he'll soon come to." Then, as the lady chafed the boy's head, the brigadier continued—"Tut! tut! tut! Now, why can't you exert yourself a little, and give the boy a glass of wine, as I told you half-an-hour ago, and make some little use of the energies that the Almighty has given you, Joanna?" said the gentleman, sitting still in the easy chair.

At last, when the stimulus advised by the inert brigadier had done its work, and the boy slowly opened his eyes, the delighted lady took him out on "the leads" to walk a little in the open air; and, on her return, they all retired to the drawing-room. Here Hugh was placed at full length on one of the yellow satin-covered sofas. And there the lad lay, with his full black eye staring vacantly, and biting his lip, as he thought of his dying father, while, by the hard and quick breathing of the poor boy, it was easy to tell the conflict that was going on within his breast.

The lawyer, seeing this, tried to prevent the conversation reverting to the return of the Burgoynes, by giving Mrs. Farquhar another opportunity for an Indian anecdote, and asking her "Whether it was true she had been taken prisoner?" But scarcely had the lady begun the narrative of her captivity, than the very first sentence suggested to the brigadier—whose mind was still musing upon his old friend, Burgoyne—something in connection with the invalid major; and he interrupted the conversation by saying—

"By-the-by, talking of paddy-fields, Joanna, just reminds me of something I forgot to tell you. Burgoyne's brought pretty Nelly over with him, and there's been a nice piece of work there, I can tell you. From all I heard from the major, too, Nelly seems to have acted very imprudently."

"Indeed!—you don't say so!" answered the lady, making up her mind it was some love affair, and being still woman enough to be particularly curious about all such matters. "What is it, Farquhar? for goodness' sake tell me, for I'm dying to know—what is it, eh?"

"Why, it seems," continued the brigadier, throwing himself on the other yellow sofa, "that on board the 'Lady Macnaughten'—the Burgoynes came over in the 'Lady Macnaughten,'

Joanna—there was a big-whiskered scoundrel—some trumpery fourth officer or other, I think the major said he was. Well, this scoundrel, you see, heard that Nelly's father was rolling in money, and found out—though where on earth he got it from, I can't say—found out, I repeat, that we were very old friends of the Burgoynes. So what does the big-whiskered vagabond do, but go playing the fool with Nelly until the girl got head over ears in love with him; and then he actually wanted to make out to the old man that he was Walter Farquhar, our son."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Impey, forcing a noisy laugh, and pretending to be bent double with the absurdity of the joke, while all the time he was writhing with horror at the prospect he saw of the runaway's immediate return. But to brave it out, he roared so loud that he quite drowned the indignation of Mrs. Farquhar, who kept bobbing her head and fuming away unheard. Still the rapt Hugh lay unconscious of all that had passed; for he was away with the father he knew he could not get to, with his eye still fixed on the same vacancy.

Directly the brigadier went on with the story, Impey's loud, shrill laugh stopped as suddenly as a railway whistle, and with his neck stretched out of his white stock, he listened anxiously for fear even a word should escape him.

"Yes, I knew you'd hardly believe it, Joanna, but upon my word, if the scoundrel didn't try to cram Burgoyne," continued old Farquhar—who had been laughing because Impey had—"with a cock-and-bull story, about his having been flogged from school eight years ago. However, the old man—who is far from a fool, you know, Joanna—caught the vagabond beautifully; for you see when we were met by him at Nagpore—you remember my dear—when the major was so cut up about that letter he'd had from Doctor Vyse, saying his boy was going on so badly?—Well, it so happened, Mr. Impey,"—and he turned to the lawyer—"that quite by accident there—and it only shows you how things turn out sometimes—we showed Major Burgoyne that very letter you sent us about having put Walter to the law, and your very foolishly refusing to take the usual premium on such occasions, though it was very good of you, I'm sure. So of course the major instantly knew the fellow was a downright—a—a—dear me, what is the word? I've got it at the tip of my tongue too!—a—a—"

"Scoundrel!" suggested the impatient lawyer. And as the

inactive-minded brigadier, with his eyes shut in thought, shook his head and hands in answer, his wife kindly hinted "Villain."

"Good gracious! how dull you are, Joanna," exclaimed Farquhar, with disgust. "Now why can't you use the intellects that Providence has blessed you with? Ah! Impostor! that is the word I wanted. Well, as I was saying then, old Burgoyne knew the fellow was a downright impostor, for as he said very truly, how could Walter Farquhar have run away eight years ago, when scarcely two years back the boy was studying the law?"

"Of course, of course!" laughed Impey, as he began to see some little chance of escape, "that was very clear! Well, I never heard of such cool impudence! But there are such people in the world, I'm sorry to say, madam!"

"Cool impudence, indeed! downright wickedness, I call it," replied the lady, stirring her coffee with great energy, "to trifle with the poor girl's best feelings as the man seems to have done—the vagabond! And how was poor Nelly, Farquhar?" she added, addressing the brigadier.

"Why, I can't say, Joanna!" said the brigadier, undoing the three bottom buttons of his waistcoat; "I didn't see her, you see, for the major had only his boy with him, and very fond of the lad he—" But his sentence was interrupted by the white-faced Hugh starting up from the sofa, with his long, wet, black hair hanging in disorder about his face, and crying out "He's got no boy—he's got no boy, I say," and as he said the words there was an hysterical catch in his breath, and a wildness in his look, that frightened them all, and set them wondering what had come to the boy. Impey, more frightened than any, found a ready excuse in the wine the brigadier had made him drink, and whispering as much to the mother, the lawyer again went off into a fit of laughter, declaring the boy was "quite funny." Then turning round he gave Hugh a look that silenced him for a time.

"Now compose yourself, Walter, dear," said Mrs. Farquhar, taking a cup of tea, and seating herself by Hugh's side. "Here, drink this, and don't go on in such a way, or you'll make yourself ill! Besides, it's so foolish of you, when you know, Walter, you were at school with Hugh!"

The boy said not a word in answer, for he was determining within himself that, as soon as he was out of Impey's sight, he would tell all and be free. The old brigadier, however, annoyed at being "cut short" in his tale, said—

"Ah! it's ridiculous of you, Walter, going on in that way, when I saw the boy with my own eyes—and very fond of his father he seems, too. Poor old man! he told me it was a great consolation to him to have seen the boy, for now that he had looked upon his only boy once more, he says he can die happy."

"Take me home! take me home!" shrieked Hugh, as the horrid words rang in his ear. It was in vain that Mrs. Farquhar caught him round the waist as he sprang up from his seat, for he burst from her, crying, "Let me go to my father! Oh, *do* let me go to my father!"

In an instant Impey ran to him, and seizing him fast by the arm, held him like a vice, while he lifted up his other hand to the Farquhars, who had risen in alarm, and said, "There, there! you leave him to me; I can manage Walter better than you. Come along down stairs, old fellow, and we'll soon put matters straight; won't we—eh?"

Once alone with the boy in the parlor, Impey bolted the door, and turning fiercely on Hugh, said in an angry whisper, "Are you mad?—Do you know what will become of you, if it's found that you've been passing yourself off for another boy?"

"No, sir," gasped the lad, frightened as much by Impey's manner, as by the threat of punishment.

"Well, then, I'll tell you," continued Impey, shaking his head in the youth's face; "you'll be hung, sir! hung—as sure as your name's Hugh. It's only six months ago that a boy—a clergyman's son, and younger than you are—did the very same thing that you've done. And how do you think they served him? Why they kept the poor little fellow in a dark hole, on only bread and water, and whipped him every morning with a cat-o'-nine-tails at the cart's tail, for a month; and after *all*, hung him at the gallows! Now, shall I go and tell the Farquhars you're not their son, sir—eh?"

"No—o—o, Mr. Impey," shuddered out the boy, horrified at the position in which he stood. "But please, sir, you said that you'd see that no harm should come to me."

"So I will, my fine fellow," replied Impey, patting him on the head, "so I will; but then you must do as I tell you."

"Oh! I'll do any thing," exclaimed the poor boy, dropping on his knees, and clasping Impey by the leg, while he cried out, "I'll do any thing, sir, if you'll only take me to my father;" and the boy's tears fell thick and fast down the lawyer's trowsers,

and his loud sobs followed one another so quickly, that his anguish seemed more like a laugh than a cry.

The lawyer, thinking they might be heard in the room above, tried to stop the boy, and said, "Now when you leave off crying, I've got some good news to tell you."

The boy half choked himself as he tried to suppress his emotion, and when he was calmer and had risen, Impey continued—"Well, then, Walter has turned up at last—what's more, too, I know where he is—and if you'll only promise me to keep quiet for a little while longer, why, I'll promise you that you shall go home to your father in a few days, and then he shall bless you, and I'll give you a gold sovereign for what you've done."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Impey," replied the boy, growing more composed; "but how long do you think it will be, sir?"

"Why not more than a day or two, or a week at the outside," answered the lawyer, laughing. Then emptying one of the dessert dishes that still stood upon the table, he added, "So come, dry up your tears, and put these almonds and raisins into your pocket," and as they went up-stairs again, Impey said to himself—"Well, thank heaven! I've quieted him for a short time."

But on their return to the drawing-room, they found Mrs. Farquhar with her shawl on ready to depart; so the lawyer took her and the brigadier aside, and told them that he had given the boy some soda water, and he was much calmer—though even now he fancied the lad didn't know exactly what he was about. Indeed, to tell the truth, his young friend was so excitable ever since he had had the scarlet fever, that he was satisfied he wasn't aware of what he was saying half his time.

As soon as the coach moved from the door, and while the brigadier was making himself up for a comfortable "snooze" all the way home, his lady said, "I thought, Farquhar, there was a Mrs. Impey."

"So there is, my dear, I believe. Good heavens, how hard these cushions are!"

"Hem! it's very strange she didn't dine with us!" continued the lady, with astonishment.

"So it is, my dear," answered the soldier, putting his large-bowed pumps on the empty seat opposite; "but pray do let me have one moment's peace, and don't keep on bothering me about the woman, as you have been doing for the last half-hour."

As he bobbed off to sleep, however, Mrs. Farquhar could not help saying to herself, "It's very strange, very strange indeed."

And so every lady who had dined at Impey's before her, had always said on leaving; for the lady never made her appearance on such occasions, and was always "indisposed," if asked out by the guests in return. What was the cause of this no one knew, though many speculated. Indeed, she was the great mystery of all Impey's acquaintance. Whether the lawyer had married beneath his station, and was ashamed of his wife, or whether she was not quite right in her intellect, it was impossible to say—suffice it, the lady had never been seen, except upon one occasion, and then it was going up-stairs, with fifteen shawls on her back, though the thermometer stood at ninety in the shade.

Hugh was glad when at home to get to bed, for he was worn out with the excitement of the evening, and he longed for sleep; but with his head once on his pillow, his thoughts came crowding in upon him, and it was impossible to rest, for he saw his sick father pouring upon another the caresses and affection which should be his, and for which he had borne his long estrangement without a murmur—and he heard the old man thank God he had lived to look upon his boy again, and the lad wept to think how his poor father had been cheated, and that he—the son he had prayed to be spared to see—should be the cheater. Yes, he had cast aside his dying father, when the comfort of his boy's affection might have robbed death of its sting. He had denied him, and left him to gasp out his last breath in the arms of an "impositor." He had disinherited himself of his love—cut himself off without a kiss, and sold the birthright of a parent's blessing for the embraces of strangers—who, did they know the trick he played them, would spurn and hate him.

And the lad grew feverish with the agony of his thoughts, and tossed from side to side, and tried to sleep, and shut them from his mind; but though his eye was closed, still his conscience was up and stirring, continually reminding him of the lie that he had told. Then came the horrid thought that should the poor old man die before he had pardoned the liar, his boy's whole life would be a burning torment; and that when his father was an angel, and knew how his own son had tricked him, even as he stood tottering on the verge of the grave, he would look down from heaven, and curse the boy he

had prayed to be allowed to bless on earth ; and as the school-boy called to mind the lessons of his youth, and remembered the terrors that the dame who taught him had told him awaited the liar in the world to come, he trembled from head to foot, and grew wild with fear at the darkness around him. But as he saw the blue morning light steal into his chamber like a spirit of mercy from above, the lad clasped his hands in prayer, and weeping, he prayed with all a boy's fervor, to be forgiven the sin he had been guilty of, and implored his heavenly Father to spare and take him to his earthly one.

CHAPTER XI.

DANDO, since he had been received into the family of the Burgoynes, had found especial delight in the major's native servant. He had made him the butt of all his boyish ways, and the poor black, like the rest of his countrymen, had had the lesson of submission so drilled into him, that he received with a smile that which any other person would have resented with a blow. Indeed, the man was a thorough East Indian—the very type of a conquered people—who had learned through fear to bear with indignities, or, at most, to retaliate with cunning only. It was painful to see the extravagant obsequiousness of the poor fellow to a mere lad whom he could have crushed, had he not been so long taught that resistance to the white man was useless. For he and his fellow-countrymen had been so severely schooled in the worst kind of severity, that, afraid to express any emotion he really felt, he had given himself up to the veriest sycophancy and hypocrisy, kissing the foot that trampled upon him, and professing to revere and call down blessings upon the head of him who had crushed him.

The boy no sooner saw the Indian than he made up his mind to have a rare bit of fun with the poor fellow. At one time he whitened the black's face with flour as he slept on the mat in the hall ; while at another he would declare he looked very pale, and bringing up a bottle of "Day and Martin," would insist upon giving his cheeks a dab of "liquid rouge" as he called it ; then, declaring the poor fellow seemed ready to faint,

he would try to persuade him to swallow a few drops of "black reviver"—assuring him he would find it do him a "power o' good." Now he would hold out the sole of one of his shoes, and as the simpleton "felt how soft it was," he would rap him over the knuckles with the other; or else he'd put hot pennies into the Indian's hand, and as the man danced about, Dando would pelt him with detonating balls, while the poor fellow would only cry "Dontee make bobbery, Sahib!"

On the morning after Impey's dinner party, the boy had got the obsequious native down on his knees, and was insisting upon his swallowing the large carving-knife in the same way as he had seen "Rummy Sammy" swallow a sword before the glass curtain at the "Vic." In vain did the man assure him "he looked upon him as his father, only plenty much handsomer, Sahib;" for Dando insisted that the whole of the nation were "hup to the dodge, and were born'd with scabbards 'stead of vind-pipes."

But luckily for the Indian, a loud, impatient ringing at the back drawing-room bell, told that the major—whose day it was for the return of his fever—had woke up out of the cold stage of the disease, and required his servant up-stairs.

Nelly, however, quicker than the servant, was already by his bed-side when the native entered; so the invalid abused him for his sluggishness, in terms that made his daughter shudder, though the man only bowed and smiled.

The girl knew that her father had passed from the coldness and lethargy of the first period of the fit, into the maddening heat and irritability of the second stage. And as he lay there tossing with restlessness in the bed, with his skin on fire, and every pore of his body alive, and parched with the heat, she eased him of the burning load of blankets, that he had been half frozen under only a few moments since, and as she did so, the invalid begged for water to his aching head.

Then Nelly bathed his forehead, and as the moisture dried up on the skin, she said, "There! there, father! it will soon be over now;" and she blew upon his temples to make the water strike the cooler to his head.

"Augh!" cried the almost madman, flinging her from him. "Augh! it's boiling, boiling hot! But you only want to kill me! that's what you're trying after—you are."

The girl was about to lean over him to kiss him, when the old man started up in his bed, and, as he threw his arms wildly

about him, he warned her not to come near him, lest he did her some bodily injury; and then he fell back again on his pillow, and called for air. So the girl opened all the windows, and stood shivering in the cold bleak winds of January, and damped his burning forehead till her fingers were blue and frost-bitten.

And then for a time the sick man lay quieted a little by the icy breeze that blew in at the casement. But when at last even *that* brought no relief, he grew half delirious again, and vented his anger on the head of his patient girl; protesting that his sufferings were caused only by her neglect, and telling her she was a locust fattening on him, and that she was trying to see how much he could bear, for her own wicked purposes.

Nelly's spirit rose at the unjust rebukes, and she sat silent, with her teeth clenched so that not a word should pass between them, lest in the impulse of the moment she might forget the duty she owed her father. Then the old man found fresh cause of quarrel in the silence of his child, and called her "callous" and "stony hearted," telling her "she cared for neither him nor his sufferings—no! nothing beyond herself." At last the girl, stung to the quick, rose up, and, with the blood mantling in her face, told her father he had no right to say those things to her. This made him fly into a tenfold fury, and ask her "how she dare answer him in that way; and he commanded her to go from his sight before he cursed her—to go wherever she pleased, and never darken his doors again, for she was a viper in his bosom."

Crimson with indignation, the girl moved toward the door. But her father no sooner saw her cross the room, than springing up in his bed, he screamed out, "Come back, you hussy! come back! What! you want to leave me to die here, do you, while you seek that scoundrel on board the ship? But mark my words!"—and he shook his bony finger at her—"I warn you that neither he nor you shall touch a single penny of mine. Go to him! go to him if you like! but as I'm a living man, you shall never cross my threshold again, when once you've left it. So now go to the scoundrel—and starve—and rot with him if you please."

"He's no scoundrel, sir" answered the girl, in a loud and dignified tone.

"What!" roared the sick man; "What! you dare to contradict *me* about a villain like that. But what's your father to you, so long as you're with that penniless vagabond? What do

you care if he dies here, if you can only get to your beggar lover? But you shan't go! you shan't go to him. I see through it all! I'll have you locked in your room and fed on bread and water, before you shall dishonor my gray hairs."

No sooner did Nelly hear the word "dishonor," than, drawing herself up erect, she looked indignantly at her father, and said, "This is the last time you shall ever say those words to me, sir!" and quitted the room, leaving the sick man to curse his child in his delirium, and to invoke such wretchedness upon her, that it was a mercy she was not there to hear it.

But at length the fury brought on the crisis of the fever; and, quickened by the wild energy of his rage, the perspiration broke out before its time, and bathed the sick man's parched limbs, pouring ease and comfort into his burning body. And then, as his head fell back, he thanked God for the new life and peace he felt. And repenting of all he had said, he rang the bell for his child still more violently than ever, and sent and sent again, imploring her to come to him once more.

And when the girl came in, and he saw her ready dressed to leave the house, he flung himself upon her neck and wept, unable to ask for the pardon he craved.

"Oh, Nelly! my poor, poor Nelly!" at length the old man sobbed out, as he parted her long black hair and kissed her on the forehead, "how often am I to say these bitter things to you, and how often, my good child, am I to ask forgiveness for them as humbly as I do now? Oh! why heed me when these mad fits are on me? Can you, my poor one, for a moment believe that I, who should be the first to keep my motherless girl from dishonor, would, in my senses, be the first to bid her fly to it?"

And as Nelly fell weeping on his shoulder, they sobbed together, and he pressed her to his bosom, while she kissed and kissed him, until in her turn, she begged forgiveness for the thought she'd had of leaving him.

"I ought to have known you better, father," she said, wiping his tears away. "I ought to have remembered how good and kind you were before this dreadful fever seized you. But you *do* say such hard things, that, in the pain you cause me, I forget the sufferings you endure."

"Yes, I know you do!" he replied. "Your whole woman's nature rebels at the loathsome thoughts. Oh, indeed! indeed! you do not know the torments that wring the words from me. So come, my child, let us once more forget all that has passed:

for I am wretched enough to think that I should ever tell my girl such things, without her adding to my misery by receiving them as truth."

Nelly was taking the bonnet from her head when she was startled by a double knock at the door. Quickly bathing her red and swollen eyes, she hurried into the front drawing-room to receive the doctor she had sent for.

Seated at the table was Dando, engaged in coloring, with a sixpenny box of paints, a penny theatrical print he had just bought.

No sooner did the lad see the girl's sorrowful looks, than he ran up to her, and as he stroked her cheeks, he said, pityingly, "What, has the old 'un been a rowin' on you, then?"

"No, no, dear Hugh! it's nothing at all!" she answered, kissing him on the forehead.

At this moment the real Hugh, as he ascended the stairs, heard his name spoken, and saw Nelly, through the door she had left open, caress the boy. And he knew immediately that it was his sister, who was giving to another the affection she intended for him.

Poor Hugh had been unable to keep away. Impey had promised him that in a week he should be with his father; but still he could not wait that time. So he had come on to the house early that morning—though he hardly knew why—and had stopped outside all the day through, wanting the courage to knock at the door; for the simple lad remembered the lawyer's threats, and trembled lest it should be found out who he was, and the trick he had played be discovered—at the peril of his life, as he firmly believed.

At last, as it grew dusk, and the poor boy felt sick for want of food, but loth to return without one peep at those he longed and had come hoping to see, he made up his mind to say he had called to ask after the major's health—and knocked timidly at the door.

Before he had time to repent of what he had done, the door was opened, and in a minute he was mounting the stairs, at the moment when his sister was shedding her love upon another.

He stood at the door, paralyzed at the sight. His first impulse was to rush forward and punish the boy, whom—as he approached—he recognized as one of the clerks he had seen in Impey's office on the morning he had gone there. But the thought of the lawyer's promise and threat restrained him.

With a heavy, heaving breast, Hugh walked into the room, and advanced straight to his sister, with his eyes cast down on the ground; for he durst not trust himself to look at her, lest his emotion should betray him—though how he longed for the peep! Stammering, he told her he wished to speak with Major Burgoyne. And when she asked his name, and Hugh had answered—"Walter Farquhar!" the girl turned pale as death, for she now felt convinced that what her father had told her was true—and that he who had won her love on board the ship, had done so with a falsehood on his lips.

No sooner had Hugh seen his sister safe from the room, than throwing down his hat, he sprang upon Dando, and seizing him by the collar, he shook his clenched fist in the boy's face, as he said from between his teeth, as he ground them, "If I see you kiss that girl again—I'll kill you!"

So suddenly had this been done, that Dando—though little accustomed to be cowed—had been taken quite aback, and trembled as he looked in Hugh's face, and saw the boy's wild eye and half-frenzied look.

Hugh, however, hearing footsteps approaching, dropped his hold of Dando, and in a few minutes the servant led him into his father's presence.

The poor boy stood near the door of the major's bed-room. For now that he was alone in the same room with his sick parent, he hadn't the heart to look up and see the dreadful wreck they had said he was. And he spoke not a word, but fumbled with his hat, until a weak, trembling voice—that made his knees bend under him as he heard it—said, "Well, my good boy, whom do you come from?"

"From Mrs. Farquhar, sir," gasped Hugh—"to inquire after your health, sir."

"Oh! then you're Walter Farquhar—eh?" again asked the major, raising himself up on his pillow to look at the lad.

Still Hugh said not a word, but fumbled with his hat, for he could not meet his sick father for the first time with a lie in his mouth.

"Well! you thank your father and mother for me, Walter," said old Burgoyne, sighing—and each syllable grated on his son's ear as he spoke it—"and tell them I've had another bad, very bad fit this morning, and that, if any thing, I'm much worse;" and he fell back heavily on his pillow.

One bound, and the half-frantic Hugh was at the sick man's

bedside. Dropping on his knees, the poor boy clasped his hands together, and as he buried his head in the bedclothes, he cried out, "Oh! don't say so! don't—don't say so!" and the bed shook again with his emotion.

"I shall be better soon, my good lad," said the old man, astonished and yet pleased with the boy's sympathy. "What, were you so fond of *my* Hugh, then? Come, don't cry—don't cry, lad!" he added, patting him on the head, while each touch ran like an electric shock through the frame of the weeping boy. "I here! get up and compose yourself a little. I want to have a peep at you."

As the boy rose and looked at his father for the first time for fourteen years, he thought how sad a contrast he was to that bright picture he had so often figured to himself. For as the old man sat up in his bed to look at him, Hugh could see the sharp-ridged breast-bone beneath the shirt, and as the fleshless arm was held out, he could see the light showing through the two bones above the wrist. And he shuddered to think how weak and near to death his father was.

"Ah!" said the old man, when he had viewed the delicate Hugh, "you're not such a great strapping lad as my boy, though you've got a nice black eye of your own, you rogue, and a good deal like what my poor wife's was when I first knew her—rest her soul!"

This was more than Hugh could bear. With his teeth chattering, and his lip quivering, he stammered out "Good-by, sir," and walked hurriedly toward the door. But with the handle in his hand he stopped suddenly, and having stood still an instant, as if in thought, he stole back to the bed again, and gently lifting up the thin hand that lay upon the counterpane, he raised it to his lips. The old man, feeling the hot tears fall thick and fast upon it, was moved with the boy's compassion, and drawing him to his bosom, he embraced him, saying, "Bless you, my dear lad!" and as he pressed him to him a second time, he added, "Thank you! thank you!"

Poor Hugh, mad with joy at having obtained his father's blessing—even though it had been given to him as the son of another—rushed from the room. Hurrying down stairs, he flew—sobbing aloud—past Nelly as she met him in the passage, and in another minute he was hastening on to Lyon's Inn to ask Impey if he might tell his father—as a secret—who he was.

Nelly, frightened at seeing the boy fly from the house, crying as he was, went back to her father's room to learn the cause of the lad's tears. But before she had time to put the question, the old man said, "That was Walter Farquhar, with me just now. The *real* Walter Farquhar, Nelly—and a young man *to love*, if you like."

CHAPTER XII.

IMPEY, on reaching chambers the day after the Farquhars had dined with him, was informed, by the dashing Cohen, that "Mishter Vysh vash tere yesterday, twish."

"Did he wait long?" asked Impey, as he opened the green baize door to his private room.

"Yesh, shir! two hoursh," answered the dandy son of Israel, from between his thick lips.

"That'll do! that'll do!" replied Impey. "If he calls again I want to see him particularly," and, as he began unlocking his desk, he said to himself, "What the deuce can that Vyse want, coming here twice in one day?"

Scarcely had the little lawyer begun drawing out a small bill of costs "*EXPT E MELTON—In re your Policy of Assurance*," when the door opened, and Vyse rushed in, looking pale and haggard, and in fact, "very far from himself."

"Good gracious, Joe!" exclaimed Impey, turning round, "how bad you're looking!"

"Ha-ah! It isn't the fresh butter this time, though!" solemnly answered Joe, throwing himself into the easy chair, and resting his hands on his black umbrella. "Oh! I've been running all over town after you, for the last two days. Well, I've made up my mind to do it, Sam! I've been talking it all over with Annie, and she agrees with me that I had much better confess, for this worry of mind is killing me."

"Well, I'm very glad you've made up your mind," answered Impey, with a grin, "because the punishment won't be such a blow to you when it comes. And after all, Joe, what *is* transportation for life when you come to think of it? Why, a mere forty years' hard labor in chains for a man at your time of

life! And what's that?—a mere flea bite, you know!" and Impey shrugged his shoulders.

"U-u-ugh!" shuddered Vyse all over, like a cab-horse troubled by flies. "But it's useless your talking, Sam. I've made up my mind, I tell you; and confess it all, I shall this evening—yes, this very evening!" and he thumped his umbrella on the carpet to enforce the statement.

"Dear me! you *are* in a hurry," answered the lawyer, going on writing. "You want to go out to Botany Bay by some particular vessel, I suppose. Well, I've heard Norfolk Island's a very nice place—considering. Not quite so pleasant as Eel-pie Island—but very nearly—only there are no eel-pies, you know."

"Nonsense, Sam! nonsense!" replied Vyse, growing paler and paler, "you won't frighten me. My determination is a great deal too settled for you to shake it."

"Indeed!" answered Impey, "you really surprise me. At which police station do you intend to give yourself up—eh? If I were *you*, I should go to Vine-street, St. James. It's a much better situation, you see; and besides, there's such a nice walk up Regent-street in the morning. Two-and-two handcuffed, you know, all the way to the Marlborough-street office. And that *looks* so well—don't it, Joe?"

Impey clearly knew his man well. For, though the school-master had borne the threats of Norfolk Island with comparative firmness, still the police station in Vine-street was too much for him; for the idea of working in chains all his life unseen, was nothing to a walk up Regent-street with a pickpocket handcuffed to him—indeed, by the doctor's fidgeting in his chair, it was evident his determination was not *quite* so settled as he had made out.

At this moment, Isaacs entered, saying, "A shentleman wishes to shee Mishter Impey."

"Is he a stranger?" asked Impey; and as the boy answered in the affirmative, the lawyer added, "Well, then, tell him to sit down. I suppose it's only some bothering defendant or other, to settle."

No sooner was the Jew-boy out of the room, than Impey turned to Vyse, and said, "Just give me down 'Russell on Crimes,' will you, Joe?—there's a good fellow. Upon my word, do you know, now I come to think of it, Conspiracy, by the last Act, I fancy was made capital punishment. Oh, yes,

of course it was! how foolish I am! I remember perfectly well, now! It's the third of William IV., caput forty-three, section twenty-two" (though to tell the truth, the lawyer remembered nothing of the kind). "I suppose you'll be hanged in black, won't you, Joe? I should, if I were you," he continued, shutting up the book, and looking at the trembling Vyse. "It *looks* so much more respectable, you see. Besides, I shouldn't at all wonder if they made you 'ANOTHER SPLENDID ADDITION' to Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors,' and there you know all the mothers and boys would be sure to see you."

"Oh, Sam! Sam! for Heaven's sake be silent," cried Vyse, clasping his head with his two hands, and pressing it quite tight. "Where is the good of all this? Do you want to drive me mad faster than I'm going?"

"Plcash, shir," said Cohen, poking his head into the room, "te shentleman shesh he can't vait."

"And I can't see him! so he must go! Tell the fellow I'm engaged, and he'd better call again," answered Impey, angrily. Then, turning to Vyse, he said, as the schoolmaster paced about the room, "Now, I'll tell you what, Joe, Annie's been playing the fool with you, and making you believe, that because she pardoned Master Edward Robinson, when he confessed about cramming that plaguy fat in his breeches pocket, that the judges at the Old Bailey will do the same for you. But you'll find yourself wonderfully mistaken, old boy; and, what's more, you'll find yourself down at Portsmouth some fine morning, dressed all in gray, with your hair cut short, and working at a truck, with four soldiers guarding you. And that's just the style of costume that you would *look* extremely well in, I should say;" and then, fixing his eye on the schoolmaster's plump leg, he added, "by Jove! what a calf you've got for those yellow stockings."

"Oh, don't! don't! don't!" cried Vyse, stamping on the ground, and looking up at the ceiling. "I feel the blood rushing up to my head, and I know I shall have a fit of apoplexy, if you go on in this way much longer. Oh dear! what *are* we to do? what *are* we to do?" and he shook with fear, as violently as the houses in the Regent's Park shake with a quadrille party.

"Well, then, if you'll leave off howling, I'll tell you," said Impey, going up to Vyse, and tapping him on the shoulder as he spoke. "All we've got to do is to keep the Farquhars and the Burgoynes apart. And I intend to get the Farquhars down

to Cheltenham—for the benefit of the waters—as soon as possible, you know, and then all things must go—”

“Oh, shir! pleash, te shentleman shash he musht shee you tish instant;” whispered Cohen, opening the green baize door just wide enough to admit his head.

“Really, now, this will never do! I *can not* have these interruptions when I’m engaged upon particular business,” whined out Impey, appealing to Cohen. “Here, come inside.” And when the showy and greasy child of Moses had entered, the lawyer asked him in a whisper, “What kind of a man is this? what colored hair?”

“Plack, shir.”

“What, and big cocoa nut fibry whiskers that meet under the chin?”

“Yesh, shir; and puff vaishkit.”

“Why, that’s Ross, you ninny, the defendant in ‘Abrahams v. Ross,’” said Impey, with a tone of disgust. “You know he was to come to-day to settle. And pray, have you filed that declaration?”

“No, shir!”

“Oh!” cried Impey, in an agony, “and here he’s been in the office the last half-hour. Now, how on earth am I to introduce it into my bill, I should like to know? There, put on your hat and run over to the office directly, while I keep the fellow occupied here.”

And when the boy had gone Impey said to Vyse, “Will you step out into the other room while I see this scoundrel? But don’t go, there’s a good soul, for I’ve lots to say to you about Walter Farquhar. He’s turned up at last, and I want to tell you a plan I have for preventing him showing his nose in London, till I’ve got his father and mother safe down at Cheltenham.”

“Very well! very well!” said Vyse, pathetically, as he was going out. “Only pray don’t be long, for I shall be upon pins and needles till I hear all about it.”

But the schoolmaster had scarcely closed the door before he rushed back again into the room, with his face as white as parchment, his eyes half out of his head, and his mouth wide open. Staggering up to Impey, he gasped out, “By heaven! there’s Walter Farquhar come back, and in the outer office.”

Before he had well finished his sentence, the door was roughly pushed open, and a tall, broad-shouldered sailor entered. Marching up to the lawyer’s table, he leaned over it, and shook

his good-looking, sun-burnt face at the pale Impey, as he said, in a resolute voice—

"Yes, Walter Farquhar *has* come back, and wants to see the other Walter Farquhar, that three years ago you told his father was articulated in your office."

Vyse waited to hear no more, but with his umbrella on the defensive, he sidled gently up to Impey's private door for clients, and having opened it just wide enough to let himself out, shot off like a human rocket, and never stopped till he reached Charing Cross.

"So you've thought fit to return to your guardian at last, have you, sir?" said Impey, as soon as he could, with a look of assumed anger, so as to hide his confusion; for he fancied he might still retain some power over the youth whose master he had once been, and seemed to forget that the schoolboy had grown into the man. "Perhaps you've found out by this time it isn't quite so easy and pleasant to have to get your own living, as it is to have people to get it for you—eh, my fine, independent gentleman? Perhaps you've learned, too, that some *little* respect is due to the party who provides you with it. But I prophesied all this, young man, long ago! I knew that before many years were over your head, you'd come back—obstinate, self-willed, proud, boy as you've always been—and eat humble pie, sir—ay, humble pie, sir!" he added, striking the air with his fist, as he almost worked himself into a fit of indignation at his imaginary wrongs—"for your heartless conduct to your poor guardian, whom, after he had received you into the bosom of his family, and fostered you as his own child, you were ingrate enough to run away and leave, without caring one jot what might be his pangs when he found his adopted one had fled!"

During the whole of this touching harangue, Walter had been standing in front of his former guardian, with his hands in his breeches pocket, see-sawing his body on his heels and toes, while he stared hard into Impey's eyes. But when he heard the sharp practitioner allude so theatrically to his feelings, young Farquhar could not help smiling and tossing his head at the little lawyer's impudence.

Directly Impey saw this, he pushed himself back in his chair, and stretching out his arm, he shook his forefinger at Walter, saying, in a solemn voice, "Ay, you may gr-rin, sir! but I'd have you to know, young man, that others beside yourself have heart-strings to crack!" and he threw back his coat, and tapped

the left side of his shawl-patterned waistcoat as quickly and forcibly as he could.

Walter stopped see-sawing, and with a jerk of his head, he said, with a sneer, "And now, perhaps, you'll allow me to—"

But he was suddenly cut short by the little lawyer, who, finding that he had in no way cowed the runaway by his authoritative tone, determined at once to try another and a gentler strain. "There! there, Walter!" he said, throwing his head back, and looking hard at a cobweb on the ceiling; "you needn't attempt to justify your conduct; you've always had an earnest pleader in my bosom here—though I dare say *you* little fancied it. Ah! what can *you* know of the nights upon nights I have passed without so much as a wink, for thinking of my poor truant, and longing to be able to forward to you fifty pounds to save you from starvation. Of course *you* little dreamed of the affection I had for you. I seemed to *you* only the harsh, tyrannical guardian, instead of one who, in all he did, thought solely of your good. I never said as much to you—for I hate chattering about my feelings; and though in my conduct to you I behaved with all a man's firmness, still I loved you, boy, with all a woman's love!" and he pronounced the last word in the style of Mr. Charles Kean, as if it were one of three syllables, and written—*el-lov-a*.

"Faugh! have done with this cant, man," cried Walter, with disgust, throwing one of the lawyer's books with force away from him, while he seated himself in its place on the corner of the table. "Unfortunately for you, you have a man and not a boy to deal with now; and if the self-willed, obstinate lad, that you say I was, wouldn't submit to your tyranny then, depend upon it he's not to be gulled by your carneying now. But my father shall know how you've treated his son before you or I are much older."

"He *shall*, sir!" replied Impey, making an energetic postman's double knock with his knuckles on the lid of his desk. "He *shall*, sir! your father shall know how I've treated you, and what's more, he shall know of the ungrateful—cruel—heartless—wicked—yes! wicked return you made me for it all. For if I don't write over by the very next mail, and tell the whole to your poor father and mother in India, why I'm a—"

"Liar!" added young Farquhar, without moving from his seat, while he coolly swung his leg backward and forward.

"Yes, liar, sir!" echoed Impey, determined not to take the term to himself, but growing a little pale, as he began to suspect

that the boy knew of his parents' return "home." "Yes, sir! if I do not do it I shall be a—liar, as you so very elegantly expressed it;" and he bowed and threw out the palms of his hands with all the injured innocence of a perfect gentleman.

On this Walter advanced toward the lawyer, and as he stood before him with his legs apart, and his hands resting on his hips, he looked Impey full in the face, and said, "You're as well aware as I am, man, that my father and mother are in England. I've seen their names among the passengers by 'THE EDINBORO,' and want to know whereabouts they're living."

"Then since you're so well informed on the subject, sir, I'm sorry to say that so humble an individual as myself can be of no assistance to you," answered Impey, with his bitterest and politest sarcasm. Then drawing his chair close to his desk, he commenced writing as fast as he could.

"You lie, you know you do!" indignantly answered the sailor.

But Impey only looked up from the mortgage he was endeavoring to draw, and having bowed and smiled in answer, quietly continued his work without saying a word.

"You know my father's address," continued Walter, as he bit his lips, and wheeled the clients' easy chair up to the fire, "and by heaven, man, I won't leave your office till I have it!" so lifting up his coat-tails, the sailor sat himself down, and placed his two feet on the hobs.

"Once more, *Master Farquhar*," replied Impey, in a bland voice, turning round to look at the determined youth, "I tell you I am not acquainted with your father's address."

Walter, on hearing this, rose from his seat, and walking up to the desk, thrust his face close up to the lawyer's, and shaking it in his, he said, "And once more I tell you—you lie!"

"Perhaps you would like to strike me," said Impey, wheeling his chair back in alarm.

"No, no! I'm not such a fool as to strike a lawyer *first*," replied the sailor, sneering. "I shouldn't like to strike *you*, because I know you'd make your money out of me for it; but by the Heaven above me, I only wish you'd strike *me*, and I'd give you such a thrashing as you should remember for years to come."

"Leave my office, sir!" cried Impey, pointing to the clients' private door.

"But didn't you hear me call you a liar?" answered Walter, advancing close up to the little lawyer, "and have you no blood

in you, man, that you can have these things said to your very teeth, and not resent them?"

"Leave my office, sir!" again shouted Impey, still pointing to the door.

"Pshaw! come, be a man, and throw aside this six-and-eightpenny prudence for once. Why don't you strike me? I called you a *liar*—didn't you hear? a LIAR!" and he threw open his coat, and exposed his broad chest, while he shouted out the word.

This was more than Impey could bear. With his face purple and every limb shaking with rage, it was as much as he could do to prevent himself making a blow at the chest so provokingly offered to him. So he turned suddenly away, and paced the room, while he screamed out, as he kept clenching and unclenching his fists, "Leave my house! leave my house, I say! To dare to come here, and insult me under my very roof!—you, a young stripling! whom I've nursed upon my knee!" Then walking up to the clients' door, he threw it wide open, crying out between his gasps, "For the last time, Mr. Farquhar, will you—leave—my—office—or—no?"

Walter, who had again seated himself, looked up and down Impey from head to foot, and shouted with a sneer, "N—n—no! I told you before, I didn't intend to stir a step until I had my father's address, and you know that, even as a boy, I was head-strong enough—as you called it—not to be driven from my purpose."

"Very well, sir," replied Impey, buttoning his coat up with energy, and dashing his hat on his head, "then I must fetch a policeman, and make you."

"It's more than you dare do!"

Impey was hastening to the door, when he heard Walter's cool reply, and felt how true it was. The handle was already turned, but the lawyer snatched his hand from it, and walking back to the table, he threw down his white hat with a melodramatic dash. Then lifting up his hands, he said, in a subdued voice "Yes, it is more than I dare do! for indeed—indeed I have not the courage to consign to a felon's cell the boy that I have fondled in my bosom." Then turning to the sailor, he continued, "So now insult me as you please, young man—pelt me with what abuse you like—spit upon me—ay, *strike* your old guardian, if you will, and I'll bear it all, for the love I once felt for you. For I will let you see there is a courage beyond

brute courage, young man, and show you the magnanimity of submission!"

But Walter paid no attention to the lawyer's burst of feeling. Suddenly turning round in his chair, he asked, "Where's the Walter Farquhar you told them in India, you had articked in your office?"

Impey, in his turn, however, paid no attention to the speech; for he walked hurriedly up and down the room, while, as he threw up his hands in apparent agony, he whined out, as if to himself, "Oh, that it should come to this! after all I've done to shelter the boy I loved—ay, and still do love—as my own flesh and blood—that I should live to hear him accuse *me* of being his worst injurer! But it's only a judgment upon me, for having presumed to stand between him and the just anger of an offended parent." And, to tell the truth, Impey had—from his fears always making him think of the subject—at last got to persuade himself, that all he had done, had been solely for Walter's welfare.

"Where's the Walter Farquhar, I say, that you told my father was in your office?" still doggedly asked the young sailor. "Was it your *love* for me that made you *lie* about me as you have, and get me branded as an impostor? But you shall take the taint from me, man, if I have to drag you to old Burgoyne's feet;" and he shook his fist at the lawyer with such a determined look, that Impey at once knew the youth meant what he said.

At this moment Isaacs entered the room to get from the library a volume of the law reports.

Directly Walter heard the door slam to, he turned sharply round, and seeing it was one of the clerks, said, "Had you ever a boy in your office of the name of Walter Farquhar?"

The clerk looked at Impey for directions, but the lawyer merely answered, as he pointed to the door, "Leave the room, Isaacs! leave the room!"

But young Farquhar jumped up from his seat, and placing himself against the door, said, "You'll answer me first. You heard what I said. Was there ever a boy in this office of the name of Walter Farquhar?"

"Don't speak to him, Isaacs!" roared Impey, as he saw the alarmed Jew-boy about to stammer out "No."

Then quickly opening the clients' private door, the lawyer held it back, while the clerk, who understood what it meant, darted from the room.

"Well, I can wait! I can wait!" said the foiled Walter, quietly setting himself down again in the easy chair, and taking that day's paper off the table.

Impey, after having shouted down the pipe that "he was at home to no one," seated himself also, and set to work once more at the mortgage he was drawing.

There was a dead silence in the room. For upward of half-an-hour nothing was heard but the scratching of the lawyer's quill, the ticking of his watch as it lay upon his desk, and the occasional rustling of the newspaper.

At last the church clock chimed three, and the lawyer, having counted the strokes, started back, saying, "Upon my life, I had no idea it was so late." Then having taken his sandwich box from his pocket, he got a wine glass and a bottle of sherry out of "miscellaneous;" and as he drew the cork he said to Walter, "Can I offer you a glass of wine and a sandwich, Mr. Farquhar?"

"No!" sharply answered Walter, without taking his eyes from the paper.

Again there was a dead silence, only broken by the lawyer smacking his lips with a provoking relish, in the hopes of getting rid of the boy by quickening his appetite. But when Impey had finished his luncheon and found Walter still as unmoved as before, he settled his papers for work again.

However, as he stretched out his arm to reach a law book, he determined to try the lad once more, so he said, alluding to a case in the newspaper, which the sailor was still reading, "Frightful shipwreck that of the American steam-packet, wasn't it?"

"Yes!"

This was answered so doggedly that Impey saw it was no use trying to prolong a conversation, which he had imagined might have been the means of reconciling them; so he gave up all further endeavors, and the two both sat silent until it was too dark either for the one to write or the other to read. Then Impey rose, and having taken the wash-hand basin from X, Y, Z, washed his hands as slowly as he could, in the hopes that Walter would say something to him. Next he stood before the glass over the chimney-piece, and brushed his hair over and over again. Then he locked his iron safe, and putting the key into his desk, he locked that up also, as well as the drawers all round his table.

Still the determined boy said not a word, but there he sat trying to read by the light of the fire,

At last, when the lawyer had buttoned up his coat and got his hat on, he advanced to the sailor, and stretching out his hand to him, said, in a quiet, repentant tone, "Come, Walter! we've both of us been hasty. You fancy I have done you a wrong, and you have said things under that impression, which I am satisfied you would not otherwise have spoken. I, perhaps too, have answered you in less courteous terms than I *should* have done. But, come now! let's behave like rational men. You step home and dine with me, and then we can discuss it quietly over a glass of port, and I've no doubt shall understand one another better than ever."

Impey, finding his hand not grasped as he had expected, was about to pat young Farquhar soothingly on the shoulder, when the youth drew back, as if shrinking from his touch, and said, with a sneer, "Dine with you! No! not if I were starving, and with only the streets for my night's lodging, would I ever cross your door-step again. Understand me, sir: you had me branded as an impostor, where, most of all, I wished to appear upright and honorable; and by the Heaven above me, I will never leave you, until I have fixed upon you the very stigma you had put upon me. As I said before, sir, until I have my father's address, I shall not leave your office."

"Very well, Mr. Farquhar, very well; you can do as you please," was all the abashed lawyer could stammer out, as he pulled his gloves on, with nervous twitches. Then he went toward the clerks' office, and as he passed through the door, he said, loud enough for Walter to hear, "There, boys, you can go home," (though it was scarcely half-past four, and at least an hour and a half before their usual time.)

A few minutes after the door had swung to Impey sent Cohen to get the newspaper from the sailor, who was still reading by the light of the fire, bidding him say, by way of excuse, that the news-boy had called for it. And after this had been done, the lawyer, finding Farquhar still disinclined to stir, re-entered, and set to work raking out all the live coals from the grate, apologizing for it, by assuring the sailor "there were so many valuable deeds and papers about, that he was obliged to be particularly careful of fire." As he shoveled the smoking cinders under the grate, he added, "I'm afraid you'll find it cold,

Mr. Farquhar." But the only reply he got was, "No matter, I shall stop till I have my father's address."

Again Impey left the room, and having sent Isaacs for Mrs. White, the laundress, he told her "to get the gentleman in his room out of the chambers as quietly as she could—and that even if he wouldn't leave without a noise, it would be better to let him stop, sooner than have any disturbance in the neighborhood, for he was a very violent and eccentric man." Then, as it struck him that Walter would soon get tired out, if he had neither coal nor candle to cheer him, he added, "and above all things, be sure he has neither light nor fire."

However, when all the clerks had left, Impey thought it better before going himself to try Walter's resolution once more. So with his natty little German umbrella in his hand, and his invariable napless white hat on his head, he stepped into his room again, and said, "Now, Mr. Farquhar, for the last time—before I leave—are—you—going—or—not?"

"N-n-no!" hallooed out Walter, looking round at him. "For the last time, Mr. Impey—I shall not stir—till I have—my father's address. So good riddance, sir."

Without another word, the little lawyer left the office, and made the best of his way home to Oxford Terrace, satisfied that the patience of his troublesome guest would soon be exhausted.

Mrs. White, having hooked back Impey's door, remained for a time in the clerks' room, raking out the fire, all the while rattling the poker as loudly as she could against the bars, as a hint to the strange gentleman that it was time to leave. At last she entered the lawyer's private room, and was instantly seized with a violent fit of coughing, so as to make the "young man" aware of her presence. Then having thrown the large square of brown holland over the briefs, books, and papers on the writing-table, she requested Walter to move his chair a little while she took up the rug. Every thing the good soul could think of, she did to impress upon him she was only waiting for him to go. She fastened the catch to the windows, turned the key to the clients' private door, and was a good five minutes coughing and smoothing the brown holland cloth over the table, wherever it was not exactly straight.

When her patience was fairly worn out, she said, as she put her dirty widow's-cap straight, "Now, if you please, sir, I'm a goen' to shut up the hoffices."

"Very well, my good woman, shut them up as soon as you

like, never mind me!" answered Walter, drawing the lawyer's writing chair close to him, and putting his feet up on the cane bottom.

This convinced Mrs. White that the "eccentric" gentleman had made up his mind to stop there for the night; so half in sympathy and half with an eye to a gratuity, she asked, "Can I get you a blanket or any thing, sir?"

"No, I don't want any blanket!" answered Walter. "Egad, I've pricked for the softest plank often and often before now. But I'll tell you what you may do," he added, taking a shilling from his waistcoat pocket, "you may go and buy me some captains' biscuits, and keep the other sixpence for yourself."

As soon as the widow had got the money, she disappeared, taking the light with her, according to Impey's directions.

Once alone, Walter began to feel the coldness of the winter's night numbing his hands and feet. So he walked briskly up and down the room, stamping his feet on the carpet, and striking his hands against each other, saying to himself all the while, "Impey ought to know me better than to fancy I'm to be frozen out of my purpose."

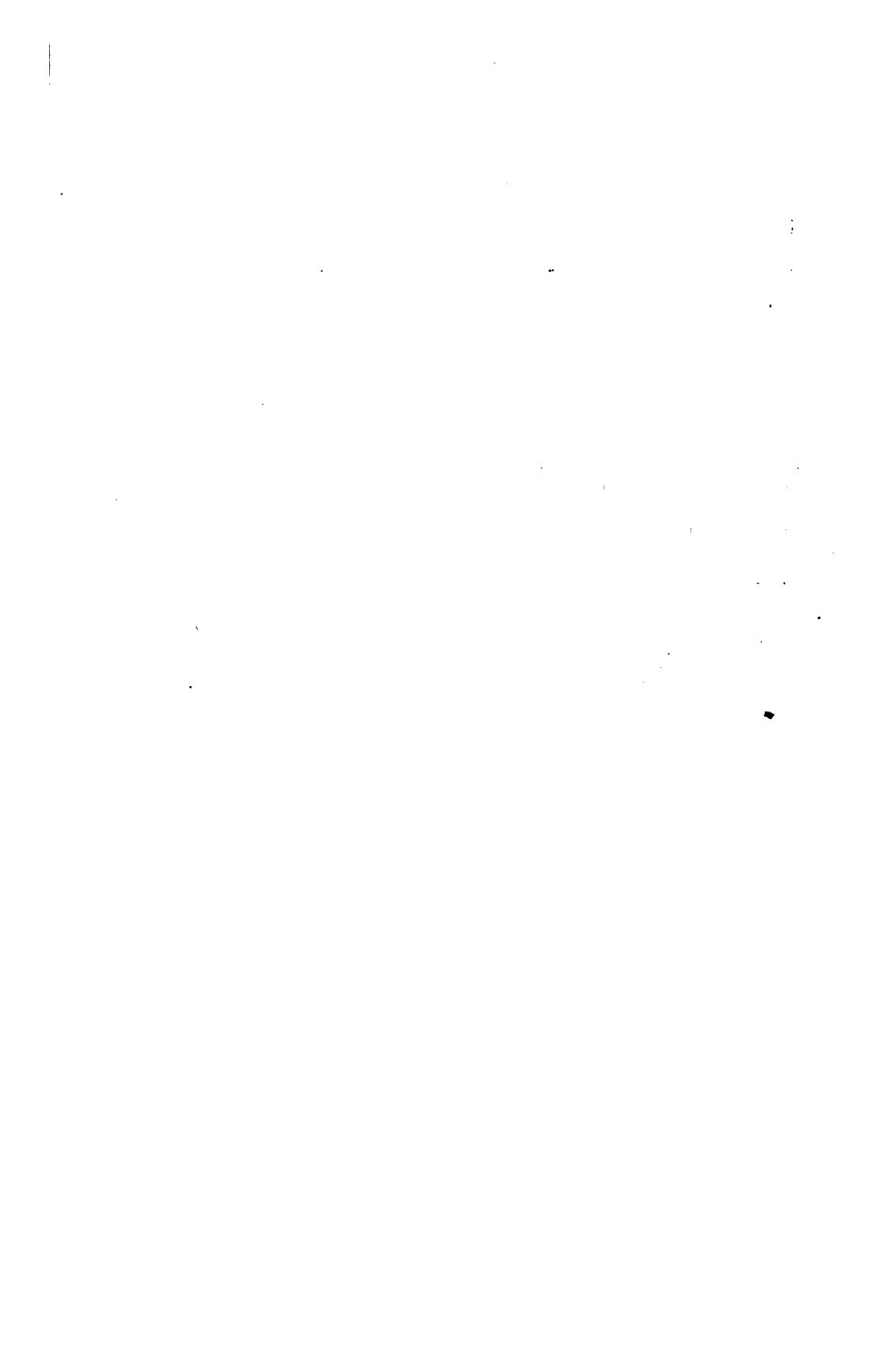
Suddenly he threw himself into his chair again, and as he bit his lips he vowed to himself that he would see who would be master yet, and he blamed himself for the fool he had been not to have forced the lawyer to have given him in charge. However, directly Impey set foot in the office on the morrow he would ask the scoundrel once more where his father and mother were staying, and if he didn't tell him, why he'd—and he folded his arms tightly, and drew the breath in between his teeth in a manner that showed he meant no child's play with the lawyer. Then, as the light of the gas-lamp outside in the court-yard came streaming in through the windows into the dark room, and fell upon the sailor's face, there was a fixed and resolute look in his eye, and his brows were knit so passionately, that they told his mind was made up to pay off, on the morrow, the long score that for seven years he had owed the man.

Walter was so wrapt up in his own resolves that he did not hear the footsteps or see the figure of the youth that stood aghast and staring in at him through the open door of the outer office, while the light that fell upon the floor from the lamps in the street at the back, showed it was the sailor's old schoolfellow—Hugh Burgoyne.

The poor lad had hurried down to the chambers, hoping to



WALTER FARQUHAR WAITS AT IMPEYS CHAMBER TILL ALL HAVE LEFT



catch Impey before he left, and yet, though he was there a good half hour before the usual time of closing the office, he found Impey and the clerks all gone, and a stranger sitting there with open doors alone in the dark.

A second glance dispelled his superstitious fears, but only to give way to a deeper horror.

He knew Walter Farquhar had returned—he knew Walter Farquhar was a sailor—and now he looked at that figure again, he knew *that* was Walter Farquhar himself, seated there alone in the dark.

Hugh stood transfixed to the spot, and a dense crowd of thoughts rushed through his brain. For the first time he asked himself, "What will Walter think of me when he finds I have taken *his* place in *his* home? Why he'll hate me as I hate that boy who's taken *my* place in *my* home." In an instant he saw how cruelly he had been tricked. He was to have been so happy at the runaway's return, and to have felt a pride in the good turn he had done his old playmate, and yet there he stood trembling like a guilty creature in his presence. Walter, too, was to have been so glad to see him, and to have blessed him, for what he had done for him, and yet—now that he was close before him—he knew in his heart he would curse him for it.

And as the withering thought crept over him, the poor lad hung his head, and his hat fell from his grasp to the floor, making the still room almost ring again as it struck the floor.

Startled by the noise, Walter turned round, and looked full upon the boy, who was now picking up his hat before hurrying away from his dreadful friend. The sailor moved his head from side to side to see who the visitor could be, but in the darkness he could see nothing beyond a stooping figure. At length, as Hugh rose, hat in hand, and turned round to hasten off before he should be recognized, the light of the gas-lamp in the street at the back, fell full upon his face, and young Farquhar started as the features of the lad became for that instant visible to him.

In an instant he was up and following the retreating boy, satisfied in his own mind that he had seen that face somewhere before—and he knew it well, too—though he wanted another look at it to find out who it was.

Hugh, however, walked along so rapidly, that he had already reached the Strand before Walter caught him up. Then the sailor passed before him, and turning round, he stood aside, so that

he might have another look at the lad by the bright light of the shops. But directly Hugh saw him, he turned his head away, so as to avoid the glance, and walked on more rapidly than ever.

Still, at the next bright light, young Farquhar was there, intently watching the lad as he drew near. Hugh tried again to hide his face, but Walter had by this time seen enough to half-convince him that it was his old schoolfellow, so he walked straight up to him, and standing himself in his path, said, as he looked under the hat of the downcast boy, "Isn't your name Hugh Burgoyne?"

"Yes, Walter!" answered Hugh, so little skilled in deceit that, though he wished to make-believe he had not recognized his old schoolfellow, still he must show he had, in the very first sentence he spoke.

"How are you, Hugh? How are you old fellow—my old playmate, how are you?" Walter laughed out, as he slapped the shuddering boy again and again on the back. And when, in the violence of his emotion, he had shaken the limp arm of Hugh nearly from the socket, he pressed the lad's hand between his two palms, while he gazed and smiled on the pale face of his old "crony," unable to say a word.

At last, finding the passers-by beginning to stand and stare at him, Walter drew his young friend down one of the quiet streets leading to the river, saying, as they went along, "I'm so glad to see *you*, above all people in the world, Hugh. Ah! I've thought of you, mate, many and many a middle watch, and tried to knock out what you were doing, and whether you were still 'muzzing' Virgil all day long at old Vyse's. Over and over again I've said to myself, 'I wonder who takes little Burgey's part, now I've gone'"—and the sailor stood still to look at the boy.

"But what's the matter with you, old fellow?" he asked, as he saw the tears start into Hugh's eyes, and the poor lad turn his pale face away to avoid his friend's gaze. "Why, you're as much like a girl, old fellow, as when I whopped that Paddy Barton for bullying you, and calling you Miss Burgoyne—do you remember?" and he nudged Hugh with his elbow, and laughed loudly. But finding the boy didn't join in the merriment, he said, "Come, come! cheer up, mate! There's no reason because we haven't seen one another for seven years, that you should go running over at the scuppers like a woman, di-

rectly we meet. Oh! I'm *so* glad to see you, Hugh!" he repeated, standing still, and shaking him again by the hand. "I've got so much to tell you, that I hardly know where to begin. Do you know I came over with your father and sister? And what do you think?—but of course Nelly's told you all by this time—hasn't she, eh?" and he stopped for an answer.

"No!" stammered out the boy.

"Pooh! Pooh! You must tell that to the marines, old boy," answered Walter, laughing. "I can see, by the way in which you say it, that 'No' of yours means 'Yes.' You know you and I were always talking about our being brothers, and my marrying your sister; and egad! so we should have been before now, if it hadn't been for—but you've heard the whole story from Nelly, long ago, no doubt."

"No, I haven't!" again stammered out Hugh.

"What, do you mean to say she hasn't told you what that lying vagabond Impey's been doing?" answered Walter, growing excited as he told the tale; "and about his having got some d—d scoundrel of a fellow to pass himself off for me, and make out that he's been articled in his office for two years and more. Do you mean to say Nelly hasn't told you *that*?"

Hugh could answer nothing, but he staggered back, and caught hold of the railings of the nearest house to prevent himself from falling, as he heard Walter say the words.

But the sailor fancied Hugh's emotion was caused by sympathy for him, for he answered, "Ah! I knew it would astonish you, old boy, and annoy you when you knew it, just as much as it did me. But I promise you this—I mean to give the young vagabond, if ever I can lay hold of him, such a thrashing as shall make his carcass ache for years to come."

And as he brandished his fist in the air, poor Hugh, trembling from head to foot, laid his other hand on Walter's shoulder, and gasped out, as his knees bent under him, "Oh, Walter, don't! for Heaven's sake, don't say so!"

"Ah! it's all very well, Hugh, but you're too meek and gentle by half. You'd forgive your bitterest enemy, you would," answered Walter, more furious than before, again misconstruing his schoolfellow's horror. "But d—n it, man, is a fellow to be trampled upon and kicked as I have been and not resent it in any way? Pshaw! your father told me to my teeth I was an impostor; and your sister—in whose eyes, at least, I wished to be without speck or flaw—though she said otherwise, still, I

know, half believed as much. And isn't this enough to make a nigger's blood boil? But," he added, turning round and taking Hugh's hand, "we'll soon let them know whether I am an impostor or not—won't we, Hugh? For I'll go on with you to your father this very minute, and you yourself shall tell him that I *am* Walter Farquhar, and *did* run away from school seven years ago, and *did* go to sea, too—ay, and what's more, never *did*, and never *would* go to the law. So come along, old fellow, whereabouts is it?"

"No! not now! Any other time, but not just now!" cried out Hugh, as Walter commenced dragging him along with him toward the Strand.

The sailor heard poor Hugh's voice falter, and he felt him hang heavily on his arm. So he stopped and looked at the boy's face, and saw his white lips quiver again with emotion. And he was moved with pity for him, so patting him on the back, he said, "Well, never mind, old boy, perhaps it has been too much for a fellow with such delicate nerves as you've got; but you come in and sit down a bit in some tavern with me, and when you're better, you know, then we can go on."

"No, Walter," answered Hugh, passing his hand across his forehead, "I must call somewhere first. *I can't go home for a long time yet*," he added, feeling the awful truth of what he said.

"Well, you needn't take it to heart so much, lad," replied Walter, trying to laugh his friend into better spirits. "To-morrow will do for me very well. Now what time are you certain to be at home?"

"I can't say—indeed, indeed I can't say," sobbed out the poor boy, bitterly.

"Nonsense, Hugh! nonsense!" said Walter, trying to quiet his friend's grief. "If I didn't know you better, I should fancy you didn't want me for your brother. Will six bells—that is, ten o'clock—do for you?"

"Yes, yes!" said Hugh, half trying to get away.

"Now mind, I shall be there to a moment, Hugh," continued Walter; and then taking up the boy's hand, he pressed it between his, while he said "I know you won't deceive me, old boy. We've been friends—the best and truest of friends—ever since we could speak each other's names, and if there is a lad whom I would have trusted my *life* to, it is yourself, Hugh. And now remember, I trust to you what *your sister* has made far more precious to me—my honor!"

Hugh merely squeezed the sailor's hand, and turned his head, away, to try and avoid the words, which, from their kindness, struck him with a tenfold severity. But Walter thought the lad's grasp—given as it was, in repentance—was given in assent, and continued, "There, there, Hugh! I won't say another word about it. I knew, if I had a friend on earth, it was you, boy; and that you would be first both to vindicate my honor, and to loathe them that cast a stain upon it!"

"I *do* loathe them—loathe them *all*, from the bottom of my heart, Walter," answered Hugh, for the first time boldly. Then breaking away from his friend, he hurried off as fast as he could.

"Hugh! ho! Hugh!" shouted Walter, running after him. And when he had got up with him, he said, "I say, you forgot to tell me where your father is staying, after all!"

"Yes, so I did," answered Hugh, who had purposely hurried off without giving the address to him.

"Well, whereabouts is it, eh?" asked Walter.

Melton's Hotel rose to the boy's lips, when suddenly recollecting *that* was the address of *Walter's* father, and not that of *his* own, he stopped the words before they slipped from his tongue. Then the unintentional mistake told him how easy it would be to make an intentional one, and get rid of his friend—perhaps forever, he thought—by substituting a false address for the real one; and he stood a moment, struggling between his conscience and his fears. But before his better nature had time to give way to his timidity, he flung the evil promptings from him, and saying to himself, "No, no! him, at least, I will not meet with a lie on my lips," he wrote down the right one—Salisbury-street, Strand—and the school-fellows parted. Walter, happy to think that on the morrow he should stand before the father of her he loved, at least an honorable man, skipped along, as he told himself how he'd revenge the old man's insults with kindness, and forgive him all the hard things he had said, for the sake of her for whom he had said them. But Hugh, though he felt the lighter-hearted at the victory he had gained over himself, still shuddered as he crept along the streets; for he could not help thinking what work there would be on the morrow, and how, though *his school-fellow's* honor would be cleared, still, *his* would be found so stained and worthless, that, even should he escape the awful doom the lawyer had threatened him with, still his own dying father would cast him off for being an impostor, as he had cast off Walter.

CHAPTER XIII.

DANDO, since his meeting with Hugh at his father's house, had felt satisfied that the whole affair must be "blown upon" in a very short time, and had become a little uneasy in his mind, as to what would be his fate when the discovery took place. He had been sufficiently long in Impey's office, to know that his conduct might at some future day become a matter of question at the Old Bailey, and that the judge on the bench might not look upon the affair as the same "jolly lark" as Dando himself had at one time thought it. So wishing to get rid of the weight he felt upon his mind, he determined upon forthwith consulting Isaacs, his former fellow clerk, whom he knew to be hard at work at that time, "cramming for his examination," at Easter. Accordingly, he formally invited the elegant son of Judah to partake of a slight repast of shrimps and "dog's nose" on the roof of the Swan Tavern, at Hungerford Market.

Here, as the fish-loving Isaacs peeled the fine, gas-flavored shrimps of Hungerford, the knowing Dando gently broke to the Jewlet the situation in which he stood, and while, pin in hand, he wormed the periwinkles from their shells, the "young monkey" asked the attorney in the grub, "what he thought they would do to him if it was found out, and whether he'd come in for 'the Mill' or not."

But Isaacs, whose knowledge of law did not exactly extend so far—not knowing what to say, and yet not liking to appear ignorant in the presence of the late junior clerk, looked as solemn as the lord chief baron with the black cap on, and, as he sucked the head of one of his shrimps, assured the "young monkey" that "he'd have sheven yearsh on it, at the leasht."

Alarmed at the prospect of a trip across the "herring pond," as he called it, Dando lost all spirits and appetite, and as he led a small canal from the slop of beer upon the table, in the direction of the dandy Jew-boy's dove-colored "pants," he consulted him as to the best means of getting out of the scrape.

Isaacs immediately fell into deep thought, and called for another pint of dog's-nose at his client's expense. As he went on thinking, he went on sipping, saying with each fresh sip, much to Dando's horror, either, "No! tat von't do! you'd be hung

for tat, if tat vash found out!" or, "No! tat's no petter, you might pyishin yourshelf py tat!"

When, however, he had finished the pewter pot, he suddenly put it down on the table with a bang, crying out, "Py Chove! I have it, ma poy." He then proceeded to inform Dando that the best thing for him to do was to marry Nelly as quickly as possible, for then the father would never consent to the transportation of his own son-in-law.

"Well done our side!" roared Dando, delighted—for he had expected, from what his legal adviser had let fall, to hear that the only way in which he could extricate himself from his difficulty was by murdering the whole family. "My eye! won't you make a stunner at the hold Bailey when you begins—that's all, Hisaacs. Oh! I'll do it!" he continued, jumping up, "I'll do it! Oh! bless you, *I'll* do it; and you, Nosey, shall give me away to the 'appy gal. Lord love you, Hisaacs! the hold un's richer nor your uncle, as was had up for receivin' stolen goods. My eye! you should see his puss of a morning. Oh! ain't it chock full o' tin, only just! why, it's as big at both ends as a hour glass."

"Vait a pit! vait a pit! I've a mush petter plan," cried Isaacs, startled by the vivid picture Dando had drawn of the major's wealth. "You musht introdush me to Mish Nelly, you shee, and I'll marry her in te playsh of you, you undershtand! and ten *I* shall pe aple to intershede vit ma farder for ma frient, you know. Beshides, I'll tell you vat I'll to vit you. I'll give you tree per shent, ma teer poy, on te angel's marriage tower—so tere."

And the Jew threw himself back in his chair, as if overpowered by the liberality of the terms he had offered, and waited smilingly for Dando's answer.

But the "young monkey" having applied his thumb to his nose, slowly extended his fingers, while he moved his other hand gently round and round in the same neighborhood, as if setting in motion some invisible machinery.

"It's huncommon kind o' you, to be sure, Ikey," Dando at last answered; "but you shan't go a-throwen' yourself away on the gal for my sake. Besides, she's so plaguy fond o' me, you'd have no chance whatever; for, hinjependent on her awersion to Jews, she's often and often told me she thought your peoplesh had got lips like—what do you think?" he asked, looking up in Isaacs' face, without moving a muscle, as coolly as if he had

over and over again advocated his friend's personal attractions to the fastidious lady.

"Like vat?" spluttered the enraged Jewling.

"Why, Hepping sassengers!" answered Dando; "s'elp me, she said they was the werry picture on 'em."

On this, the indignant Isaacs rose up, and, having slipped the remainder of the shrimps into his trowsers pocket, dashed his sporting hat on his head, and walked off, saying, he should go where he could be treated like a "shentleman"—of course leaving Dando to pay the score. The "young monkey," however, ran after him, shouting down the stairs, "Here, Hisaacs! Hisaacs!" as if he had left something behind him.

"Vatsh te matter?" briskly answered the descending descendant of Moses, bringing himself to a dead halt.

"If so be as you're a goin' to Saffron Hill," answered Dando, "give my love to that aunt o'yourn with the bright red hair and wapping goold hear-rings—you know—the one as keeps the roll-it table at Hepsom!"

The principal difficulty that Dando, as he walked home, saw to his marriage with Nelly, was his utter ignorance as to how such matters were managed. He had seen a number of proposals made on the stage, but he could not help feeling that in society the business was conducted very differently, and that gentlemen of every-day life, when about to offer their "'and an' 'art," as they called it at the Victoria, did not first dress themselves in a blue coat, white trowsers, and buff waistcoat, and then, throwing themselves on one knee, remain there with one hand on their hearts, and the other in the air, until the father, with a thick cane in his hand, made his appearance in the background. So he bought a sixpenny "ÉTIQUETTE OF COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE," and read it so intently all the way home, that he was continually running up against all kinds of people, each time asking, "Now then, stupid! where are you a shoven' on?" But finding no more information in the work on the subject of proposing, than that he was to "state what fortune and prospects he had, and what settlement he proposed to make," he grew disgusted, and slipped the work, as a voluntary contribution, into the poor-box of "the Asylum for Distressed Widows."

When at home, Dando sought every opportunity he could of breaking the awkward subject, as gently as possible, to Nelly. All the remainder of the day he left off playing his monkey tricks upon her, and was so attentive and kind, in his rough way, that

Nelly, astonished and delighted at the change, kissed him, and stroked his cheek, and pressed his hand even oftener than usual.

In the evening the major—weak and ill as he was—retired as usual to his room early, and Dando and Nelly sat by themselves in the front drawing-room. The boy was on the footstool, holding a skein of silk, which the girl was busy winding off from his hands, and as she wound it quickly round and round the card, she said, "Upon my word, I do believe I shall be able to make a ladies' man of you, after all, Hugh. Now, why not give over those wild pranks of yours, and always behave yourself as you have done to-day? And then I should love you so."

"No, would you?" replied the boy, looking up cunningly at her.

"Yes, that I should, even more than I do now!" she answered, kissing him on the forehead.

"What, then you does love me a goodish bit, Nelly, eh?" continued Dando, grinning with delight at the easy conquest he fancied he saw before him.

"Why, of course I do, Hugh," she answered, laughing, as she stopped reeling her silk, to tap him on the cheek. "What on earth now should make you ask such a question as that?"

"He! he! I don't—I don't know," sheepishly simpered out Dando; "you see, I love you, and—a—I only wanted to know if you loved me, too," and he cast his eyes down on the ground, awaiting her answer.

"Love you, Hugh!" replied Nelly, letting the silk fall from her hand. "Have I not been fourteen years longing to see you—fourteen long years waiting for the day that was to bring you to my side again? Oh, Hugh! you were the first and prettiest plaything I had. When I was but a child myself, you were the little baby that I begged, and flung aside my doll, to be allowed to nurse. You are the first thing I can remember! for we used to play together on our large mats, and dear mother would stand by and laugh, and call me 'little woman,' as I—scarcely able to walk myself—would try and help you to toddle along. And when you, for your health and welfare, were sent away to England, I cried for days, and kept asking for my little brother—my only playmate—my darling Hugh."

And she stopped for a time, and looked fondly at the boy, who sat quite still, with his eyes fixed on the ground.

So Nelly went on—"And when I had grown into the girl, mamma and I would sit and talk of you for hours, and she would tell me of all your funny ways, and what a little delicate

thing you were, till I grew to pity and love you more and more. And when our mother died, Hugh, I was near her, but you were not, and her last thoughts were for her poor boy so far away. And she kissed me for you, and blessed me *doubly*, and bade me watch over you, and bear you that love which she had not been allowed to show you. And so I have always done—loved you for myself and your dear dead mother, too. Yes Hugh! I have longed, with the tears in my eyes, to have you by my side, and only a few months back would have given the world for one kiss of you. But now, thank God, we are together, and will never part again, dear—dear brother.” And she kissed his hand while the tears fell fast from her eyes.

Dando was little prepared for such an outburst of affection. He hardly knew how to answer it. Whether Nelly loved him merely because she fancied he was her brother or not, he couldn't say. So he shuffled his foot about on the floor in doubt, and at last stammered out, “Yes! I think we could always live very comfortably together, Nelly—don't you?”

“Ah! that I'm sure we shall, dear boy!” replied Nelly quickly from under her handkerchief.

Dando gained courage as he heard this, and he put the question boldly to her—

“Do you think now, Nelly, you could leave your father, and live with me alone all your life?”

The girl started at the mysterious question. “Leave my father, Hugh! leave *him* to live alone with *you*! when perhaps in a few weeks we may be *fatherless*. What is the meaning of all this? Is it because you have heard me, in moments of wounded pride, vow to quit him forever, that you fancy that when my judgment is cool and my affections right again, I would for a moment dream of parting from one who—despite his infirmities, Hugh, has always been a good father to us?”

“He never was no father to me,” answered Dando, looking up to see what effect his reply had upon the girl.

“How strangely you speak, Hugh!” exclaimed Nelly, in astonishment. “What can you mean? It was for your welfare you were sent to England! You would have died in India! Hugh! I am sorry to hear such words fall from the lips of my brother!”

“I ain't your brother,” sulkily answered the boy.

“What *are* you talking about?” cried Nelly, frightened. “What has been the matter with you all to-day? You have not been yourself, Hugh!”

"No, Nelly, dear, I ain't exactly myself, you see," replied Dando, rising, and sidling up to her. And as the girl followed him with her eyes, he went behind her chair, and leaned over the back of it, while, half abashed, he looked down on the floor.

"Then why didn't you say so before, dear one," stammered out the artless, unsuspecting girl, fancying the boy meant he was unwell. "Here, Hugh! come and sit down here!" and she rose from her chair, and, with her arm round his waist, kissed him, and said, "Now tell me what I can get for you, there's a dear?"

And she tried to lead the boy to her seat, but he stood still, and, with a sheepish laugh, said, "No! no!—He! he!—I don't mean that—I means I ain't your brother!—I ain't Hugh Burgoyne!"

The girl's arm fell like a weight from his side, and she stood staring at him, with a half smile upon her parted lips, as if she fancied he was playing off some cruel joke upon her. Still the first suspicion had been aroused; and, as she looked upon the coarse features of the lad, she thought how unlike he was, in face and manner, to the gentle, delicate boy, she, in her imagination, had pictured her brother. But what motive could there be for the trick? The schoolmaster had, himself, vouched that it was Hugh. Yet there were two Walter Farquhars, and the one they had met on board the ship—despite all his assurances—her father had said was an impostor, and Dr. Vyse had borne him out in it. Still there could not be two Hugh Burgoyne as well. No! no! he must be joking.

"You see," continued Dando, emboldened by Nelly's silence "You says you loves me, and I am sure I loves you; and as you can't be my sister, why—a—you may as well be my wife—eh, Nelly, dear?" and as he said the words, he tried to put his arm round her waist.

"U-u-ugh!" screamed Nelly, as she staggered back to the wall, with her hands in the air, trembling like leaves, as if her whole frame had been convulsed by his touch. "U-u-ugh! don't lay a finger on me! Yes, I see! I *feel* it all! My very instinct tells me you *are* no brother of mine! for I could never *hate* my brother as now I *hate* you."

Dando, who, from the previous part of the conversation, had expected quite a different reception to his proposal, stood bewildered, with his eyes and mouth wide open, staring at the girl, as if he half believed she had gone mad.

"Oh! you unmanly coward!" cried Nelly, crimson with indignation, "to trick me out of my love as you have; to cheat me in the cruelest way that one of my sex can be cheated; to dupe me into acts of affection that my woman's modesty grows sick to think of, and it makes my flesh crawl to remember!" and she shuddered from head to foot, as every little endearment she had heaped upon the lad flashed across her mind—"Ugh! Ugh! I've flung my arms about you, when, had I known you, I should have run from you as from a pest! I've kissed you, too, when I should have loathed you from the very depths of my soul. Oh, where! where! *where* is my brother, that he may punish you for this?" she cried; and, turning round, she leaned against the wall, and wept bitterly,

It was time for Dando to think of some excuse to ward off the girl's impassioned wrath; so he advanced, simpering, toward her, swinging his arm as he tittered, "Why, what a gal you are, Nelly—you can't take a joke—I was only a larkin', you know, dear—of course I'm your brother Hugh, ducky."

But Nelly no sooner heard him approaching her than she ran shuddering to the opposite side of the room, crying, "Don't come near me! don't come near me! You're no brother of mine! My whole nature tells me you are *not*. God would never have made your touch convulse my frame in this way were you my brother."

"Well, I *am* your brother," answered Dando, in so low a tone, that it showed, even he—nursed in the streets as he had been—was half ashamed to speak out the lie, although too obstinate to give in.

"No, you *are not* my brother," continued Nelly, indignantly. "Would a brother have dared to whisper in a sister's ear the hideous words you spoke to me? But oh! how blind I've been! I should have seen it all long—long ago. But I suspected nothing, and I saw nothing. If you'd had one touch of pity, one spark of mercy in your soul, you would have spared me this! Had you been a mere boy, I could have forgiven you; but you are man enough in years—though you were not man enough in heart—to have known better, and acted more generously to a girl, whose love was too earnest and too truthful to dream of deceit. But where *is* my brother? At least make some atonement, and take me to him."

Dando thought of the punishment which Isaacs had told him of, and he made up his mind to stick to the falsehood; so he

answered again, "*I am* your brother—*I am*." In vain did Nelly protest against it, and try to wake him up to a sense of the wickedness of his lies, for he became more obstinate, and even while he sniveled and wiped his tears away with the cuff of his coat, he kept on answering, "*I am—I am*." Until at last, Nelly, finding how her words were wasted on the boy, left the room, threatening, as she held the door open, that on the morrow she would tell her father of it all, and see what impression *he* could make upon him. And when she was alone in her bed-room, she sat as long as her candle lasted, wondering what on earth could have become of her brother—and trying to explain to herself, why another should have been put in his place—and longing for the morrow, when her father would know all.

On the next morning, Dando, too frightened to stop at home, was up and out of the house—long before any one else was stirring—determined not to venture back again, until such time as he felt certain the storm had blown over. So he walked about the street, and watched the men laying down the gas pipes—and then he sauntered on to the Horse Guards, and stood there, staring at the two mounted life guardsmen on each side of the gate—until hearing the band playing in the park, he hurried off, and joined the crowd of boys that marched on each side of the soldiers. And when he had seen them paraded, he made his breakfast off biscuits and new milk from the cows at the stalls in the park. After this he strolled on to where the wood pavement was being taken up, and spent a good hour looking at the men putting down the new blocks, and the street boys playing at fortresses behind the large square pieces of the old paving—yet wanting the heart to join them in the sport.

CHAPTER XIV.

HALF AN HOUR before the time appointed for the meeting with his school-fellow, Walter Farquhar, light-hearted and proud at the prospect of proving to old Burgoyne how rashly and erroneously he had judged him, knocked smartly at the door of the lodging-house—in one of the streets running out of the Strand

—at which the major was residing. He was told young Mr. Burgoyne was from home; but knowing he was a good half-hour before his time, he requested to see Miss Nelly, and had scarcely been ushered into the parlor, before she—having recognized the voice—hurried anxiously into the room, saying, as she entered, “How imprudent of you to come here, Walter! when you know what my father’s feelings are toward you.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed the sailor, taking her proffered hand; “never mind about that, little Nell! He’ll be glad enough to see me to-day, I’ll warrant!”

“Indeed, Walter, you are mistaken,” replied the girl, nervously. “Pray, go before he hears you. You don’t know how harshly he speaks of you. In a little time, perhaps—”

“There, you needn’t be frightened, Nelly!” he interrupted her. “Why, hasn’t that rogue of a brother of yours told you what we arranged yesterday to do?”

“No! Which brother do you mean, Walter?” quickly asked the girl.

“Which brother? Why, you’re dreaming Nell! I never heard you having *two* before! Ha! ha! I mean Hugh—my old schoolfellow, Hugh—who’s as like you as he can stare, he is—a lucky young dog!”

“Walter! if you’ve seen my brother Hugh, it’s more than I have since our return,” answered Nelly, solemnly.

“Why, how you are talking, Nelly,” he continued, laughing at her, “when the servant told me he left the house early this morning.”

“The boy that left the house this morning, Walter, is not my brother,” replied Nelly, hurriedly, “but some wicked, bad boy they’ve put here—for some reason or other—in Hugh’s place. Indeed—indeed, it is so, Walter,” she added, firmly, as the young sailor shook his head, incredulously, at her. “The boy, himself, confessed as much to me only yesterday.”

“Why, he was with *me* last night, Nelly!” replied Walter, with astonishment, “and gave me your father’s address.”

“It’s impossible, Walter,” answered the girl, earnestly. “He never stirred from the house after three o’clock.”

“What *can* be the meaning of all this?” said the young sailor, half to himself. “First, one boy is palmed off as me, and now, you tell me, there is another filling poor Hugh’s place. Oh! there is some rascally foul play, somewhere, Nell. But I’ll worm it all out, please Heaven!” he cried, shaking his

fist in the air. Then, abruptly turning to the girl, and looking in her face, as if a sudden thought had struck him, he asked, "But how comes it, since Hugh knows where you are living, he has never been to see you?" However, finding the riddle a difficult one for him to answer, Walter roused himself, saying, as he tossed his head, "But Hugh himself will be here at ten to explain it."

"Then I shall see him at last!" cried Nelly, as her eyes sparkled at the prospect of meeting her long looked-for brother. "But are you sure it *is* Hugh? I have been so sorely deceived, that I view every thing now with suspicion, Walter."

"Why, bless you, Nell!" answered the sailor, "there's no mistaking *him*. He hasn't altered a feature. He's the same lad—only a little bit taller, to be sure—as I used to walk up and down that playground with—day after day—our arms across each other's shoulders, and talking of the time when I was to marry you, Nelly, long—long before I ever saw your black eyes, too!"

"Thank God! then, he will be here soon," cried Nelly, clasping her hands.

"Yes! yes! in less than a quarter of an hour, now," he answered, looking at the clock on the mantle-piece. "But I can't wait till then, Nell, for I'm dying to let your father know how falsely he thought of me, and with what a cruel charge he sought to rend the tie between us. But I bore it all, quietly—as you know, Nelly!—though it did cut me to the heart to see you, girl, afraid even to return my glance, fearing lest I should *really* be the scoundrel your father had fancied me. Besides, you've never written to me, Nell, since you've been in England—though I've watched each post for a letter."

"I know, Walter—yes, I know—" answered Nelly, hanging down her head. "But what could I think, when the first thing I heard, on coming to this country, was—that Walter Farquhar was in England, and had never quitted it?"

"Well, never mind, Nell! never mind!" answered Walter, taking her hand, kindly; "I swore to myself that the first thing I'd do—directly I set foot ashore—should be to clear myself, both in your father's eyes and yours. So come along up-stairs. I long to have it out with the old gentleman," and he moved toward the door.

"No, don't go now, Walter! don't go now?" cried the timid girl, clinging to him. "Wait till Hugh has prepared my father

for your visit. Besides, he is in no humor to listen to you, I can assure you. I, myself, Walter, didn't like to worry him with what I had vowed to disclose to him the first thing this morning."

"So much the better, Nelly! so much the better! for we'll tell him the whole at once, now, and by that time Hugh will be here to make good our tale," answered Walter, shaking her by the two hands. "Oh! it will be glorious revenge to teach the old man that, while he was flinging his friend's son from him as a cheat, he was taking an impostor to his bosom as his own boy."

Opening the door, the sailor ran up the stairs, before Nelly had time to stop him. Trembling, she saw him enter her father's room, while she, unheeded, held up her hands, and silently implored him to desist. She stood on the stairs, not knowing what to do.

The old major was in the drawing-room, seated close to the fire, in the large invalid's chair, propped up with so many pillows, that he seemed half-buried in them. When Walter entered, the native servant was busy washing his master's hand in the basin of warm water that stood on the chair close by. And there the major lay, wrapped up in his dressing-gown, with the arm stretched out, and held up by the black, while his head drooped on one side, and his eyes were closed—for the sick man was exhausted with the fatigue of even *being* dressed.

But as the sailor dashed impatiently into the room, the major, startled by the noise, opened his eyes, and seeing who it was that had entered so roughly, he raised himself suddenly up, indignantly, in his chair, but only to fall back again. Sighing heavily with the exertion, he said, "So you've dared, have you, sir—notwithstanding all I've told you—to follow me and my girl, even here?"

"I was not aware—Major Burgoyne," answered Walter, quite taken aback, "that you were so unwell, or I should not have—"

"Of course you weren't aware I was ill," replied the major, ironically, as he motioned the native servant to leave the room. "You saw I was quite well on board the ship, and knew I wasn't coming over to England for my health—Pshaw! if the death-rattle had been in my throat, sir, it would have been all the same to you," he added, with as much vehemence as he was able.

Then as Walter made no reply, the invalid shook his palsied fist at him, saying, "But there *was* a time, sir, when neither you, nor the best man living, would have *dared* to have done as much."

"Nor should I have *dared* to have done as much *now*," answered Walter, respectfully, "if I had known of your ill health, sir."

"Ho! ho! certainly!" sneered the old man. "I forgot you wore the coat of an officer and a gentleman. Of course you never would think of coming to see my child on the sly.—No! no!—especially when you fancied her father was sick up-stairs in bed;" and he looked at him sideways as he curled his lip in scorn.

"No, major!" said the sailor proudly, drawing himself up, "I am glad to say I came to see *you*, and not your daughter, unknown to you.

"And do you always, sir, may I ask, bounce into a sick man's room, as if a lady-love were waiting for you there?" the major continued, quietly. "Wouldn't it have been more like a *gentleman*—pah!—when you knew the state I was in, to have waited below, and sent your card up, with—whatever name you may call yourself by *now*—written upon it!"

At this fresh taunt the young man's bosom rose and fell quickly. "I know what you mean, Major Burgoyne," he said, hurriedly. "When I sought from you the hand of your daughter, and told you who and what I was, you called me an impostor in her presence, and now you would repeat the charge."

"Exactly so! You understand me perfectly!" answered the old man, his cheeks flushing with the excitement. "Since my return to England, Mr.—*F-f-farguhar*!—I'm glad to say every thing has strengthened my first opinion of you, and I can only tell you, I wish more than ever, for my own and my child's sake, to have nothing whatever to do with you."

"And I have come to prove to you, sir, how wrong you were when you applied the term to me," replied Walter, indignantly, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat.

"Indeed!" was all the major sneered in answer.

"Yes, sir! and your own son has himself promised to prove it to you," replied the sailor, haughtily.

"Excellent! capitally contrived, sir!" retorted the sick man, looking intently at the youth. "So, not content with poisoning the mind of my *girl*, but you must bribe my *boy*, must you, to prove his father a liar?"

"The boy you fancy to be your son is no child of yours, Major Burgoyne!" answered Walter, sharply.

The old man remained silent—as if speechless for rage—

while his dull eye lit up with anger. At last with an effort he said, "And so, man, to prove yourself no impostor, you'd make *my son* out to be one. Ay! and I shouldn't wonder but you've hired some vagabond boy, and have him down-stairs, ready at your beck to throw his arms round my neck, and call me—*Father*. But leave the house, sir! leave the house! After this fresh insult I'll not hear another word."

"If you doubt what I say, sir, Miss Burgoyne will bear me out in my statement," answered Walter, with vehemence; "for it was only last night the lad you fancy to be your son, confessed to her he was the son of another."

For a moment the old man looked at the sailor as if astounded. At last, throwing up his hands, he said, sorrowfully, "Surely you can never have brought my girl to this! But we'll soon see, sir, whether she will dare to countenance you in your wicked fraud," and he pulled the string that was tied to the bell-pull, and fastened to the elbow of his chair, until the native servant came to answer the bell.

Having told the black, in Hindustani, to ask Miss Burgoyne to come to him, the major and his visitor both remained silent.

But no sooner had Nelly entered the room and closed the door, than the old man turned to her, and pointing to Walter, said, "This—person!—says that you will bear him out that the boy I fancy—so he calls it—to be my son, confessed to you last night he was no child of mine."

"Yes, father, it is true!" answered Nelly, joyfully, fancying now all was near an end. "And he left home early this morning, in fear of my telling you. But you were so ill, I was frightened to do it before."

The sick man sat with his lip quivering, as he eyed them. At last he burst out, "Oh, shame! shame upon you both! And has it come to this, that *my girl* should side with a vagabond like that"—and he shook his fist again at Walter—"and with a wicked lie try to turn her own brother from his home?"

"Indeed—indeed, father!" cried Nelly, startled at the unexpected outburst, "it is true! on my word it is true!" and she advanced toward him.

But the major waved her back, screaming out, "No! it is false! false as that scoundrel has made your heart! But leave the house, sir! leave the house! and by the heaven above me, if ever you darken my doors again, I'll—put a bullet through your skull!"



'LEAVE MY HOUSE, IMPOSTOR.'

"Father! father!" cried Nelly, in an agony, "do not say these horrid things. Wait quietly till ten, for Hugh. *My real* brother, and *your real* son, has promised him to be here by that time."

The major turned to the young sailor for an answer. "Yes, sir," replied Walter, firmly, "*that* is all I ask, and the sole cause of my visit to you. If Hugh Burgoyne, my old school-fellow, is not here before the clock strikes ten, to clear my honor from the stain which you have cast upon it, and to tell you himself that I *am* the Walter Farquhar I represent myself to be—then you have my permission, sir, to call me impostor—scoundrel—or what you please."

And the sailor tossed up his head, while the major, half startled by his earnestness, drew from his fob his large gold repeater.

As the sick man looked at his watch, he burst out laughing, and cried with a savage chuckle, "Then *impostor* and *scoundrel* you are, for it is more than half-past ten now, and where's *my real* son, and *your real* brother, miss? Oh! could you not wait a few days," he added; turning to Walter, "but you must come and teach my girl to lie to me on my death-bed, and so blacken her heart, that she, for her own wicked purposes, must needs lend a hand to trick her brother out of his birthright?"

"Oh, father! you shall *not* say these things!" screamed Nelly, rushing to him.

"Keep back, hussy! keep back!" roared the old man, foaming at the mouth with passion, "or I'll fell you as a butcher fells an ox to the earth." And he raised his hand to strike the girl as she advanced toward him.

But Walter, seeing the clenched fist and uplifted arm, hurried quickly forward; and as he put Nelly aside, the blow that was to have crushed the girl, fell like a feather on the sailor's breast.

Enraged to find how weak and powerless he was, the old man's fury returned with tenfold vigor. Grasping the elbow of the chair, he half raised himself up with an unnatural strength, and he staggered, as he waved his hand in the air, and drove them from his presence—his teeth chattering while he gasped under the wild exertion of his fury.

"Leave my house, impostor! leave my house, I say!" screamed the frantic major, as he rang the bell with all the force he was master of; "and you too, hussy, go with him if you like!—go! and let your scoundrel lover boast next week, at his mess-table, of the ruin he has made of you."

The girl drew herself straight up, her bosom heaving with indignant pride, and she answered, as she tossed her thick black ringlets haughtily back, "Yes! I will go, sir! It is quite time for your daughter to quit your roof, when you can bid her go and do such things!"

The native servant, with a face as unmoved as if it had been carved out of red granite, held the door wide open, while Walter, sad at heart, advanced toward it, wishing to be gone, before he heard the girl vow to take her father at his word, awful as it was. But the sick man saw him about to depart, and he hallooed to him, telling him to "stop! stop! for he wanted to bless him and his lady love, before they left him forever."

Turning round, the young sailor stood still and gazed—"more in pity than in anger"—at the invalid.

It was fearful to look upon the old man then. With a convulsive effort he rose up out of his chair, and stood trembling with rage, his knees bending beneath the load even of his emaciated frame. As the foam clung about his lips, and his eyes stood out from their sunken sockets, he threw his clenched fists in the air, and shaking the bony things madly above his head, he shrieked—

"Go! both of you, go! and may the children that are born unto you lie to you on your death-bed, as you have lied to me. May your girls grow up to bring dishonor on your gray hairs, and your boys—sneering at your counsels and laughing at your tears—fly their parents to take up with felons!"

Spent with the mad effort, he sunk heavily back to his chair. Then Nelly, with her face blanched with terror at the words she had heard, walked slowly up to the old man, and, stretching out her arm pointed her finger at him; and as she looked him steadfastly in the face, she said, in a low, solemn voice, that made his blood run cold—

"And may *your* Father, sir!—*your Heavenly* Father, be more charitable to *you*, than *you—my* father—have been to *me*!"

The head of the old man fell on his bosom, as he heard the prayer given in return for his curse, and in a minute he was alone in the room.

Walter was so horrified with all he had heard and seen, that he hurried down the stairs, anxious to get away from the house; for he was frightened, after what Nelly had said, lest she might throw herself upon his protection, and seek to make him the companion of her flight from her father's roof. So he shook

herhastily by the hand as he said, "Good-by, Nelly! good-by!"

"Stop, Walter, stop!" answered the girl, in a determined voice, "I am going with you."

"No! no! Nelly, you're angry now, and when you're calm you'll think better of it," replied Walter, moving toward the door.

"If you leave without me, I'll never see you again," cried Nelly, quickly.

The young sailor returned, and taking the girl by the hand led her to the parlor, saying, "Come now, Nell, let us sit down here, and talk it over quietly together, and see what can be done."

"It's useless, Walter!" answered the girl—as they entered the apartment—in a tone even more decided than before. "I've made up my mind to quit the house, and quit it I will. I'll let my father see that it's not a *child*, but a *woman* he has to deal with. So will you take me with you, Walter?"

"No, Nelly, I can not!" answered the young sailor.

"And why?" asked the girl, proudly.

"Because, as you say," replied Walter, firmly, "you're a *woman* and not a *child*, Nelly; and it is as the *woman* that the world would judge you."

"And what is it to me, how the world judges me?" answered the girl, drawing herself up haughtily.

"Every thing!" continued Walter. "When you have lived a little bit longer, Nell, you'll find that the world's good or bad opinion can make—a woman's life in particular—either a happy or a miserable one. You don't know how ready people are to put a dishonorable construction upon a woman's acts, and how, at the least opportunity, they will whisper away a girl's fair fame. Upon the *man*, Nelly—however falsely and basely he may have acted—the punishment is never visited. Indeed, so lightly is he judged among his fellows, that often—even as your father said—he is heard to boast at the mess-table of the ruin he has made. No! the whole force of the crushing blow falls upon *your weak, confiding sex*, Nelly—not upon the despoiler, but upon the despoiled—not upon the cheater, but upon the cheated."

"Walter, you have no right to say these things to me," replied the girl, blushing as she spoke.

"I have a right as your lover and expectant husband, Nelly," answered the young sailor, warmly; "I have the right which my affection gives me, to wish you to appear to the world as

unsullied in conduct as I know you to be in heart. If I took you from your father's roof, Nell, what construction do you think the world would put upon the act—especially, unprepared as I am at present to make you my wife? Why, though you should be as pure as I would have my wife be, yet people would think and speak so harshly of you ever after, that though marriage might patch up your honor, still it could never make it sound again. Wherever you went you would feel this suspicion of your conduct; women by their avoidance of you, and whisperings apart from you, would be sure to show you that they thought you unfit even to mix with them, and men, by their ribald jokes, would let you know what little respect they had for your virtue. Your father, Nelly, might after a time forgive you for flying his house with me, but the world—never! Depend upon it the finger of scorn would be pointed at you to your dying day, and even after that your children would inherit their mother's sullied reputation."

"And the world's scorn—hard as it might be, Walter!" answered the girl, but in a gentler tone, "would not be so hard as my father's to bear with. If, as you say, it would move me to hear strangers whisper cruel and false things about me, must it not cut me to the heart to hear my own father, day after day, shout them out, so that the whole house, may hear them, and the more believe them to be true, because it was a father and not a stranger that spoke them. Oh, Walter! Walter! *I can not and will not* submit to it any longer."

"Well, I dare say it is hard—ay, very hard! to bear with, dear girl," replied the youth, kindly, "especially when your father says such things before me."

The tears started to Nelly's eyes as Walter pressed her hand, and her head sank on his shoulder as she said, "Yes, Walter, *that's* what hurts me more than all."

"I know it does! I know it does, Nell! even though you are sure I do not heed his words," and he kissed the hand he held. "But you should remember, dear one," he continued, as he placed her gently in a chair, "how often you yourself have pleaded his cause to me, and told me how good and kind he was once to you, and how sadly his illness has altered him!"

"Yes, yes, Walter! he only says it when the sufferings of his body so madden him that he doesn't know what he says," answered the girl, looking up in his face. "And then, too, he grows so spiteful that he tries to find out where he can wound

me most, and nothing is too bad or bitter for him to say of me; and though I strive to keep down my spirit, and pray for strength to bear it all without an answer, still, at last, from the continual goading, I grow almost as irritable as my father, and my temper makes me forget how ill he is, and assures me he might think and speak otherwise if he chose, even though, at the time, *I* have lost all command over myself, and hardly know what I think or say."

"That's right!" replied Walter. "And now that you are calm, Nell, do you want to leave him?"

"No! God forbid! God forbid!" she answered, as she lifted up her eyes. "If you were always at my side, dear Walter, to counsel me as you have to-day, I should never even *think* of doing so."

And we *will* be always together soon, dear one," said Walter. "I know you must have a hard time of it with the old man; for, though I had seen some little, and you had told me a great deal more, of his ways, still, I felt my blood boil, this morning, as I heard him call me the names he did, for I knew that he, at least, believed what he said of me, and, in his heart, really thought me the impostor and scoundrel he said I was."

But the girl, now calmed, began to plead for her father, and she answered, as she laid her hand on Walter's arm, "But you know you yourself told him he might call you what he pleased, if Hugh"—but she stopped, as she remembered her brother's broken faith.

Directly the sailor heard his old schoolfellow's name, he knit his brow, as if some sudden thought had flashed upon him, and as he stared vacantly in Nelly's face, he said, half musing, "Why was Hugh not here to keep his word? How is it he doesn't live here, instead of a strange lad being in his place, Nell?" he cried, slapping his hands violently together, as the truth burst upon his mind. "Your brother is with my father and mother, passing himself off for me."

The girl thought of the youth that had come to the house as Walter Farquhar, to ask after her father's health, and how strange his manner had been to her, and how he'd wept over the old man. So, knowing Dando to be no brother of hers, she saw at once that the sailor's suspicions were true, though she stammered out, "No, no, Walter! you must be mistaken!"

"Mistaken!" cried the sailor; "what made him shun me when he first saw me? Why wouldn't he come on with me

here, as I wanted him? What made him, too, purposely keep away this morning, when I told him of our love, Nelly, and how he could not only make his father friendly to it, but clear his old schoolfellow from the taint that had been put upon him? But I'll seek him out, and if it prove true, though he's your own brother, Nell—woe betide him! woe betide him!" and the sailor shook his fist in the air.

"Walter! Walter! what would you do to him?" screamed Nelly.

"Do!" replied the sailor, fiercely. "Why, I'll drag him through the streets to the old man's feet, and there make him confess the lie and cheat he has been guilty of, and that *I* am what I called myself, and that *he* is the impostor and the scoundrel your father called me. And, this done, I'll fling him from me, as a man would kick an adder from his path."

"Walter! for *my* sake, do not say so!" again screamed Nelly. "It *can not* be true!"

"That I'll see this very day!" he answered, as he struck the air with his fist. "Whereabouts do my father and mother live, Nelly?"

The girl looked trembling at him, but made no answer.

"I command you by the love you bear me, Nelly, to tell me whereabouts my father and mother live?" he asked a second time.

"No, Walter, I will not!" answered the girl, firmly. "You told me a little while ago to wait till I was calm; do *you* the same now. Come to-morrow, and I will tell you."

"I can not and will not rest till then!" he replied, impatiently. "Once more, Nelly, *will* you give it me?"

"No, Walter, I will *not*!" she again answered, resolutely.

"Then I must go up-stairs and demand it of your father," he said, and moved toward the door; "for have it I will of some one, before I sleep to-night."

But the girl, seeing him about to carry out his threat, ran before him, and, placing herself before the door, held up her hands imploringly to him, as she said, "Oh, Walter! dear Walter! do not, for *my* sake—*do* not. Another scene like the one this morning might be the death of my father, Walter."

The sailor was too intent upon his purpose to be staid by Nelly at the door. So, putting her on one side as gently as he could, he left the room, and marched toward the stairs. But scarcely had he set his foot upon them, than he stopped sud-

denly, and turning round to the girl, who still clung to him, and implored him to desist, he said, "Well, perhaps it might be the death of the old man!" and, without another word, turned round and left the house.

After he had closed the street door, he stood for a moment on the step, thinking where he had better go to first, doubting whether it would be better to seek out Vyse, or go back to Impey; and as the sailor decided within himself to return to the lawyer, and force him by some outrage to give him into custody, so that the whole affair might be exposed, his eye fell upon a boy who stood lolling against the railings on the opposite side of the way—now looking up to the drawing-room windows, and now watching him.

It was Dando, who, afraid to enter, had been waiting outside the house for the last hour. As he saw the sailor eyeing him, the boy began to fear, from his uniform, and the buttons on his coat, that Walter was some officer of justice old Burgoyne had sent for to have him apprehended; so turning round, he ran off as hard as he could tear.

Walter no sooner saw this, than he felt convinced, from all Nelly had told him, that it was the lad who was passing himself off as her brother, and immediately gave chase.

Dando ran as rapidly as he could till he reached the Strand, and then looked round to see if he was pursued. But Walter was close upon him. So the boy, still pursued, darted on through the crowd, making for the vaults which run under the Adelphi to the water's edge, satisfied, if he could only get there, that the utter darkness of the place would prevent his being taken.

He was already half-way down one of the lanes leading to the place, when a huge coal-wagon, drawn by a long line of ten horses, emerged from the black mouth of the tunnel. It was impossible to proceed onward, for the wheels were close against the side of the vault. Thinking he might still have time to reach the Strand again, Dando turned back, and at the top of the lane ran into the arms of his pursuer.

Walter instantly seized him by the collar, and both stood still for a moment, gasping for breath. As soon as he could, Dando, with an effort, screwed his face up as if weeping bitterly, and began sniveling and wiping his eyes with his cuff.

"Please, sir, I worn't a doing nuffen," he at last whined out. "I never said I was the old un's son, sir! I wish my arm may never come straight, if it worn't that there wicked old Wyse as

first put me up to the move—indeed it was, sir! I give you my word it was, sir! you only go an' ax him, sir, that's all!" Then suddenly leaving off crying, and looking up at the sailor, he said, "What do you think they'll do to me, sir?"

"Now, I'll tell you what, youngster," answered Walter, intent only upon finding and punishing Hugh, "if you'll show me the way to Mr. Farquhar's I'll let you go again when we get there, and give you a shilling into the bargain; and if you don't, I'll give you such a rope's-ending, that you shall remember all your life."

The London boy, however, had no belief in the promise of a free pardon and a shilling, from a party who had chased him so sharply as he had, and thinking that the best way would be to profess extreme ignorance of every thing and every body, answered, "Please, sir, I don't know where the gen'elman's a stoppen' on. What's the name on the party, sir?"

"Farquhar!" shouted Walter, shaking the boy till his hat fell off and his hair flew about like a twirled mop; "and if you don't take me there directly, you young vagabond, I'll walk you off to the station-house—I will."

"Oh, please don't, sir!" cried the "young monkey." "I knows the Farquhars werry well—only you shakes a body as violently as a donkey's trot, sir. Do you know whether old Wyse is took yet, please sir?"

But Walter, without answering him, called a cab, and after he had placed Dando safe inside, and seated himself by his side, he told the boy to direct the coachman where he was to go to.

"The Pawillyun, Brighton!" shouted the impudent Dando, as loud as he could, leaning out of the window, and almost forgetting his fears in his delight at the prospect of having a long ride. But Walter pulled him back, and again shook him with both hands.

"Oh, don't! please sir, don't!" cried the lad; "I've had milk for breakfast, and you're a churnin' on it, sir."

"Well, then, tell the driver right, you young scoundrel!" cried Walter, furiously; then calling the coachman, he added, "Now, tell him, sir, this minute!"

"Werry good, sir," answered the boy. Then turning to the man, he said, with a wink, "Well, then, jarvey, you must go down this here road," and he pointed down the Strand, toward St. Paul's, "and when you comes to the hend on it, take your

fust to the left, then your heighth to the right, and then your fourth to your left agin—then go on till you comes to the ‘Little Dustpan,’ when turn off right hopposight the ‘Little Snuff-box,’ and there you will see a blind halley a staren’ you in the face, which is no thoroughfare, and vhere you must pull up.”

The driver smiled, and touched his hat, and drove off, not a little delighted with the long fare he had got.

CHAPTER XV.

As soon as Walter had quitted the house, Nelly ascended the stairs, and remained listening at the door of her father's room. All was quiet within—so quiet, that she hardly dared to turn the handle. At last she opened the door, wide enough to look in. -

He was asleep in his chair. Creeping up to him on tip-toe, she stood for a moment gazing at him. And as the old man lay slumbering there, the sleep looked so much like the sleep of death, that she thought of the little time he had to be with her, and upbraided herself bitterly to think she could not bear with him till then. And she knelt down at his feet, and raising his thin veiny hand she kissed it, while she prayed inwardly to be forgiven.

The kiss roused the sick father from his slumbers, and as he looked up and saw the girl, that he had cursed, kneeling before him, he laid his two hands upon her head, and said, as the tears started to his eyes,

“Bless you! bless you! for not having gone from me, my child! and bless *him* for not having taken you!”

CHAPTER XVI.

THE cab, with Walter and Dando inside, drove on for a good hour and more. It was off the London stones, and had passed one turnpike, and the houses began to be more strag-

gling (as the ground grew less and less valuable), and had little square patches of gardens in front of them. It was already close upon the land of market-gardeners, and acres of cabbages might be seen in the flat fields that flanked either side of the road, when the cabman pulled up at the long horse-trough in front of a large tavern, which had a verandah and tables outside the first floor windows, and a showy portrait of Prince Albert, swinging over the middle of the road.

The cabman wished to know "if the gen'elman was a goin' much furdur?" Walter turned to Dando for an answer.

The boy put his head on one side, and, scratching it, said, as he looked at Walter out of the corner of his eyes, "Well, do you know, sir, I think the jarvey's been and passed it, a good half hour ago."

"Then why the deuce didn't you tell the man to stop, you young lubber you?" cried the sailor, angrily.

"Oh, please sir, I didn't like to take such a liberty in another gen'elman's cabriholay," replied Dando, pulling a long, modest face.

Walter was determined not to lose his temper, so he quietly answered, "Very well, then, we must go back, I suppose, cabman; and mind, you'd better keep a sharp look-out this time, younker, that's all. Now, tell the man whereabouts he's to pull-up."

Dando looked up hard into the clouds as if in intense thought, while he was endeavoring to poke a long straw up the collar of Walter's coat. All of a sudden—to turn the subject—he pointed to the sky and shouted out, "Bal-loon! bal-loon! oh! please, sir, there's Green in his b'loon! Only look at him a chucken' out the sand."

"Where! where!" cried the sailor, quite taken off his guard, and jumping out of the cab in his anxiety to see the "sight"—though, of course, there was no sight to be seen.

"Oh, there he goes!" answered the London boy, pointing bolt up with his finger, "right among them clouds. Can't I see him jolly now just! If he ain't slap into the middle of that there mare's tail!"

"I can't perceive any thing," replied Walter, staring directly above him, and holding his hands over his eyes, which were watering with the excess of light. "Do you see it, coachman?" he asked of the man, who was star-gazing as hard as he himself was.

"Let me put you, sir!" cried Dando, immediately running behind the sailor, and twisting his head round directly facing the sun. "Yonder's the Hairy nut. There! right between them chimley-pots. Look slap over that there popular tree, sir, and then you'll be sure to have Green in your eye." And having moved Walter's head in the direction pointed out, and made sure that he was wholly absorbed in discovering the imaginary balloon, Dando turned round and took to his heels, for he still felt satisfied the sailor was an officer of justice, and after what Isaacs had told him, he had no wish to remain in his company.

But Walter, tired of trying to discover the "invisible Green," and half suspecting the boy was playing off some trick upon him, looked round just in time to see Dando turn down one of the neighboring lanes. In an instant he was after him, and soon had him once more safe in his grasp. The sailor, however, began to find it was useless attempting to *force* the boy to do as he wished, so he took hold of Dando's arm and put it in his, saying to the lad, who drew back in fear, "There, you needn't be frightened, I'm not going to hit you. You come back quietly with me and have something to eat. I suppose you can manage a cake or two now, can't you?"

"Can't I just!" answered the boy, quite himself again, with the vision of the treat before him. "Ain't my happetite up, that's all! Nuffen has passed these lips the whole of this here blessed day, but two pen'orth o' gingerbread—unless I mentions a ha'p'orth o' Halbert rock, a kipple o' happles, half-a-pint o' nuts, and a glass o' curds and vey."

When they were in the public-house parlor, Walter rang the brass bell-pull, while Dando took a clean pipe from the japaned tin-tray, and lifting up his nose with his finger and thumb, began pretending to shave himself with the pipe, in the bright beeswax-and-beer-polished tables. But soon tired of this, he, the next moment, commenced playing "Behold how brightly, brightly breaks the morning," with the knuckles of both his hands on his chin, until the flaunty barmaid entered.

As the girl stood rubbing her mittened hands together, in the hope of making them a shade less red than they were, she simpered out, "What is your pleasure, gents?"

"There, you order what you like, young 'un!" said Walter, turning to Dando, and trying in every way to make friends with him.

"Werry good!" answered Dando, as he for a moment looked up from the patent brass tobacco box, he was attempting to open by poking a pipe-light down the slit for the halfpence. "Got any pickled whilks, Mary?"

"My name ain't Mary, as it happens, young man," tartly answered the damsel, shaking the cherry-colored streamers to her cap.

"Then it ought to be," gallantly replied Dando, "for the last pretty girl as I seed was a Mary, and the werry pictur' o' you, my dear!"

"Dear, indeed!" answered the young lady, who delighted in a small flirtation with the "parlor," though she objected to make her appearance in the tap-room. "*Dear!* I'm sure I never cost *you* nothink."

"Well, have you got any pickled whilks, ducky?" again asked Dando, winking to Walter, who was half laughing.

"Whilks, indeed!" the lady replied, shaking her corkscrew ringlets, as she thrust her fingers into the big watch-pockets of her blue satin apron—which had evidently been made out of one of the landlord's old Sunday cravats. "We don't keep no sitch things here, sir! But," she added, affectedly, "we had a remarkable nice beefsteak pudden' for dinner in the bar-parlor to-day, though I'm afeard it hain't hexactly cold jist yet."

"Ah! that's the ticket my own bluebell, my pretty bluebell!" replied the boy, thrusting out his tongue and drawing in his breath in ecstasy at the prospect of the feast. "And while that there pudden' is a gotten' ready, jist bring us some o' your prime helder corjal and sweet biskits, lovey."

"Certingly," answered the lady, with a smart bob of her extensive bustle.

While Dando munched the biscuits, Walter, wishing to ingratiate himself still further with the lad, joked with him, and told him he had no need to be afraid of him, and then giving him a shilling, he said, "My name's Walter Farquhar, and all I want is for you to take me to the house where my father and mother are staying, and then I'll give you half-a-crown more, my youngster, and let you go directly."

But Dando, when he heard who his companion really was, though he no longer felt afraid of him as an officer of justice, still was no more inclined than before to take him on to the desired place. For the boy saw at once that, for his own safety, he must keep Walter away from his parents as long as he could.

So he promised to tell the cabman the proper address this time, while he secretly determined in his own mind to give his companion the slip somehow or other.

At last Dando had lighted his Pickwick cigar, and he and the sailor were in the cab again, and the driver—the end of whose nose had by this time been changed by the refreshment he had taken, from a deep blue to a bright red—stood at the door with his hand to his hat and a broad grin on his lips, waiting for his directions from the boy, who had evidently taken his fancy mightily.

“Now then, old Twenty-capes,” at last said Dando, after he had placed his dirty bluchers on the seat opposite. “Do you know Hyde Park Cross, close agin Charing Corner?”

The man shook his head, and smiling, showed his teeth—as yellow as if the set had been cut out of yellow soap.

“Ah! that’s werry lucky for you, old Hay-bands, ’cos we don’t want to go there, you see,” replied Dando, puffing the smoke suddenly out of the corner of his mouth right into the man’s eyes. When Walter reprimanded him for it, he merely answered—“Oh! please, sir, I know a boy as can make the smoke come out of his ears.”

“You don’t say so! but *do* tell the man where he’s to set us down, there’s a good fellow,” answered Walter, coaxingly.

“Drive to Pimlicoville, and drop us down at Piccadilly Square, old Himposition,” said Dando, knocking the ash of his cigar on to the sailor’s trowers.

The cabman winked in answer, and drove on until they had reached Apsley House, when Dando pulled the check-string—hard enough to wrench off the driver’s thumb—and pointing to the residence of F. M. the Duke of Wellington, told Walter “that there hotel was the house where his governor was a lodgin’ on.”

Then jumping out before the sailor, the “young monkey” ran to the gates, and seizing the huge knocker, gave a rat-tat-tat-a-tat, loud enough for a powder-headed and silk-stockinged footman. Hurrying back again to the cab, he told the anxious Walter that “his father and mother hung out in the second floor back.”

Both the gates were thrown wide open by the stout porter—who evidently expected nothing short of a carriage with two footmen at the back of it—and Walter, having whispered to the cabman not to let the boy out of his sight, rushed forward, and

said hurriedly, "Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar are lodging here, I believe." But no sooner had the question passed his lips, than without one word in reply, both the gates were instantly flung back again with such vigor of indignation, that they nearly knocked the sailor into the road. Boiling with passion at such treatment from "a pampered menial," Walter again thundered at the gate. Instantly the little square wicket was opened, and as the sailor looked through the wire bars, he saw a large mouth and a double chin wabbling away behind them, as it said, "Hif you hain't hoff this hinstant, young man, hi'll give you hin charge."

The crowd that had now collected round the gates, informed Walter, to his horror, of his mistake.

The sailor, though ready to wreak his vengeance on the boy, was still afraid to offend him lest he should stubbornly refuse to give him the true address of his father. So he returned to the cab and pretended to take the trick all in good part, and to laugh at the "good joke" Dando had played off upon him. At last he began coaxing him—he told him how long it was since he had seen his father and mother, and promised all sorts of rewards to the boy, if he put him in the way of meeting them.

Dando saw that his companion was intent upon finding out the Farquhars' residence, and that he would have great difficulty "in giving him the slip." So he thought to himself for a moment how he could possibly manage it, and at last he burst out crying, saying, "I'm sure I'd tell you directly, sir, if I only know'd where they was a stayin' on—boo-oo! I never was at the house you see, but I heer'd old Half-a-liver, you know, say it was somewhere about here, only where it was I can't call to mind just now, you see—you've flurried a cove so, you have—boo-oo-oo." Then suddenly leaving off crying, he looked up and said, as another trick flashed across his mind, "But I thinks we can hear on 'em at the 'Logical Gardens, Regency Park."

"Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park!" exclaimed Walter, suspicious of another hoax, and looking intently at the boy, who stared as hard at him.

"Yes, the 'Logical Gardens, please, sir!" replied Dando, sticking to the place—for he knew the quarter well, having often held horses there on Sundays. "Old Farquhar, I heerd tell, brought over with him some curious hanimal as he's werry fond on—either a pet snake, or a sacred bull, or a fancy helephant—

and he's been and put it there to board and lodge with the kimpany."

This sounded quite peculiar enough to Walter to look true, so he patted the lad on the head, and told the cabman to drive as hard as he could to the gardens.

Once there, and the admission money paid, Dando led the credulous Walter through the gardens, under the tunnel to the menagerie on the other side of the road. Pretending to be looking about for some particular keeper, he seduced Walter on to the patent iron round-about gate, which Dando well knew would only turn one way, and was arranged so as to let visitors *out of*, but not *into*, the gardens.

The "young monkey" having got the artless sailor thus far, said, with a look of great simplicity, "I can't see the keeper I wants, any where, sir; I think we had better ax over at the lodge arter him, 'cos I knows he can tell us all about your guv'nor directly."

"Very well," said Walter, standing still for the boy to lead the way.

"Harter you, please, sir; hage afore honesty," answered Dando, pulling his head into a bow by means of his front hair. "Through this here gate, please, sir," he continued, turning the tall iron turnstile for Walter to pass through the cage-like outlet.

And when the sailor had done so, he stood in the road waiting for Dando to follow him. Finding, however, that the "young monkey remained on the other side, he said, impatiently, "Well, come along! come along!" But the boy only leaned his forehead against the rails, and answered, "No, I thankee, old Stick-in-the-mud, I likes this side o' the 'edge the best—it's so werry safe, you see."

Walter, suspicious of another trick, tried to get back through the gate again, and pushed and pushed at the iron twirl-about, but all in vain, while the lad, with a half-leer, said, "It ain't no use a shoven' at this here gate, old Buttons. You won't get it back agin, no more nor a suvran from Joseph Hady. Her Majesty's guv her letters patent for this here dodge."

"If you don't come through, you young scamp, I'll half murder you, I will!" roared Walter.

"Ah, that's werry kind on you to say as much," replied Dando, quietly. "You couldn't step in here and do it, could you, please, sir? Don't stand on no ceremony, I begs on you, old cock."

"Ah, you've done me, you young scoundrel!" returned Walter, "but I'll have you yet;" and running across the road, he dashed through the gates on the other side of the way, and rushing past the lodges, scampered down the broad path by which they had entered.

Dando no sooner saw the coast clear, than he passed through the gate, and taking to his heels, was soon safe at "MOTHER RED CAP's," in Camden Town, waiting for the next 'buss to take him home.

CHAPTER XVII.

No sooner had the "young monkey" reached home, than afraid to face either Nelly or the major, he sneaked into the parlor. After he had whiled away two minutes in twisting himself round and round on the music stool, and another minute or so in endeavoring to play the piano with his heels, he began to find the time hang heavily on his hands, and had the native servant into the room to see whether he could make matters more lively by torturing him.

As soon as the poor fellow had finished salaaming the "young monkey"—who sat enthroned in the large chintz-covered easy-chair—he drew himself straight up, and said with a smile, "How you do, sare? I come behold your harnarable face. I, Ramjan Khan, makee prarper compliments, Sahib."

"And lay it on pretty thick too, old Raspberry Jam Can.—Now why can't you call yourself Muster Raspberry Jam Pot, like a gen'elman?" replied Dando. "Here, come and fan us, old Hasphalte Pavement, with one of these here," he added, pointing to one of the fire screens which stood on each side of the stove, like the banners to two invisible mutes.

The native advanced, salaaming at every third step to the urchin. At last, while in the act of making his bow of profoundest reverence, Dando—with a quick eye for the niceties of leap-frog—observed the tempting "back" the Indian presented, as his head nearly touched the carpet, and crying, "Stop like that there, old Midnight," leaped from his chair, and jumped right over the man's head, shouting out while in the air, "Tuck in your tuppenny, stupid!"

As the bewildered native rose and adjusted his turban, which had been nearly knocked off, he said, "Dontee make bobbery, Sahib. I look upon your excellency as my father."

"Werry good," answered Dando, "then if that there kick puts you in mind o' your father, may be this here punch o' the head'll give you a wivid recollection of your mother," and the lad threw the arm-chair cushion right into the native's face. Then, before the man could recover from his surprise, the "young monkey" seized one of the bolsters from the sofa, and went prancing like a horse sideways toward the black, saying, as he rushed full charge at him with it, "And p'rhaps this here poke in the bread-basket'll send you slap into the buzzum of your family;" and as the poor fellow gasped for breath against the wall, and rubbed his stomach, Dando asked, "How d'ye like that there, Muster Hinjin Hink?"

But the native, civil to the last, smiled obsequiously as he strove to fetch his breath, and at length stammered out, "Master plenty clever man, but makee too much knock. Little knock I like—not too much knock, Sahib."

"Well, then, you throw a flip-flap, and I'll let you hoff," old Warren-thirty-the-Strand," said the "young monkey," grinning.

The man again salaamed, and answered, "I no understand, Sabib. Major he empeloy me, 'cos I too much clever. Master tell flip-flap. I know plenty many things, not know flip-flap."

"What! d'ye mean to tell me, you mahogany Himpstor," cried Dando, indignantly, "that you can't throw yerself head over heels forty times running without stirring from the place?"

"Yes, sar! dat all same what I say," answered the native, with a look of profound respect.

"Then it's all Walker, the tuppenny postman, and that's what *hi* say," continued the "young monkey." "Oh! for to go for to tell a cove sich a bouncer, when you knows that where you comes from you're hall on you a pack of Hingy-rubber Incredibles, with a universal jint to hevery limb in your bodies. Why, there haint' a fam'ly on you, but what, when you goes hout a walkin', you does it huysted hup on each other's shoulders—four sons and a father high—wus nor the Bedgown Harabs. Yes, there you goes a swellin' it along on a Sunday, with the governor underneath, and all the boys piled up one atop of another over his head, and the young 'un at the top o' hall a holdin' out the babbies, one in each hand. Come now, Rasp-

berry Jam Pot, Esquire, you huyst us up, and I'll stand on your head, all the same as if I was 'a man and your brother,' as we says at Hexeter 'All. Come, look alive!" the boy added, as the man stood against the wall like a statue.

But the abject native, with another salaam, only answered, "What for lookee alive? Master tell make flip-flap! What use make flip-flap? Flip-flap make fall. Master make very good noise. Major tell go away!"

"Come, drop that gibberish," replied Dando, flipping him with the end of his handkerchief. "There's a flip without any flap for you. But I'm not a goin' to let you off so heasy, my blackbird. If you can't come the Bedgown Harab touch, I suppose your edication ain't been so neglected, but what you can chuck the balls about like Rummy Sammy, or Puckins's steam gun! So down you goes, cross-legged, like a tailor," he continued, forcing the unresisting man on to the carpet. Then taking from the grate the two brass balls that ornamented the hobs, he gave them to the smiling native, and insisted on his "chucking them about."

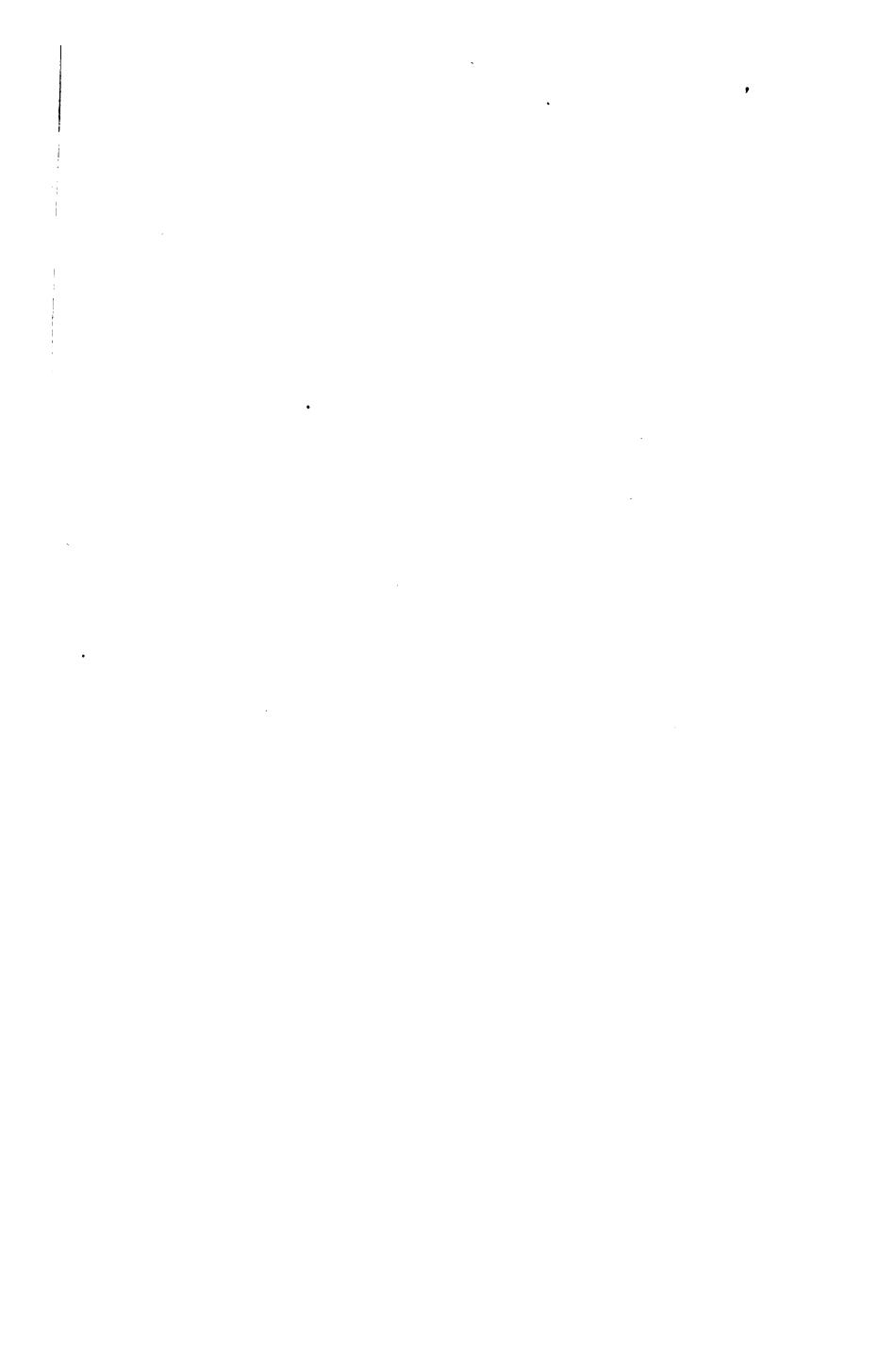
But the man only held the balls one in each hand, and shook his handsome head, and laughed with an almost childish simplicity. Dando, however, insisted on the performance, and seizing the poker and tongs, leaped up into the easy-chair, and seating himself right on the top of the back, so that his feet rested on the two arms, instantly began pretending to play the fiddle, while he shouted out, "Strike up, you catgut scrapers! Chuck the balls about, Blackee! Now then, on we goes agin! Over your head, under your harm, round your neck, through your legs, and keep the pot a bilen'."

Still the native only smiled, as he held the bright brass balls poised in his brown hands, and again the cowed man shook his handsome head, as he looked up imploringly at his boyish tyrant.

At last, Dando—tired of "stirring him up with a long pole," as he called it, which consisted in dirtying his white dress with the black poker, and shouting out all the time, "Go it, you cripple"—leaped down from the chair, and commenced a wild dance round the poor native, who still held the two balls poised in his hands—all the time beating the poker and tongs together in the marrow-bone and cleaver style, until the Indian, jumping up, entreated him to desist, crying, "Master make too much var good noise. The Major Doory up-i-stair plenty sick, and



A CONCERT, AND RUMMY SAMMY'S PERFORMANCE.



make slumber. That time he make wake he tell Ramjan Khan, 'jā, o tum, sawār.'"

However, Dando took no further notice of the Indian's appeal, than pinching the calf of his leg with the tongs until the poor fellow danced again. Suddenly, as a new thought struck him, the "young monkey" upset the arm-chair so that its back was on the ground, and having unhooked the bell-pulls, harnessed the black with them to his imitation sledge. Then putting his hand to the corner of his mouth, he blew an imaginary horn, as he made the man drag him round and round the room, until Nelly, attracted by the noise, thrust her head in at the door, but, seeing who was there, quickly closed it again.

Luckily for the native, Dando grew alarmed, and jumping from his chariot, listened at the door until the coast was clear, when he made the best of his way up-stairs, and locked himself in his bed-room.

Ramjan, when he had unharnessed himself from the bell-ropes—afraid lest the major might rebuke him, in his usual not very mild terms, for the noise—sat down to write an explanatory letter. It was one of those curious Anglo-Indian epistles, which always consist of the grandest words and finest compliments the natives are acquainted with, and began as follows:—

"Fatherly Sir,—Greatly laboring for fearful apprehension, I take liberty of coming to you in letter, and submissively beg to prostrate these few degenerate and humiliating lines at your honor's most philanthropic feet, and of throwing my most unfortunate melancholy at your charitable arms with bended knees. If I make not small obliteration, your honor's humane and generous goodness will dictate condemnation against my most lamentable case. Most Fatherly Sir! there is none any people (effective of various denominations) than your miserable, and most admirable petitioner, what have no other benefactor, nor no other protector, than the sensible benignity of your excellency's reverence. With infinite humility, and humble submission, I humbly beg leave to remonstrate for the child-master, what, in my patriarchal duty, have suffered too much poke in his most respectful bread-basket, what was carried into production at your merciful and upright honor's most sublime parlor this very to-day, toward your most abject and contemptuous of slave, what is an act of justice—"

At this point the letter was brought to a hasty conclusion, by

the sudden ringing of the invalid's bell, and the native putting aside his curious epistle, hastened up-stairs.

As the man entered the darkened room, the major—who was lying on the sofa—said, as he rubbed his eyes, "*Jhilmil uthāo.*"

The native, in obedience to his master's orders, pulled up the blinds, and having done so, salaamed, and waited for further directions.

"Where is your young master?" continued the major, without even condescending to look at the man.

"Up-i-stair, Sahib!" replied the Indian, with another salaam.

"*Us se kaho yahān ā, o,*" continued the major, bidding him tell the boy to come to him; and as the black still stood at the door until he was ordered in plainer language to quit the room, the sick man added, "*Chale jāo ! rukhsat hai*" (go away! you have leave).

The invalid had been trying to take his evening's nap on the sofa, but his mind was so filled with the events that had taken place that morning, that he could get no rest for thinking of them; and he turned them over and over again in his brain as he lay on the couch with his eyes shut. "There could be no truth in what the scoundrel sailor had said," the major thought to himself. "And yet he spoke so earnestly, one could hardly fancy a man could tell a lie so boldly. But, pshaw! it was easy to see through the fellow's motive. If he could have made me"—the sick man went on—"believe the poor lad up-stairs to be an impostor, and have substituted an accomplice in his place, to bear him out in his falsehood, why, of course, the fellow expected I should have handed over my girl to him without a murmur, and then he and his scoundrel friend would have shared my wealth between them. And, on the other side, what motive *could* there be? Even supposing Vyse would have lent himself to any such trick, and had wished to palm off some false boy upon me," the major continued, "didn't it stand to reason he would—for the mere reputation of his school—have chosen a well-educated lad at least, and not one like the poor child he handed over to me, who could scarcely speak two words of English properly. Besides, every thing tallied so exactly with this. Didn't the schoolmaster write to me out in India," added the sick man, "and tell me how backward my boy was, so that had the lad been clever, there *might* have been some cause for suspicion. Again," said the major to himself, as a fresh thought struck him, "the Farquhars have got their

son. I have seen him with my own eyes. And did the boy look like one who would be party to such a wicked deceit? Further still, there is no getting over that letter the Farquhars themselves showed me when we were up at Nagpore together: and didn't it say Walter Farquhar was studying the law in Mr. Impey's office; and yet the scoundrel sailor wanted to make out that at that very time Walter Farquhar was at sea. Pooh! the whole trick is as transparent as the air," cried the invalid, turning round on the sofa, and trying to dismiss the subject from his mind.

But it was impossible to drive the question from his thoughts. "He had never known his girl, even as a child, make herself party to a falsehood, and he would not believe that now she was grown a woman she would lend herself to so base a one. Had he not always taught her that she was the daughter of a '*gentleman*,' whose honor was dearer to him than his life? Had not his first lesson to her been that, to be the '*lady*' he longed to see his girl, she must, above all things, be truthful? And could she now have so forgotten all his tutorings, that she would give up father, brother—ay, and even her honor—for the sake of this man, whom she had known not yet half a year, and whom he had made the schoolmaster prove—in her very presence—to be an impostor? And yet was it not mere every-day nature after all?" the soldier added, with a shake of the head. "A father prates and prates to his girl of honor for nineteen years, and at the twentieth, a big-whiskered vagabond steps in, and, with a squeeze of the hand, undoes all that it has taken a parent years to do. Ay! a father builds up what he—poor dotard—imagines to be a tower of strength; he lays down precept upon precept, and piles up maxim upon maxim, till the fortress seems based upon such a rock that no force or stratagem can prevail against it; and yet, while in fancied security he slumbers after his good work, up starts some handsome, honey-tongued fellow, who, with a wave of the hand and a glance of his black eye, sweeps away the cobweb citadel, and tumbles the stronghold of glass to the ground. But still—no, no! it could not be. He would have staked his life upon his Nelly. The boy must have been playing some cruel joke upon his sister. However, he would see the lad, and try and gather some explanation from him.

When Dando entered the room, he fully expected he was going to receive a sound lecture, previous to being handed over

to the police. So, as he turned the handle of the door, he drew a very long face, and kept himself in readiness to burst out crying at the shortest notice. And he hung his head, and dragged one foot after another, as he played with his fingers, and—though the major told the boy several times to come to him—still he stood out in the middle of the room, and merely sniveled in answer.

"Didn't you hear me speak to you, Hugh? I told you to come here," said the sick man, half angry, and yet speaking half kindly to the lad.

Dando, when he heard the major still call him Hugh, felt confident that Nelly had not yet told her father what he had confessed in the morning. So he gained courage, and, determining to win the old man over to his side before the girl should speak to him on the subject, he advanced toward the sofa, and set himself down on the edge of it, close to the invalid, saying, in his most pathetic manner, "What is it, father dear? can I do any think for you?" and immediately afterward he added, as he looked at the major's *robe de chambre*, "Oh, my hi! you've been and lost a button off your dressin' gownd."

"My boy," continued the major, solemnly, and without noticing Dando's irrelevant remark, "you are the son of an officer and a gentleman, who has ever looked upon a lie as the meanest thing that a man can be guilty of, and it has always been my prayer that my child should have the *courage* at least to speak the truth under any circumstances. So I hope you will answer the question I am about to put to you truthfully."

Dando felt convinced—from the major calling him so unmistakably his son—that the above appeal could have no reference to the subject he dreaded. So thinking what could be the meaning of it all, his thoughts wandered to a box of the invalid's gelatine lozenges he had taken off the drawing-room mantel-piece the day before, and he was just about to protest "he had seen the nigger eating on 'em," when the major continued, "Answer me now, Hugh! Did you tell your sister yesterday evening that you were not my son?" and he looked at the boy steadfastly, as he waited for his answer.

"Oh! ain't that a jolly whopper, just!" answered Dando immediately, with as much indignation as he was master of, though, as he said the words, he turned his head away, and pretended to be busily engaged with the tassel at the end of one of the sofa bolsters.

"But come, look me in the face, and tell me plainly, sir—did you or did you not say so?" continued the major, raising himself on his elbow, to watch the lad's expression.

The street boy, as bold as brass, immediately turned round, and fixing his eyes upon the major, said, "No, please, father dear, I'm sure I never did no sitch thing."

Old Burgoyne, who prided himself upon being "a bit of a physiognomist," and that he could read a person's thoughts in his face, no sooner saw that the boy didn't move so much as a muscle, than he felt more certain than ever that the whole affair was only another falsehood got up by "that scoundrel sailor." Still his soldierly pride made him wish to find some excuse at least for Nelly's conduct. So he took the boy's hand, and asked, "Now, are you certain you said nothing of the *kind*, Hugh—just to have a bit of fun with your sister—nothing that she might construe into such an assertion?" and as the boy hesitated, he added, "Now speak out, Hugh—like the son of a gentleman. Remember I shall only be angry if I find you hide any thing from me."

"Oh! ah! yes! to be sure!" replied Dando, looking up at one of the fluffy clouds painted on the blue ceiling. "Now I recollect I *did* say I worn't exactly myself—meaning, you know, I worn't worry well—no more I wor, father dear, for I eat twopen'orth o' toffy, and a great big whopping sop in the pan right atop o' that, till I declare I wor stone blind with the bile agin, you see."

"There, never mind that—never mind that!" interrupted the impatient and irritable major, "but go on with your story."

"Well, you know, Nelly fancied I meant I worn't her brother, so up jumps her dander, you see," continued the "young monkey," throwing out his arm to give proper emphasis to his speech "and she says to me, says she, 'Oh! you bad, bad, wicked boy, for to go for to say you hain't Hugh Burgoyne.' I couldn't make out what she wor at then, but now I sees it all. Oh! ain't she so jolly green, father dear?" he added, looking up innocently in the old man's face.

"Ah! I thought it would end in some foolish mistake like this," said the major, too willing to side with the boy he thought had been so cruelly neglected. "But didn't you tell your sister that you didn't mean any such thing?"

"Oh, yes!" answered Dando directly; "but you see Nelly don't like me. She's had a spite agin me, you know, 'cos I

said you was a werry good father to us," he added, remembering the girl's own words, and artfully turning them to his own purpose. "And so you is, father dear," he continued, in a caressing tone, stroking the old man's cheek. "I'm sure you always gives me as much tin as I wants." Then breaking off, he added, "Oh! didn't I see a plummy squirrel on a French cove's harm in Regent-street to-day! Crikey! if he hadn't a tail as long and round as a roly-poly pudden'. He'll crawl right up the sleeve o' your coat, and heat sugar out o' your mouth, upon my word he will." Then kneeling down on the floor, and putting his cheek next the old man's, he said, in his softest and most affectionate tone, "Please, mayn't I buy the skuggy, father dear? He's only five bob, or the cove said he'd take a hold pair of trowsers; and I'm sure them there five dozen o' nankeens o' yours up-stairs ain't no use to you now."

"No, no, Hugh! you should never think of such things," replied the major, not over pleased with the idea of the son of an officer and a gentleman wishing to sell his father's old clothes. Then drawing out his heavy purse, he gave the boy double the money he had asked for, and kissed him as he added, "There, go and buy your squirrel, and be happy, lad."

Dando twisted the little golden piece over and over in his hand; while looking at it he answered, "Oh, ain't you a jolly old guv'nor, that's all!" and went hopping from one pattern of the carpet to the other, out of the room.

When the artful boy had left, and the major, once more alone, began to chew the cud of what he had heard, he thought of how his daughter had been so fascinated by this "scoundrel sailor," that the fellow had got her to hate her own brother, and had so turned the girl against her father, that she could not even bear to hear his son speak well of him. And again he felt convinced within himself that the fellow did it solely for the money he might get by the marriage. And the sick man cursed all his money, and wished he were a beggar for his daughter's sake.

Then came the horrid thought, that when he was no more, the girl that he had reared to prize truth and honor above all things in this world, would be linked and bound for life to a vagabond impostor, who had cheated her out of her love; and starting up suddenly with the thought, he cried in an agony, "But I'll be even with them yet! I'll be even with them both, I will! For if my girl, in defiance of all I've said, chooses to

take up with the scoundrel when I'm no longer here to raise my voice against the union, why, not one penny of mine shall he—or she—or child of theirs—ever lay finger on; for the share of my money that should have gone to her and her babes shall go to a hospital instead!" and, fired with the thought, he rang the bell again and again, until the native entered the apartment.

"*Dawāt Kalam Kāghaz lao*," he cried, telling the man to bring ink, pen, and paper, and as the Indian salaamed his answer, he shouted out, "*Joldī jā, o*" (go quickly).

When the desk was brought, and the servant had helped his weak master to totter to the table, the major gave the man permission to leave the room, and sat down to make his will and disinherit his daughter.

But as the solemn words, "This is *the last* Will and Testament," rose to his mind, the sick man thought how nigh to death he was. And the old superstition crept over him, and he remembered the tales that had been told him of how men by making their wills had hastened their end. And his love of life grew stronger as the prospect of death grew clearer, and falling back in his chair he dropped the pen from his hand, for to him the words seemed like the heading of his own death-warrant.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE wretched Vyse, ever since he had seen Walter Farquhar at Impey's chambers, had felt so satisfied that each minute must now hasten the discovery of the "conspiracy," that neither he nor his darling Annie had known one moment's rest in the day or a wink of sleep at night. All the way home from his brother-in-law's office, on the morning of the fearful interview, he had fancied every policeman he saw was "after him," and set to watch him until such time as a warrant should be taken out for his apprehension. Even when he got into the Blackheath omnibus he was tortured by the same suspicious fears. For though he had seated himself at the extreme end of the vehicle, still there was a man near the door who *would*

keep looking at him in a way he didn't half like, and whom—from the unnatural size of his boots—he felt convinced was a policeman in plain clothes. Indeed, when he came to think of it, he could almost swear, from the peculiar cut and bushiness of the fellow's whiskers, that he had seen *that* very face in the witness-box at the Old Bailey—and heard the recorder compliment the man as being one of the most active of the C division—on the very day he himself was waiting there to give his evidence against that scoundrel, with such an elegant address, who had called to know about putting all three of his sons to school with him, and had walked off with poor Annie's gold watch, and his silver-gilt toothpick-case.

No sooner had the schoolmaster reached home and told his poppet of all that had occurred, than she grew as frightened as he was, and the two together only served to increase each other's alarms. Far from venturing across the door-step again, Vyse, wouldn't even allow himself to go near the window, lest he should be seen, and indeed he begged and prayed of "his dearest life" to be allowed to take his meals in the linen-room. But the excellent housewife would not listen to such a thing for a moment, and declared that her Joseph must be mad to think of it. "A nice thing, indeed," she said, "it would be, to have him spilling and slopping his nasty gravy and grease about the place, when he knew there were all those five-and-forty sets of bed-curtains she'd just had home from the wash, to say nothing of those beautiful clean white counterpanes all lying about the place."

Nor could the schoolmaster bear to be left alone for a moment; so, if the duties of the house called "his Annie" down to the kitchen for an instant, "her Joseph" would be sure to sneak down after her, though each time, the good housewife begged to impress upon him, that the kitchen was no place for him, and that, as she never thought of intruding into his school-room, she must beg of him not to come molly-coddling down-stairs.

After he had passed one night without a wink of sleep, his fears—from the very exhaustion of his frame—increased to such an extent, that, unable to rest, the doctor got his wife's permission to dispatch the boy down to Lyon's Inn, "immediately after he had cleaned the knives for dinner," with a letter to Impey, beseeching him to come to him immediately he reached his chambers. But as no Impey came by mid-day, the school-

master again begged his Annie to spare him the "page," for a couple of hours, and got her leave to send him ("directly he had cleaned his plate, and rubbed the dining-tables down"), with another and more pressing letter to the lawyer, imploring him to come to his wretched brother-in-law, even if he charged him professionally for it. Then, as it grew dusk, and still no Impey made his appearance, he once more solicited his "dear old girl" to allow him to send the tiger to town once more. However, the lady insisted on the boy's laying his cloth for dinner before he went—though it was very provoking, and she didn't know how on earth dinner was to be put off for an hour—and all she knew was, that *that* silver side of the round of beef would be done to strings. But though the last letter was written even more imploringly than the two first, still the evening and the night passed, and still no brother-in-law came.

Then Vyse felt assured that Impey had been given into custody by young Farquhar—"or else how was it," he said, "that Sam hadn't been at his office all day long?" Every little sound the schoolmaster heard during the night, he fancied to be some policeman coming in search of him. And he was afraid even to go to bed, lest he should not be able to escape when the officers came. In vain, in his bed-room, to while away the hours, did he try to read his favorite Ode of Horace, "*In sui sæculi luxuriam*," by the light of the rushlight, through the holes of the shade, for, unable to sit still for two minutes together, he threw the volume from him, and paced the room, wishing again and again that he had followed his wife's advice, and confessed it all at the very first—and longing for the daylight to come.

But when daylight *did* come, instead of bringing him any relief it made the wretched schoolmaster worse, for he now saw that of course no policeman would have thought of coming to seize him in the night time, but would rather have waited till the morning, and now, as sure as his name was Vyse, they would call for him the very first thing. And he sat thinking of the noise the disclosures would make in the world, and how it would "look" when it all came out, and how the moral reputation, which had been the darling object of his life, and which he had fagged and worked for nearly thirty years—ever since he had worn a white cravat—would be now all tossed into the dirt; and how the mothers would open their eyes, and think of what a lucky escape *their* boys had had; and how his rivals

all round the heath would chuckle and rub their hands as they read it all in the papers. And the schoolmaster trembled from head to foot, for he was the very type of the moral coward, and dreaded punishment, not for the punishment itself, but for the censure of the world which followed it.

Vyse would not let his little wife go from his sight, and shutting himself up with her, in one of the back rooms, he gave orders that he was out to every one; and that, if any one called, the servants were to remember he had gone down to the Norwich Festival. So his darling Annie, after breakfast, got her work-box, and commenced taking in the backs of her dear Joseph's waistcoats, which, with his continued worry of mind, had grown considerably too large for him. The wretched schoolmaster was trying to read "Dodd's Prison Thoughts," groaning over each sentence, as loud as a Welsh congregation, when Mrs. V., pulling her silk measure out from its little ivory castle, rose to take the exact size of his waist. As the learned preceptor stood with uplifted eyes, beating his fingers nervously on the table, while he drew a deep sigh, she unbuttoned his long black coat, and passed the measure round his body.

But no sooner had she ascertained his present dimensions, than she exclaimed, in a pitiful voice, "Oh, Joseph, Joseph! this worry of mind is playing old gooseberry with your fine figure. Gracious me! if you haven't fallen away five nails round the waist since I made those last flannel waistcoats for you. Why just look here, now," and the good soul held up one of her dear Joe's black cloth, gravy-stained vests; "less than a fortnight ago you were obliged to undo the four bottom buttons of this very waistcoat every day after dinner, and now I shall have to take out a large piece as big as my hand, all up the back, to make it fit you tighter than a dressing-gown."

The schoolmaster groaned again, as he thought of the fearful havoc the affair was playing with him, when suddenly, a loud and continuous ringing at the garden gate, announced that some one, who stood upon no ceremony, wished to speak with Doctor Vyse, on immediate and particular business.

Vyse went as pale as if his face had been whitewashed, and rushed with rapid strides to the door. But Annie immediately flew after him, and seizing him by the skirts, held him back, as she asked "Oh, Joe, Joe! what would you do?"

"Let me hide in the garrets! let me hide in the garrets!" cried Joe, in answer, as he struggled to get away.

"Are you mad?" screamed the housewife, "when you know Mary's only just this moment finished washing down the stairs, and they're not yet dry."

"Well, then down in the coal-cellar," continued the wretched pedagogue, dragging his little wife after him, till the stitches of his coat began to crack.

"In the coal-cellar!" cried Mrs. V., in horror, "after that poor cook has hearth-stoned her kitchen so beautifully as she has, and you would go treading the coals all about the place, you unfeeling man."

"Well, then, any where, any where!" exclaimed the doctor, as, hearing the page coming along the passage, he broke from his dear Annie's grasp and rushed into the hall. Stopping the boy, who, key in hand, was hurrying toward the garden gate, he shook his forefinger at him, as he said, "Now, for goodness' sake, be sure and remember, I've gone to the Norwich Festival," and darted into the cap-room, where, having bolted the door, he took down one of the boys' old caps that had been left behind, and forced it on his large bald head, in the vain hope of disguising himself.

Presently he heard the hall door open, and heavy footsteps enter the passage, and almost immediately afterward his wife tapped gently at the closet door, and said in a whisper, "Joe! Joe! dear! you're wanted!"

"U-u-u-gh," shuddered Vyse, as if he had a black draught under his nose.

"Open the door, it's only Impey, love," continued Mrs. Vyse.

"Thank heaven!" cried the overjoyed man, rushing from his hiding-place, with the cap still on.

However, the schoolmaster met with a reception very different from the sympathy and consolation he had expected from the sharp practitioner. For the lawyer, though he would not confess as much to Vyse, was growing alarmed himself, and as his boldness was leaving him, it gave way to a techiness that wreaked itself upon the doctor, whom he called a woman and a big baby, for his fears, and abused for pestering him with no less than three letters yesterday, when he was busy wasting a whole day about the affair, just to save him and his school from ruin.

The schoolmaster bore all quietly, and directly he could get a word in he asked, what he was dying to know, saying, "But for goodness' sake, Sam! tell me how did you get rid of Walter Farquhar?"

"Why, I got rid of him like a man," answered the lawyer, with a sneer, "and didn't go begging and praying, and writing three letters to him, like the big baby that somebody I know is. But I tired him out, though the fellow stuck to me like a bum-bailiff—and what's more, I didn't give him his father's address, after all."

The doctor rubbed his hands in glee, and complimented the little man upon his courage and presence of mind, vowing "he'd give the world for his head and nerves, he would."

"But wait a bit, old fellow, you needn't be quite so jolly over it," answered the lawyer, without a smile—"I've got a nice little bitter pill for you to swallow before we've done."

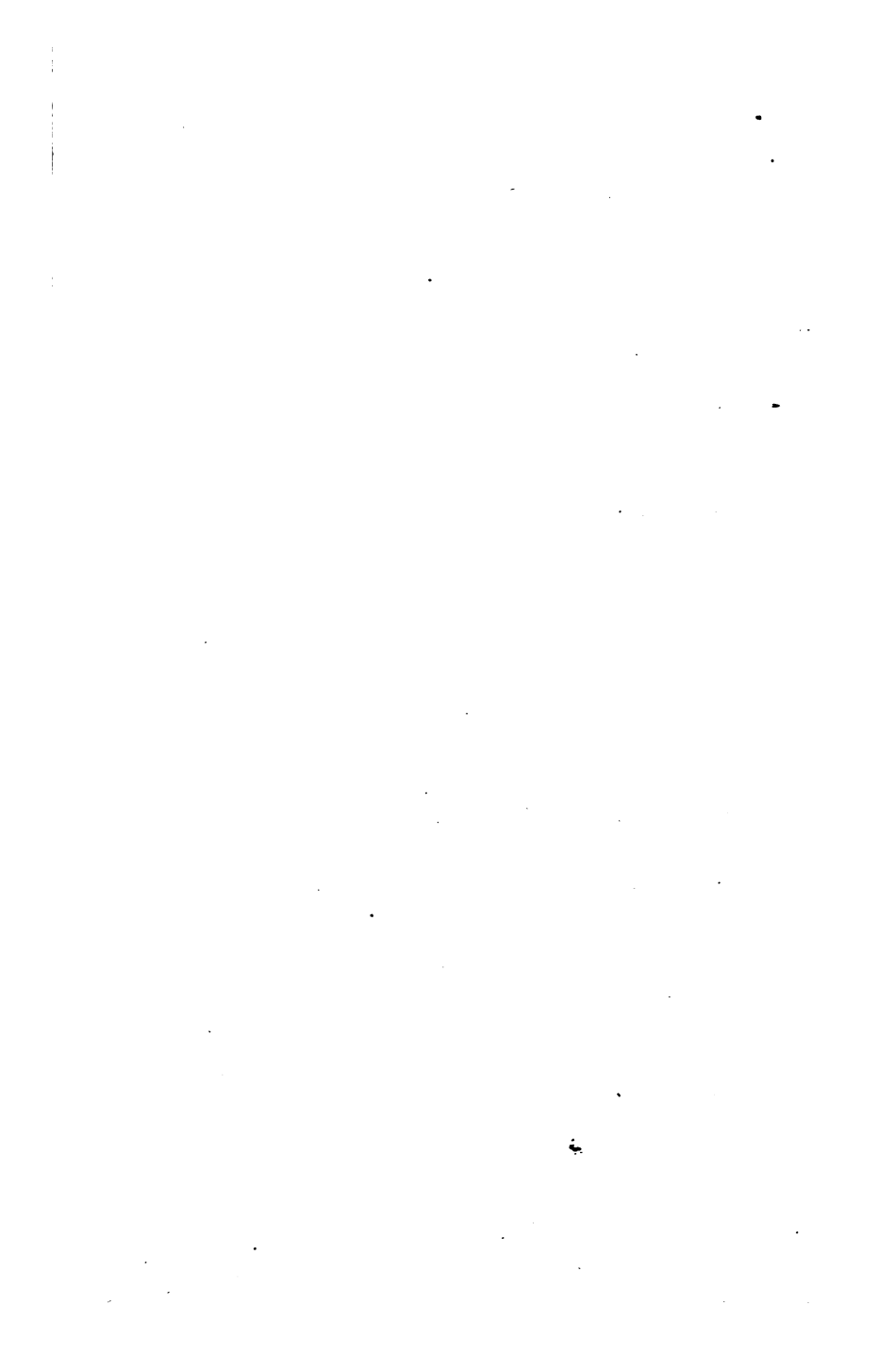
"Gracious! what is it, Sam?" replied Vyse, with a wry face, as he in vain tried to make up his mind to gulp it down like a man.

Then Impey related to him how he'd been down to the docks at Blackwall, to try and learn when the "LADY MACNAUGHTEN" sailed again for India; but, though he had treated some of the men who were discharging the cargo of the vessel, still he had been unable to get any positive information on the subject. Then he had gone to the Jerusalem Coffee-house, in the hopes of meeting with the captain. But being unsuccessful there too, he had even stepped on to the owners in Broad-street Buildings, and there he had learned it might be six and it might be nine months—or even a year—before the ship sailed again, for it had to go into dock, and it all depended on the repairs. So Master Joseph would see that it wasn't quite so easy to get rid of the sailor-fellow for some time to come; and, hang the boy! he was so self-willed and obstinate, that there's no working him any how;" and the lawyer—whose ingenuity was all that Vyse had to rely upon—wound up by saying, "that now he was at his wit's end, and, by heaven! he saw nothing but ruin—inevitable ruin—staring them both in the face."

The learned preceptor, without an answer, turned round, and leaning his head on his arm against the door, blubbered aloud, lifting up first one leg and then the other, like the rammers of a crushing machine. This was too much for the nerves of the good housewife—ay, and good little wife, too—for she went up to her dear Joe, and laying her hand on his shoulder, said, "Come, don't take on so, love, or, dear me! I shall be having you laid up ill;" then turning to Impey, she added, angrily, "Ah! you're killing him by inches, you are, Sam! He hasn't slept a wink



DR. VYSE REPENTETH WITH FEAR AND TREMBLING, AND SOME
BLUBBERING.



for the last two days, nor eaten as much as would lie on a sixpence, I'm sure;" and again addressing Joe, she continued, "Now, my pet, do 'ee try and eat just a cup of that nice, strong, warm calves-foot jelly I've got on purpose for you," and as she patted his broad, whiskerless cheek, she added, coaxingly, "Now, he will, won't he—just to oblige his Annie dear—won't he, Joey—eh?" and she looked up with a smile.

But the wretched Joey, feeling some one pushing violently against the door from without, turned suddenly away, and quickly brushed off his tears, because it would "look so" to be seen crying by the servants. As the page entered, the schoolmaster marched up and down the room, with his eyes shut, whistling, or rather blowing, the "Hundredth Psalm" between his teeth.

"Please, mum," said the page, handing Mrs. Vyse a card, "a lady wishes to speak with you *hin*"—and as the schoolmaster opened his eyes, and glanced a dagger at him out of the corners of them, the boy added, "*in* the reception room—Miss Buggoyne, mum!"

Vyse's jaw fell, and he stood with his mouth open as wide as one of the French toy nut-crackers, till Impey trod suddenly on his corn, exclaiming, "Show the lady in directly! show the lady in directly!" and when the page was gone, he added—as Annie was cramming her Joseph's waistcoat and things under the cushion of the sofa—"Why, you donkey, Joe! it's the best thing that could have happened. Thank heaven I am here to see her, that's all!"

"What on earth do you intend to do, Sam, with the dear?" asked Mrs. Vyse, who had seated herself on the sofa so as to hide the spot where "her work" was hidden.

"Why, confess the whole to the girl," answered Impey, hurriedly. "Old Farquhar, the day he dined at my house, told me the young sailor was head over ears in love with the girl, and, of course, she'll be able to do any thing with the fellow. Gad! I knew there was some way of getting out of the mess, and this is the very thing I've been after for the last two days, only I couldn't hit upon it. By Jove, it's worth a hundred pounds to us, old boy!" he cried, slapping Vyse on the back till he quivered again with the blow, like a huge tuning-fork. Then turning to Mrs. V., who was busy arranging her cap in the glass, he added, "There, Annie, come! you'd better toddle, or we shall have you spoiling all;" and he led her to

the door, and pushed her gently out, just as she was beginning to bob and courtesy to Nelly, who was coming down the passage.

"How do you do, Miss Burgoyne? how do you do?" said Impey, blandly, as she handed in the young lady, and then shut Mrs. V. effectually out. "Pray be seated," he added, placing a chair, with his most insinuating smile. "Can my brother-in-law, Dr. Vyse here, have the happiness of offering you any refreshment? A glass of Madeira and a biscuit, now, I am sure will not hurt you after your fatiguing ride," he said, bowing, and rubbing his hands.

"No, I thank you, sir," answered Nelly, blushing, "I came down here to see Dr. or Mrs. Vyse *alone*."

And so the poor girl had. She had started immediately after breakfast, before her father was up. For the whole night through she had been thinking which was the best way for her to find out whether what she had heard could all be true or not. There was no chance, after what had taken place the day before, of her making her father believe that wicked boy at home to be an impostor, unless Doctor Vyse himself confessed as much. Besides, if the story should prove false, she must never see Walter again. Moreover, she dared not go to the Faquhars with such a tale, until she had been assured of the truth of it. So she had come down to the Minerva House to solve the tiresome riddle, and if all Walter and the boy had told her should really prove correct, to entreat either the school-master or his wife to go back with her to town, and say as much to her father.

"Good Heavens! she has come down to see me *alone*!" said Vyse to himself, as he felt satisfied in his mind that *that* boy Dando had "let out" the whole affair. So, wishing to keep Impey by his side, he said, "I have no secrets from this gentleman; it is my brother-in-law—Mr. Impey, Miss Burgoyne—Miss Burgoyne, Mr. Impey," and he formally introduced them.

"I dare say Miss Burgoyne has often heard the name before," answered the little lawyer, bowing with the grace of a dancing-master; "I have often heard of Miss Burgoyne, though, till this moment, I regret to say, I have never had the extreme gratification of *seeing* her."

Nelly blushed at the compliment, and the lawyer continued—"Indeed, this accidental meeting is most opportune, for I had purposed affording myself the inestimable pleasure of visiting

Miss Burgoyne and her worthy father, on business that *deeply concerns them both*."

"I am sure papa will be happy to see you, sir—that is, if he is well enough," answered Nelly, wondering to herself what Mr. Impey could mean.

"Yes, I have heard of Major Burgoyne's severe affliction," replied Impey, shaking his head with a look of acute agony, while Vyse, in imitation of his brother-in-law, drew his breath in between his teeth, "and I can assure you I sympathized with him from the bottom of my heart. Indeed your papa's illness has made me long for an opportunity of breaking the subject to you, rather than to him. It is of your poor brother I wished to speak."

"Of my brother!" cried Nelly, leaning forward with anxiety; "yes, sir! yes, sir!" she added, as if entreating him to proceed.

Then Impey, after considerable circumlocution, informed her—as dexterously and gently as he could—of the imposition that had been practiced, both upon the Farquhars and her father, taking care to make out that it was all Hugh's own seeking and doing, and ascribing it solely to her brother's love for Walter—his old schoolfellow. "I happened one day, my dear Miss Burgoyne, to mention to Doctor Vyse, in the noble boy's presence, that the Farquhars were in the British Channel, and that I would not take upon myself to answer for the consequences when they knew of their son's flight, and casually mentioning that I shouldn't be at all surprised if it drove the father mad, and broke the mother's heart, when I declare the—a—generous—a—a—affectionate—a—a—magnanimous youth burst into tears, and, falling down at the feet of my brother-in-law here—Dr. Vyse—begged and prayed to be allowed to represent his dear, hare-brained schoolfellow, until such time as we could find poor Walter himself—Hugh never, of course, for one moment dreaming that his own father would return from India for some years to come. So, being mere men, my dear young lady, and having all our sympathies warm about us, what could we do? Why, we really had not the heart to refuse the poor lad."

The girl, pale as ashes, had listened almost breathless to the tale. As the lawyer paused for a minute, she said to herself, "Ah, this, then, accounts for Hugh's not liking to keep his appointment with Walter. If he had not been a willing party to the deception, he would never have staid away from us as he did."

Impey, who had watched her intently, finding that, far from suspecting the story, Nelly was rather affected by it, proceeded—"But we have repented of our weakness ever since, my good young lady; for scarcely had the noble Hugh been at the Farquhars a week, when—as luck would have it—Major Burgoyne, his respected father, quite unexpectedly, came home ill with the fever; and then, the worst of it was, that upon looking into the law of the case, I found—though in the impulse of the moment—the whirl and hurry of our feelings, I may say—we had quite overlooked it—that poor Hugh had laid himself open to a prosecution for conspiracy. So we didn't know what to do to save our young friend from the vengeance of the outraged laws of his country. However, a young gentleman in my office, hearing of the dreadful situation in which your dear, good brother had placed himself, came forward, in the most noble and heroic manner, and volunteered—in a way that brought the tears to my eyes—to act as a substitute for poor Hugh, rather than the fine fellow should suffer the awful punishment for conspiracy; for, little as you may think of it, conspiracy by the last act—I must beg of you to summon up all your courage, my dear young lady—is—" and Impey turned his head away as if overcome by emotion, as he said, in a low, solemn voice—" *transportation for life!*"

Nelly covered her eyes with her hands, and her blanched lip quivered, as she sat dumb with her distress.

"You told me it was hanging," said Vyse, biting his thumb-nail nearly to the quick.

"Yes, very true, my dear doctor!" replied Impey, blandly, as he dug his elbow savagely into the schoolmaster's side—"hanging for the principal instigator, my dear brother, and transportation for all others implicated in the conspiracy."

At last Nelly sobbed out, "But Hugh meant no harm; they never could transport him, sir. Oh! my poor, poor brother!" and she wept aloud.

Impey gave a deep sigh, and answered, "you see, my dear madam, as I was just telling Doctor Vyse, when you came in, this is not only a '*malum prohibitum*,' but the worst of it is, it's a '*malum in se*.' Besides, the Third of William the Fourth is so stringent, and the twenty-fifth section lays it down so clearly and positively, that 'any persons who shall conspire, combine, confederate, and league together to cheat, defraud, injure, oppress, or aggrrieve any party or parties by divers false, artful,

cunning, and subtle stratagems, tricks, and contrivances, shall be carried, conveyed, and transported across the seas for the term of their natural lives;’ so I really see no chance of escape. For if any one should owe Hugh a grudge, and should make the affair known, why, the attorney-general—however much it might go against the good man’s feelings—would be bound himself to prosecute in the name of the queen, and any party trying to hush the matter up would be guilty of compounding a felony.” And then, fancying he had bewildered and terrified the poor girl enough with his law terms, Impey stopped for an instant; while Nelly thought to herself of the horrible threats of vengeance Walter had uttered against her poor brother.

In the impulse of the moment she cried, “Oh, Mr. Impey! and Walter—that is—young Mr. Farquhar—is in England, and declared to me only yesterday, if he found out that Hugh was passing himself off for him, he would make him suffer severely for it.”

Both Impey and Vyse looked horrified at each other, as much as to say—“What, then, the sailor has been at the Burgoynes, and told them of the trick, has he?” But the lawyer, with an effort, regained his self-composure, and said, with a smile—“I hope, for poor Hugh’s sake, Mr. Walter Farquhar did not say as much in the presence of the major?”

“He told all,” answered Nelly, quickly, “but my father would not believe him, and called him an impostor.”

“Thank goodness! thank goodness!” cried Impey, jumping from his chair, and clapping his hands with joy as he walked quickly about the room, while Nelly looked on, admiring him for what she fancied was sympathy for her brother. “Thank goodness, there’s some hope yet!” Then, stopping suddenly, the little lawyer advanced to the table, and laying his hands on it, leaned over, as he said, with a smile, “Now *do* you think, Miss Burgoyne, you possess any influence with young Mr. Farquhar?”

Nelly blushed up to her eyes at the question, and hung down her head as she answered, “Perhaps I—might possess—*some little.*”

“Then let me beg of you, my dear young lady—as you would wish to save your brother from a convict’s life—to exert what power you have to the utmost for poor dear Hugh’s sake.” And striking the table, to give emphasis to what he said, the lawyer added, “If Mr. Walter lets a soul know that he has re-

turned to England, your brother is lost to you—*forever* !” and he flung his arms out from him like a popular preacher. “I was coming, this very morning, Miss Burgoyne, to seek your assistance in this melancholy business”—(though, to tell the truth, her father’s house was the last place Impey would have dreamed of going to)—“but the hand of Providence has fortunately guided you to this roof.”

At this moment an omnibus drew up before the door, and Impey, stretching forward to ascertain who the fresh visitor was, saw Walter Farquhar in the act of getting down from the vehicle.

Yes! it was Walter Farquhar, who had come to Minerva House, determined to extort from Vyse his father’s address. After Dando had given him the slip, the young sailor had grown savage, and, late as it was, had hurried off to Lyon’s Inn, determined to wreak his vengeance on Impey. But the lawyer had, luckily for his bones, been all the day down at Blackwall inquiring about the ship; and the sailor found the clerks on the eve of quitting the office for the night. Though they had told him Impey was not there, and had not been there all that day, still the headstrong lad would not believe the tale until he himself had well examined the lawyer’s private room. But finding it unoccupied, Walter felt sure Impey had left London for the purpose of avoiding him but “he’d be even with him yet, for the first thing he would do on the morrow should be to go down to Vyse, and have what he wanted from him.”

“By Heaven! here’s Walter Farquhar himself at the garden gate!” cried Impey, drawing cautiously back from the window, so as to avoid being seen.

Vyse, however, no sooner heard the awful words than he went as pale as Dutch cheese, and gasping like a fish on the grass, made silently for the door. But the lawyer ran and placed his hand against the panel, saying, as the schoolmaster pulled in vain at the handle, “No, Joe! you must not go and meet him! However much you might desire to embrace your former pupil, still, under the circumstances, you must restrain your feelings.” Then, turning to Nelly, he continued, as the garden bell rang violently, “Yes, my dear young lady, *you* must see Mr. Walter alone. *You* must”—but hearing the page running to unlock the gate, Impey opened the parlor door wide enough to put his head out into the hall, and said, “Stop a bit, John,” and then quickly closing it again, continued, “You

must tell him all that has been confided to you, Miss Burgoyne, and beg of him—for your poor brother's sake—to remain quiet for a week or so. Of course, the appeal will have a double force coming from a lady, and that lady the poor boy's sister."

"I will! I will!" cried Nelly, enthusiastically, as she rose from her chair.

"That's right, my good young lady!" proceeded Impey quickly, as the bell rang a second time. "You step into the reception room, and speak to young Mr. Farquhar there *alone*. And, do you know," he added, as if quite casually, as he led the unsuspecting Nelly to the door, "it might be as well if Mr. Farquhar was to be kept in ignorance of our being here; so perhaps you had better not mention to him that you have seen either Dr. Vyse or myself." Then pointing to the reception room, he said, as he bowed, "Into *that* room, if you please! the door you see there—directly facing you;" and having told the page to show the gentleman in there also, Impey closed the parlor door again, and double-locking it, drew back with Vyse, and stood against the wall in the farthest corner of the room, so that they could not possibly be seen by Walter as he crossed the garden.

As the servant threw back the door of the reception room, Walter started on seeing Nelly rise to receive him. "What, you here, Nell!" he cried, when they were alone.

"Yes, Walter!" answered the girl rushing beseechingly toward him. "Oh! I have such horrid things to tell you! The fate of my poor brother is in your hands. All you suspected, Walter, has proved true."

"Then it's the worse for your brother, Nelly, that his fate *does* rest in my hands," answered the sailor, his countenance suddenly changing from the look of agreeable surprise, to the expression of pleasing revenge. "For Hugh need expect me to show *him* no more mercy than he has shown *me*."

"Oh, Walter!" continued Nelly, as she clung to his arm, and looked up imploringly in his face. "You do not know what prompted him to act as he has done. It was his love for you, Walter, that made him do it—indeed it was!"

The sailor gazed on the girl, and, as he curled his lip, answered, "Faugh, Nell! Was it *love* for me that made him get me pelted with the hard names, and treated with the bitter scorn I was by his and your father? Was it *love* for me that made him purposely stop away, when I told him that he—bet-

ter than any other—could clear me from the taint that had been put upon me? Bah! is *that* like love? Why look here, girl”—and he seized her by the wrist—“as there’s a God above me, I would have laid down my life for your brother;—even two days ago I would have sworn he would have done the same for me; and when after eight years’ absence I met him, I told him as much, and asked him merely to come and say before his own father that his friend was no impostor, and so uphold the honor that you—his own sister—had made more precious than life to me—and what, in his *love* for me, did he do? Why, he promised me faithfully to come, yes, faithfully, and—he staid away.”

“Be a little more charitable to your old schoolfellow, Walter,” said Nelly, reproachfully. “As yet you do not know the cause of his absence.”

“Nor do I care to know it,” answered Walter, roughly. “*This* at least I *do* know—he consented to let his father continue to think me a rogue, when his presence might have cleared up all. And this he did, mind you, Nelly, after I had told him of our love, and how the dreams that he and I had dreamed in that very play-ground yonder—as we paced it with our arms round each other’s neck, alone, in the holidays—had all come true. If I had had a sister, I would have walked till my feet were blistered to make *him* her husband and my brother.”

“But hear him first, and judge him afterward, Walter,” exclaimed Nelly, with tears in her eyes.

I have no need to hear him,” answered the sailor, as he marched up and down the room. “I have judged and condemned him already, and if, as you say, his fate rests in my hands, why, others will have to judge him shortly.”

“What do you mean, sir?” asked Nelly, haughtily.

“Why, to let him suffer the punishment he has drawn upon himself,” replied Walter, resolutely, taking up his hat, as if about to quit the house.

“Remember he is my brother, Walter!” cried Nelly, in alarm, and running to the door to stop the sailor, “and if you love me you must love those who are near and dear to me as well.”

“He is no more brother of yours, girl, than he is friend of mine,” returned Walter, savagely. “By the same lie that he cast *me* off, he cast off *his father and you* too. By his own lips

he has denied himself—and me—and you, girl—and as he, of his own free will, has rent all ties between us, why, he need look for no mercy at my hands. Besides I'll make him suffer for what he has done, if it's only as a lesson to him for the future."

"As a lesson to him! No, Walter, you will do it with no such view," said Nelly, calmly. "You will do it, not to benefit him, but to gratify your own revenge and injure him to your heart's content. For however bad the act may be, we always like to make a moral principle of it, and to persuade ourselves it is done as a painful duty and not as a spiteful pleasure."

"Well, may be, Nelly!" replied Walter, obstinately; "but you heard me, two days ago, vow to be revenged, if my suspicions proved true, and now that I find that they are true, why, by the Heaven above me"—and the sailor advanced into the middle of the room, and looking up, shook his clenched fist straight above his head.

But before he had time to finish the oath, Nelly ran toward him, and laying her hand upon his mouth stopped him, as she said "Silence, Walter! You don't know what you are about to swear to. Act up to the oath you would take, and my brother becomes—a convict for life."

Walter's uplifted arm dropped down by his side, and he staggered back, and looked half incredulously in Nelly's face.

The girl seeing him astounded at what she had told him, gained courage, and continued, "Yes, Hugh would be transported forever! And yet you, sir, vowing that you love me, would dare to swear in my presence, that you would deprive my poor brother of his liberty for the rest of his days. If you love *me*, sir, you would love all that belonged to me, and rather be the first to defend, instead of the first to injure, any who claimed kindred with me. I loved *you*, Walter, when my own father told me it was contamination to speak with you, and though he called you rogue, I still upheld your honor—for loving you, I had faith in you, and hope of you, and charity toward you. Yet *you*, knowing how much I love the brother that was taken from me in my earliest childhood, have neither faith nor charity for *him*, and would have him torn as a felon from me before I have scarce looked upon him. But go, sir, go! and let your vows of vengeance on poor Hugh wipe out your vows of love for me. Go! and forget the affection you once bore me, as you have now forgotten the affection you once bore your schoolfel-

low. For I could never swear to love and honor that man who swears to hate and dishonor my only brother." And then sinking in her chair, she leaned her head on the table, and wept bitterly.

The sailor stood for a moment looking on the weeping girl. Presently, with his head drooping on his bosom, he advanced toward her, and putting his arm round her waist, he leaned over her and half whispered in her ear, "Come, Nell, I was wrong! I should, I know, have been the first to protect you, and all your family; but your father stung me so deeply the other morning, that I could not help attributing it all to Hugh, and thinking how different it would have been had your brother but kept his word with me; and so I got to feel so full of revenge toward him, that no injury I could inflict upon *him*, seemed to be able to compensate for the wrong he had done *me*. But look, Nelly! on my knees I ask your pardon for all I have spoken," and the sailor knelt beside her, "and I promise you henceforth not to injure a hair of your brother's head."

The girl, in the excess of her gratitude, started up and kissed the sailor impulsively on the forehead, as she thanked him again and again for his generosity. And she got him to give her his word, that he would not make himself known to his father and mother, until he could do so with perfect safety to Hugh; and in return, she told Walter of his parents' address, so that he might go to her brother and inform him of the danger in which he stood.

Then letting down her veil to hide her red and swollen eyes, Nelly prepared to return to town with the young sailor.

As Impey and Vyse heard the door slam to, they came from their hiding place, and stealthily watched the young couple leave the house together. No sooner were they out of sight, than the lawyer slapped the doctor on the shoulder, saying, "There, my boy! what do you think of that? And now, Joe, I'm off to Major Burgoyne's, to make him more convinced than ever, that the young sailor is an impostor."

CHAPTER XIX.

No sooner had Walter parted with Nelly, at the corner of the street where her father lived, than he hurried on to the hotel at which the Farquhars were staying, and immediately on arriving there, desired to be shown into a private room, and requested the waiter to tell "young Mr. Farquhar," *privately*, that a gentleman wished to speak with him alone.

In a few minutes, Hugh, who, fancying it was Impey that had called to see him, hurried down quicker than he otherwise would, entered the room.

Directly the boy's eyes fell upon the features of his old school-fellow, he turned pale as death, and drawing back, tried to sidle up to the door again, keeping his eye the whole time riveted upon the dreaded Walter.

The sailor—who all the way to the hotel, had been vowing to himself to speak and act kindly to the boy—rose from his seat, and taking the paralyzed Hugh by the hand, placed him in a chair, saying, "You need not fly from me *again*, boy! You have no cause to fear *me*, at least."

Hugh had not a word to say for himself, but hung his head, for he now saw that Walter knew he was filling *his* place in *his* home, and he had not the heart to look him in the face, for he made sure he had come to chide him for breaking the first promise he had made him, after so many years' absence.

Walter seated himself directly opposite Hugh, and drawing his chair as close as possible to him, leaned forward, and looking steadfastly at him, said, "Hugh! my mother and father are under this very roof. There is but a flight of stairs now between them and me. For sixteen years I have never set eyes upon them—if they were to come into this very room, the creatures who gave me birth would be utter strangers to me. For sixteen years, lad, I have looked forward to their return to England, as the day when my worse than orphanhood was to end, and my happiness was to begin. You remember, Hugh, when you and I were the only boys at school, that had no parents to go home to in the holidays, how we used to sit alone in the school-room, and talk of the happy days that were in store for

us, when we should enjoy our first taste of home. And now my father, and your father are in England. You do not go to yours, and I can not go to mine. There is but one floor between me and those I have longed—till my heart has ached—to clasp in my arms, and yet I dare not stir a step to meet them. And why dare I not, Hugh?"

Walter was silent for a moment, as if waiting for an answer, but Hugh sat dumb, with his head still hanging down, and his eye turned from his friend's gaze.

"Because," continued the sailor, after a time, "you, with a falsehood, have disinherited me—have cheated me out of my parents' love—have ousted me from the place in the home I looked forward to so long to enjoy. Even now, if I went to my father and mother, they would cast me from them, and sneer at me as an impostor—ay! as *your* father did only two days ago."

"Oh, Walter, Walter! you'll break my heart if you talk so," sobbed out Hugh, from behind his hands.

"Had any one told me *you* would have done this," continued Walter, "I would have parted with my life sooner than have believed it. It is true I had been away from you for eight years—but still I did not think that our love, lad, was so slight, and our boyish vows of life-long friendship had been so empty, that time could have made so sad a change in you. Had we not arranged—almost as children—that I was to wed your sister, so that we might be *brothers*, and not mere *friends* for life? And yet, I find, on my return, this brother of mine, that was to be, is the first to turn from me, and—though but one word of his could prove I am *not* the rogue and cheat his father calls me—why, 'my friend for life' sneaks away from me with a lie on his lips, promising to set me right with his father on the morrow—but breaks his promise, only to sink me lower in that father's estimation."

Poor Hugh seized the hand Walter had extended indignantly toward him, and he was about to clasp it between his, when the sailor—who, despite all his kindly resolves, was growing angry, as he ran over the story of his wrongs—snatched it fiercely from him.

"Don't touch me, boy! don't touch me!" he cried; "our hands must never be clasped in friendship again."

"I did it all for your sake, Walter—indeed, indeed I did!" exclaimed Hugh, as he fell upon his knees at his schoolfellow's

feet, and held up his hands before him. "They told me you would bless me when you came back. Oh! I have been tricked and cheated worse than you. If you ever loved me, Walter, spare me—spare me!" he added, as, in a paroxysm of grief, he fell huddled on the ground.

"If I ever loved you, lad!" answered Walter, half soothed by the appeal. "Why, if I didn't love you *now*, a thousandfold more than you love *me*, what vengeance might I not take upon you. Hugh, I might, by making known who I am, send you as a felon from this country forever—almost before you have exchanged embraces with your sick father. And yet, rather than deprive my friend of his liberty, I bear with your father's bitter scorn, and shun the parents that I would give the world to fold in my arms. I might take *your* place here, and consign *you* to a convict's doom; and yet for you, and your dear sister's sake, I still remain an outcast from my own home, and spurned by your father from yours—sooner than that, through me, harm should fall on your head."

Hugh, when he heard this, jumped to his feet, and stretching out his hand, said, as the big tears rolled fast down his cheeks, "Then you'll forgive me the harm I never meant to do you, and shake hands with me once more—won't you, Walter?"

"I shake hands, Hugh, with those only that I believe to be *my friends*," answered the sailor, solemnly, and so saying, he seized his hat, and marched proudly from the room.

After Walter had gone, poor Hugh sat alone, weeping as if his heart would break, till Mrs. Farquhar, who had been seeking him every where, found him, and took him back to the sitting-room again.

CHAPTER XX.

THE next morning Hugh was so ill and feverish, that Mrs. Farquhar would not allow him to get up to breakfast. When she saw the tray she had sent up to him returned untouched, she grew alarmed at the want of appetite she had lately noticed in the lad, and declared that "he was as thin again as when Mr. Impey brought him home to them; and unless something

was done very quickly, they would be having the boy going into a rapid decline."

Whereupon the brigadier, who was lying at full length on the sofa—he'd had it wheeled to the table, and was vainly endeavoring to eat his breakfast Roman fashion—requested to know "why Joanna didn't exert the energies Providence had blessed her with, and send for a doctor;" adding, "she really seemed too lazy to get off her seat."

Accordingly, a neighboring physician was sent for, and when the doctor came, he was of opinion Master Farquhar must have eaten something that had disagreed with him, and that all he wanted was a little alterative medicine to set him quite right again.

But the prescriptions were of no avail. For though the physician called regularly every day, and changed his prescriptions as regularly, still Hugh only grew worse and worse.

At length, on the third day, the doctor told Mrs. Farquhar he felt satisfied there was something on the young gentleman's mind, and inquired of the lady whether she was aware of any cause for pining in the lad.

"Oh, bless me, no, Doctor Bowles!" answered Mrs. Farquhar. "Besides, what could poor, dear Walter have on his mind. No! the more I see of my son's case, the more convinced I am it's precisely similar to that of Franklin of the 18th, who was perhaps one of the noblest fellows that ever raised a hand in his country's defense, and after all, pined and fell away, no one knew why or wherefore."

"Good gracious, my dear madam!" exclaimed the doctor, with energy, as he kept slipping his large diamond ring on and off his little finger, "you really astonish me!"

"Ah! that poor, dear Franklin had a beautiful, fine spirit of his own, doctor, and was one of the prettiest shots and best waltzers, in the whole regiment. Do you know," she continued, determined to drag in one of her Indian anecdotes to a stranger, "when we were retreating from Ramoo, before that horrid Maha Bandoola, Franklin did a thing to save the honor of the British flag, that I'd have given my ears if my Walter had done—only, you see, Doctor Bowles, Farquhar would never allow me to make a soldier of my poor boy."

Then, as the doctor smiled and bobbed his ivory-looking bald head in answer, the brigadier's lady continued—"Oh! Franklin was such a fine fellow, you don't know. We were making the

best of our way through the Tunghee Tareekie—that is the dark pass, you understand, doctor—and an awful situation we were in, I can assure you. We had suffered tremendously both in men and officers, and the few that were left us had only had a very poor tiffin of camel's flesh that day, and we all made certain that at nightfall we should be attacked by the enemy, who never will come out into the field, and fight fair, like men, you know."

"Bless me! you don't say so, my dear madam!" cried the courteous physician, cleaning the glasses of his gold spectacles.

"So what did that dear Franklin do," the lady went on, without noticing the doctor's remark, "but being anxious to save the colors of the 18th, he tore them down, and positively folded them round his waist, so as to hide them under the poshteen he wore. And just to show you, doctor, how such noble acts never go unrewarded—those very colors were the means of saving the fine fellow's life. For, sure enough, just at nightfall, down came the enemy from the hills, knife in hand, upon our men, and slaughtered the whole company, excepting that charming Franklin. And I can assure you, Doctor Bowles—I had it from the brave fellow's own lips—that his life was saved only by his poshteen having opened in the struggle, and exposed the colors round his waist, so that the mercenary scoundrels thought, from the strange dress Franklin seemed to have on, that the fine fellow was some Bahadur, for whom a tremendous ransom would be offered. And yet, not a year afterward, he fell away in the very same way that my Walter is doing, and died just two days before that poor, dear Miss Walkinshaw—who is now Mrs. Major McDammit, and had come out on purpose to marry poor, dear Franklin—reached Madras. However, Doctor Bowles, as you seem to fancy there's something preying on my Walter's mind, I'll keep a sharp watch, and endeavor to find out what on earth it can be."

"Yes! yes! my dear madam!" replied the bland doctor, smiling till he showed the gold prongs of his false tooth; "and in the mean time our young friend had better go on with his draughts, and you must try and get him to eat as much as you possibly can."

"He! he! he!" affectedly simpered the brigadier's wife. "I only wish I could get him to eat like those shocking white ants do in India. I give my word, doctor, I've known them eat half a carpet, and all but the supplement of Rees' Encyclo-

pædia—and that's forty-seven volumes, I'm nearly certain—in one night."

"Dear, dear me!" cried the pompous doctor, pulling on his lavender kid gloves, as a hint that he could not stand another anecdote.

The lady, however, intent upon displaying her knowledge of Indian matters, was determined not to let him off so easily. So begging of him "not to hurry himself," she went on. "Oh! I declare, doctor, those white *ants* eat more than country *cousins*, as that clever creature, Mrs. Colonel O'Guinness used very wittily to say. Now I remember," the brigadier's lady continued with a smile, as the doctor fell back in his chair and assumed a look of intense interest, while he groaned inwardly under the prospect of a second infliction, "when we were up at that beautiful Bangalore—which you know is near Seringapatam, and not far from that lovely river Caverry—Lady McHaggis was going to give a fancy ball at the public rooms, and as I was determined to cut out all the ladies in the cantonment, it struck me that a very pretty effect, and a great sensation, might be produced, if I had a number of those splendid little fire-flies caught—I give you my word, doctor, I've often read a book by the light of them in our verandah of a night—and had them arranged in my dress, by sewing little pieces of coarse net over each of them, so as to keep them in their places, all over my skirt."

"Really a very chaste idea, my dear madam! But pray proceed! I am quite interested, I assure you," exclaimed the doctor, pulling out his large gold repeater, as a polite hint that his time was precious.

"Well! I sent all the way to Madras for my dress—a distance of two hundred and eight miles, let me tell you—and two days before the ball was to come off, back it came in all the splendor of satin and blonde. Every body agreed it was divine. All the ladies they said would be ready to bite their fingers off with envy, and after every one had complimented me upon my taste, my dress was put back again into the little wooden box it had been sent to me in. Well, the evening arrived, and as I was putting the finishing touch to my hair, I said to my servant, 'Now, Ayah, my gown.' But the black thing made me drop the pearl powder puff I had in my hand, for she screamed out at the top of her voice, '*Apah swamy! Mam mam swamy, swamy!*'"

"He! he! capital capital!" simpered the polite physician,

thinking this was the point of the story, and rising from his chair as he buttoned his coat.

"Oh, but that's not all!" continued the resolute lady. "Of course I turned round as quick as lightning, expecting to see a large cobra capella uncoiling itself from the box. But oh, dear, no! it was much worse; for there stood my Ayah holding up all the rags that those dreadful gluttons of white ants had left of my beautiful new dress; and I can assure you the nasty little pigs had eaten right through the box, and made a hearty meal off my lovely blonde and satin."

"Lord, I never heard any thing so entertaining in all my life! But good morning to you, my dear madam! good morning!" cried the wretched—but to the last polite—physician; and before the inexorable lady had time to begin the other Indian anecdote, he saw she had on the tip of her tongue, he had bowed and smirked himself out of the room.

All that day the brigadier's wife kept running over every little circumstance she could recollect, that might in any way affect her son's spirits.

At length, in the evening, while she was engaged in making the cup of strong coffee that the brigadier always took after dinner, it struck her, of a sudden, that the lad must be in love. He was twenty-one in May, and—now she came to think of it—she had noticed the loss of appetite in her boy immediately after his first visit to the Burgoynes, so she had no doubt all his illness arose from his having lost his heart with pretty Miss Nelly.

The brigadier was taking his customary "forty winks" after dinner in his easy-chair, and to make the doze more pleasant, he had made a pillow of the ottoman cushion, and a kind of gout-rest for his legs, by placing them over the back of one of the drawing-room chairs, and resting his feet on the seat. As soon as Mrs. Farquhar had poured out the coffee from the "ETNA," she took it to the drowsy brigadier, and as she held it to his lips for him to drink it without moving, she said, "Do you know, Farquhar, I'm convinced Walter's in love. That's what is making him as thin as a ramrod, I'm sure."

"Nonsense, Joanna," answered the soldier, who had been drinking his coffee with his eyes shut; "the boy's no more love in him than I have, my dearest," and he stretched his head out for another sip of the coffee, which his wife immediately put to his lips.

But scarcely had the brigadier touched the cup, than he started suddenly back, and exclaimed angrily, "It's really very astonishing to me, Joanna, you *will* not make some little use of the energies the Almighty has given you, and mind what you're about with my coffee, instead of pouring the hot stuff all down my bosom, as you have. Upon my word, I shouldn't wonder but what you'll be too lazy to lift the food to my mouth, shortly."

"Gracious! I never knew such an old croaker as you are, Farquhar," answered the masculine lady. "I declare you're worse than that little Tomlins of the Heavies. But without joking, I do believe Walter's up to his eyes in love with—whom do you think?" she asked, as she re-arranged the brigadier's pillow.

"The chambermaid here, I suppose you'll make out!" replied the sleepy Farquhar. "But *do* come and wipe my mouth, Joanna, as if you had got some little life in your body, instead of moving about the room as you are, and allowing all the coffee to remain wet about my neck."

The lady took one of the "d'oyleys" from the table, and did as she was bid, elegantly remarking at the same time, that Walter was quite "spooney" upon Nelly Burgoyne. "Ah, you may pshaw! as much as you like, Farquhar, but upon my honor, the soft-hearted fellow—ever since he called on the major—hasn't eaten any more meat than a palanquin bearer. And, do you know, I've noticed that whenever I've mentioned Nelly's name in his presence, he's gone as red in the face as poor Mrs. Major McDammit."

"I wish, Joanna, you *would* let me have a little peace and quiet after dinner," groaned the brigadier, turning round, "and not keep on bothering me in the way you have been doing for the last two hours, about the boy, when, if you'd only use the intellects Providence has blessed you with, you'd see, in a moment, that it's only a little medicine and good sound sleep the lad wants."

"Oh, fiddle, Farquhar!" answered the lady, indignantly. "The boy wants a nice little wifey-wifey," she added, relapsing into the feminine. But immediately afterward, again assuming the masculine, she said, "and Nelly Burgoyne's just the very wench for him."

"Upon my word, you women," sighed the brigadier, "seem to have your heads crammed full of nothing but millinery and matrimony, and to be all leagued together to try and get one

another married. I do verily believe the whole of your sex, Joanna, might be indicted for conspiracy at the Old Bailey. Matrimony may be very good fun to you, but it's death to us, as the frogs said in the fable, my love. Ah! you won't catch me marrying again in a hurry, Joanna."

"Well, Farquhar! I never knew such a great big, silly fellow as you are," answered the lady, coquettishly. "If the poor, dear boy is in love with Nelly, why, the best thing for him to do is to get married as quickly as possible—especially, too, as the girl will come in for a good lump of money, when old Burgoyne pops off. So, to tell the truth, Farquhar, I shall make a point, at the very first opportunity, of speaking to the dear, affectionate boy very seriously on the subject."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE first thing the brigadier's lady thought it advisable to do—so as to make sure whether Hugh was really afflicted with his first love or not—was to step round to Salisbury-street, Strand, under some cunningly polite pretense, and carefully observe Miss Nell's manner when she told the captivating, black-eyed young puss how ill her poor boy was.

And never was a good woman in this world more thoroughly convinced that she was in the right, and "her husband, as usual, in the wrong," than was Mrs. Farquhar as she kissed Nelly on parting from her, after a good hour's artful sounding, as to the state of that young lady's affections. For no sooner had the brigadier's wife, with a woman's love of exaggeration, told the poor girl "how alarmed she was about her boy, and that she was convinced he was going into a decline as fast as he could," than the tears started to the sister's eyes, and she begged to be allowed to come and watch over him night and day, adding, that she was certain she could make him well quicker than any one else.

Then, again, when Mrs. Farquhar asked Nelly to come and spend the evening with her poor invalid, and saw the girl's eyes sparkle with delight at the prospect of being near the lad,

she felt satisfied that the soft-hearted little gipsy was as madly in love as that little griffin of hers at home.

Glorying in her woman's quickness at discovering a love affair, Mrs. Farquhar's next movement was against Hugh. So, on her return home, without taking off her bonnet, she went up-stairs at once to his room, and seating herself down on the edge of his bed, had scarcely asked him whether he felt better, and whether he liked his nice beef tea, before she said, as if quite casually, "By-the-by, dear, whom do you think I've just seen?"

The sick boy was so little interested in the question, that he merely opened his eyes, as he murmured, "Whom?" and then closed them again, and remained with his arm hanging straight down by the bed-side, as listless as before.

"Why, Nelly Burgoyne," replied the lady, fixing her eyes upon Hugh, to see whether the name brought the red blood back to his white cheeks.

And when she perceived the languid boy grow all alive again, and his dull eye brighten as he started up in his bed at Nelly's name, she felt more convinced than ever that he was head over ears in love with the girl.

"Oh, dear me!—what! we're all alive now, are we? Well, I'm sure you're beginning nice and early," continued the soldier's wife, patting the lad's flushed cheek with evident satisfaction, at the precocious development of his "amativeness." "Ah, he's got his fond, foolish mother's own warm little heart, he has! Now, why couldn't you have told me all about it from the first, you sly young dog you, instead of making such a row, and obliging one to send for the doctor, and the deuce knows what all."

"Have told you what?" asked the boy, half alarmed, and yet half pleased at the idea that Mrs. Farquhar had learned he was not her son.

The lady coquettishly shook her head, and said, as she laughed, and looked out of the corner of her eyes at Hugh, "Oh, yes, Mr. Innocence! very pretty, indeed! of course you don't love Nelly Burgoyne! no, not you—you amorous young Turk, you!"

"Love Nelly!" cried the boy, impulsively, as he clasped his hands together. "Ah, that I do! Not a night passes but I pray to God that soon I may be always with her; and as I lie awake here till the morning comes, I think that if she were

with me to nurse me, how soon I should be well and strong again."

"Heyday!" cried the lady, lifting up her hands and eyebrows with delight. "Well, I had no idea it had gone so far as this, you susceptible young dog. Why, I declare you're worse than that red-headed Captain O'Gorman of ours, for you've only seen Nelly Burgoyne once."

"But I loved her long before I saw her," answered Hugh, feelingly; "and had for years looked forward to the time I could clasp her in my arms."

"Lud' a' mercy me!" cried the lady in astonishment; "and I've been simpleton enough all this time to fancy that you hadn't the heart to say 'boh' to a goose. But I ought to have known better, when young gentlemen take whole days to visit young ladies for the first time."

Hugh paid no attention to what the brigadier's wife said, and, carried away by his thoughts, exclaimed, "Oh, that I could be near Nelly again—but I could not bear to see her giving to another the love I feel I'm dying for," he added, as he thought of the kisses he had seen his sister give to Dando.

"There, there, dear, you needn't talk of dying for Miss Nelly just yet," replied Mrs. Farquhar, who was now in her glory, "for I've seen your lady-love to-day, and can answer for it she's wholly and solely attached to you. Indeed, I never witnessed such devotion in all my life; and as for that wretch you fancy she loves instead of you, I'm sure you needn't worry yourself into a fever about him," continued the old lady, unconsciously referring to her own son, "for old Burgoyne himself only this very day told me he'd sent him off with a flea in his ear."

But Hugh thought only of Dando, and fancying Mrs. Farquhar meant to say that the lawyer's trick had been discovered, and the "young monkey" driven from the house, cried, "What then—it has all been found out—eh?" and he leaned forward and looked intently at Mrs. Farquhar, while he waited almost breathless for her answer.

"Yes! there, now, you make your mind easy," answered the lady; for it *has* all been found out, and the old major himself ordered that vagabond out of his house, telling him that he saw through the whole imposition."

"Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!" cried Hugh, in extravagant delight at what he fancied was Dando's expulsion. And as he thought of his sick parent, he cried, "Oh! when shall I

be able to throw myself at the old man's feet, and call him father?"

"Well, I'm sure you needn't be in such a hurry to leave us," answered the soldier's wife. You'll have to live with the Burgoynes, remember, for Nelly will never leave the major, I'm certain."

"No more will I!" replied Hugh, passionately; "neither of us will ever leave him! We'll watch over and wait upon him night and day, and the little time he has to be with us shall be as happy as the fondest love can make it."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Farquhar, her eyes glistening with joy. "I never was so mistaken in a boy before, in all my life. Why, you're worse than your father was before he got so fat and lazy. But I'm sure there's plenty of time yet for you to think of marrying Nelly, lad."

"Marry Nel—Nelly!" stammered Hugh, as, nearly powerless, his jaw dropped, and he sank back on his pillow. "Marry my own"—*sister*, he had almost said, as the whole of his mistake flashed across his mind, and he saw in an instant that the only imposition that had been discovered was the fancied one of Walter Farquhar, and that his own school-fellow was the "scoundrel" that had been driven from his father's roof. And he turned round and buried his face in his pillow, so as to hide his emotion.

But the brigadier's wife thought her boy was sobbing for very joy; so, leaning over the bed, she kissed him, saying, "There! now, you must make haste and get well as quick as you can, Walter, dear. I thought I knew what was the matter with you, better than all the doctors in the world. "Ah!" she added, shaking her head, "leave a woman alone for finding out a love affair. So come, my boy! dry up your tears, and try and make yourself look as handsome as you can, for I've asked *your own Nelly*, as you call her, to step round and spend this evening with us; and if you'll promise me not to go making a silly of yourself, why, as a great treat, you shall come down for an hour or so after our dinner."

All that afternoon poor Hugh lay tossing about on his bed, thinking to himself what a crisis of misery he had reached. Now, as he grew horrified at the idea of being forced to marry his own sister, he would vow to confess it all; and yet, before the bell-pull was in his hand to summon back Mrs. Farquhar to the room, he would remember the fearful doom that

first Impey and then Walter had told him awaited him on the discovery of the imposition. Next, he would make up his mind to run away from them all, directly he was well, and go on board a ship, as Walter had done. But then the thought crept over him, that while he was away, his father would be sure to die, and Dando would receive his blessing instead of him. No! he would stop and brave the peril of confession rather than that. Oh! they would surely forgive him. The God who heard him say so, knew that he had made himself a party to the wicked lie he had told, only for the love he bore his first friend. But still it *was* a lie, and the boy saw in all the misery he had suffered, and still was to suffer, a judgment upon him, for having gone from the truth. And again he prayed heaven to forgive him his sin, and to lend him strength to confess the cheat, that he felt he himself was too infirm of purpose to acknowledge. And as he grew exhausted with his agony of mind, he wished that death might put an end to his sufferings—and then, he said, as he saw the world fading from his swimming eyes, he would send for his dear old father, and whisper in his ear how bitterly his boy had deceived him, and with his last breath ask his forgiveness, and then—die happy.

CHAPTER XXII.

LONG before the time appointed for Nelly Burgoyne's visit, Mrs. Farquhar had told the lazy brigadier all that had taken place, together with her views and opinions on the subject, followed by a minute estimate as to the old major's property, and her full conviction that Nelly must come in for the better part of it, as being the eldest child. This the brigadier listened to very quietly, as he lay stretched upon the couch near the fire, with his eyes riveted upon the comfortable preparations his wife was making for the sick Hugh upon the sofa at the other side of the room.

At last the sight of the two soft plump pillows Mrs. Farquhar had arranged for Hugh to rest his head upon, was more than he could bear quietly. So looking up with a pitiiful expression,

he said, "I wish to heaven, Joanna, you would exert yourself as much about your own business, as you do about other people's. Now, upon my word, it's really *too* bad the way in which you neglect *me*! Here have you been allowing me to lie ever since dinner, upon this hard, hard sofa, with nothing but this cast-iron bolster to rest my poor head on. Now do, for goodness' sake, Joanna, make some little profitable use of the faculties the Almighty in his providence has blessed you with, and fetch me a nice soft pillow to put under my head. "Ha!" he continued, with a sigh that evidently came from the bottom of his heart, "I shouldn't at all wonder but what you'll have the impudence to ask me to get up and fetch it myself shortly. Well," he continued, as the lady was about to make some reply, "as you seem too lazy to stir from the place, and would rather rob your poor boy than put yourself to the least trouble, why, you'd better give me one of the pillows you've placed so nicely there for him—though where your feelings can be, I can't tell, Joanna."

The grumbling brigadier having been quieted with the pillow, Mrs. Farquhar helped the feeble Hugh down from his room, and laid him on the sofa she had prepared for him.

Then the old East Indian, to rally the downcast boy, turned round on his side, and commenced joking him about his love, but though Mrs. Farquhar sat laughing at each fresh jest, it was as much as the poor lad could do, to keep the tears from streaming down his cheeks.

"This is a sad business, my dear lad!" the brigadier went on; "I'm sorry to hear that you want to make a fool of yourself by marrying—especially when you've got the sad example of your poor father continually before your eyes. Take my word for it, you'll burn your fingers if you go playing with that Hymen's torch. Depend upon it, my dear boy, women are like counterfeit coin—you never know whether they are good or bad till you *ring* them. As for your mother, my dear, she's a regular matrimonial 'smasher,' for the bits of brass I've seen her pass off as being as 'good as gold' is positively alarming."

"Fiddle, Farquhar!" cried the indignant lady, "how *can* you talk such nonsense to the poor boy in the state he is. If he wants to get married, why, let him."

"Of course, Joanna," answered the brigadier, "let him make a jackass of himself, and have a log tied to him all his days, to prevent him from straying."

"What nonsense you do talk, Farquhar," replied the excited lady; "if those are your opinions about matrimony, I think it's a pity you ever allowed me to go talking to old Burgoyne, when we were up at Nagpore, about our boy marrying his girl. Yes, Walter," she continued, turning to Hugh, "the major and I have, over and over again, married you to Nelly out in India—though I'm sure we little dreamed of its coming true at the time. For, as we used to say, just because we wanted you to marry one another, would be the very reason why you'd both go falling in love with somebody else. Isn't that always the way, Farquhar?"

"Yes, my angel," roguishly answered the brigadier, "when people get married, they invariably do just what they ought not to do."

"Oh, you brute, Farquhar!" cried his wife, in answer; but suddenly hearing some one at the handle of the door, she added, in a whisper, "Hush! here's Nelly," and as the girl entered, the lady rose, and putting on her best smile, kissed her, saying, "Oh, I'm so glad you've come, my love! Here's this wretch, Farquhar, has been abusing us poor women frightfully. But, now you can help me, we'll give it him well, we will."

Mrs. Farquhar, however, seeing Nelly standing with her eyes fixed upon her pale-faced brother, stopped suddenly, and led her toward the sick boy, saying, as she pointed to him, "There! just see what havoc you've been playing with my poor Walter, there, you naughty little gipsy, you," and she shook her forefinger playfully at her.

Nelly, from all she had heard, had expected to find her poor brother ill and miserable, but she was little prepared to see him the wretched skeleton he was. His black eyes had sunk deep in his head since she had last seen him, and the unnatural brightness and size of the pupil gave a wildness to his look, and showed the feverish state of the poor lad's brain. His dry lips were parted wide, and drawn down at the corners with an expression of suffering; while his long black hair was all thrown back, and lay in a mass upon the clean white pillow, telling how often the hand had been passed across the aching forehead.

Directly Hugh saw his sister's eyes fixed on him, and felt her lift his hand, and press it gently between hers, his sight grew dim with the tears that flooded his eyes, and believing it was pity for him as Walter Farquhar, and not her love for him as Hugh Burgoyne, that made her look so tenderly upon him,

he snatched his hand from hers, and covered his face, so that he might weep unseen by her.

Mrs. Farquhar, who had been watching them both intently, saw Nelly bite her lip as she strove to keep down the tears which, despite all her efforts, moistened her eyes. So advancing toward the dozing brigadier, she shook him, and whispered in his ear, "The poor girl's dreadfully cut up. She never expected to find him so ill. We had better leave them alone for a few minutes, Farquhar, and let the dear things have a good cry all by themselves."

"Oh! I shall be asleep in five minutes, Joanna, if you'll only leave me alone," yawned the brigadier. "They won't mind me, I'm sure."

"Rubbish, Farquhar! How should we have liked it ourselves when we were courting, I should like to know?" answered the lady, as she pulled the pillow from under his head.

"Then I suppose I must," replied the brigadier, in a tone of extreme disgust, as he rose from his couch with his eyes still shut. Expecting his wife would, of course, be near to help him up, he was no sooner on his feet than he put out his hand to rest his whole weight on her shoulder; but the lady, with the pillow under her arm, was already at the door, and the brigadier nearly fell on the carpet, and woke up with a shock that nearly dislocated every limb in his body.

"Upon my word, Joanna," he cried, quite red in the face, "this is positively disgraceful! The Almighty might just as well have left you without arms or legs, for the use you are in helping me. Now, *do* come here and try and exert yourself for once, and take me up-stairs;" and as she supported him across the room, the brigadier—with his eyes again closed—added, "Perhaps you are not aware of it, Joanna, but you're getting so disgustingly lazy, that I shouldn't wonder but you'll soon be incapable of affording me the least assistance."

Nelly anxiously watched the lazy brigadier as his wife helped him crawl from the apartment, and immediately she had seen Mrs. Farquhar close the door upon them, she ran to poor Hugh, who was still weeping, and threw her arms round him, and kissed him passionately, as she cried, "Oh, my brother! my poor, poor, lost brother!"

The boy—as he heard the words—turned round, and clung to her as he sobbed out, "Thank God, then, you know all, Nelly—thank God!" and as he leaned upon her shoulder and

wept aloud, the sister's tears fell hot and fast upon her brother's cheek.

"And does my father forgive me and pity me, dear sister, as you do?" at last asked Hugh, with his arms still round Nelly's neck.

"No, my poor one!" answered the sister, as she brushed his thick black hair with her hand from his forehead; "your father will not believe the boy at home is not his son."

"Oh, let me go to him!" cried Hugh, in an agony; "let me go to him, and on my knees confess the lie I have told, and how wickedly I have cheated him, and *you* too, dear sister—ay! and myself worse than all. Let me go to him! he will and shall believe that *I* and no other am his son;" and the lad tried to get up from the sofa, but he was so weak, that the little strength he had was exhausted in the attempt, and he fell back again on his pillow.

Nelly, remembering what Impey had told her, and growing frightened for her brother's safety, in case he should make known the imposition, knelt by his side, and kissed him, as she said imploringly, "No, Hugh! you must remain quiet where you are. You must not breathe a syllable to any living soul of what you've done, or they will take you from us, and we shall never meet again on earth, my poor, poor brother!" and at the idea of such a punishment, the tears again streamed from the sister's eyes, and she rested her head on his bosom in her agony. Then suddenly starting up, she said to him, "Now, promise me, Hugh, that you will never mention a word of what you've done to any one. Promise me this, dear Hugh—it is the first thing I ever asked of you; and if you do not grant me it, God knows but it may be the last. Now, you *will* promise me—won't you, brother dear?" she added, beseechingly, as she pressed his sunken cheeks between her two little hands.

But the boy looked full in her face, and answered solemnly, "They tell me the poor old man is dying, Nelly; and I must and will confess to him I am his son before he is snatched from me. Oh, sister, I have never called him father yet! I have been so long a stranger to him, that when I first saw him—for the first time since I was almost a baby—he did not know me. Whatever horrid fate may await me, Nelly, I would gladly brave it, to have my father's blessing before he dies."

"And so you shall, dear Hugh, if you will only keep silent for a little while yet," answered Nelly, as she wiped the tears

from his cheeks. "You do not know on what a fearful precipice you stand. Walter came here to warn you of your danger, and I myself should have been here long before this, only for your sake I did not dare to make myself known to you. Besides, Hugh, you should remember how ill your poor father is, and that if, through your rashness, any evil was to fall upon you, it would be more than he could bear, so that the same act, that restored you to your father would be almost sure to take your father from you."

"Yes, Nelly, I know he is very, very ill," replied Hugh. "When I saw him I shuddered to look at him, and his ghastly figure has haunted me ever since. In the dead of the night, as I lie awake in my dim sick-room, I see him looking at me between the curtains of my bed, rebuking me for staying away from him, when in his last moments I might comfort him, and promising me that if I come to him he will forgive me the wicked trick I have played upon him. But I did it all for Walter's sake, Nelly, dear, though he only casts me from him for it, and sneers at my love, and calls me his *false* friend. I did it—and the God above me knows it—to save his father from dying of grief for the loss of his son; but little did I think then, that I myself, perhaps, would lose my father and my oldest friend through it. They told me, Nelly, I should save Walter so much misery, but they never told me of the misery I should bring upon myself. Oh, you do not know what horrid torments I suffer every day and night. Nelly, Nelly! take me home—take me home, or my heart will break—it will—indeed it will!" and Hugh raised himself up on his couch, and held up his thin hands for a minute imploringly before her, and then fell back exhausted, on his pillow, and wept so bitterly, that his boisterous grief seemed more like wild laughter than sorrow.

So the alarmed girl tried to console and soothe her brother, and as she still knelt beside him, she laid her head on his pillow beside his, and talked to him of happy days to come, and how she would make her Walter bless him yet, and how his father, when he knew all, though he might scold him for the trick he had played, would still love him the more, for the generosity that had prompted it.

And the warm-hearted girl spoke so kindly to her brother, that he soon grew calm again, and promised her to keep his name a secret for a little time longer. As he pledged her his word to do so, the sister, in excess of joy at his safety, folded

him in her arms, and kissed him over and over again for the token he had given her of his love.

While they were clasped together, they were both startled by hearing Mrs. Farquhar's voice close behind them. "Well, I'm sure, sir! you're getting well fast enough now. This morning you were going to die, and here, this evening, I find you giving young ladies love-tokens. There, you needn't go as red as a soldier's coat both of you," the lady added, while Hugh hung his head, and Nelly shuddered with horror, and turned crimson as a sense of what the lady really meant crept over her. "Farquhar and I have done the same thing before you."

"Come, come, Joanna, speak for yourself, my love," answered the brigadier, sinking on his old friend, the sofa, again. "No, no! the boy's stolen a march upon me; for hang it! when you used to come courting me, I *had got* whiskers."

"Lord bless you!" replied the lady, laughing, "don't believe a word he says, Nelly; for I can assure you, he was ten times worse than that wicked young rogue of yours there—and *he's* bad enough, goodness knows. Why this is only the second time he's seen you, and here I catch him making as desperate love to you as if you were an heiress, and he an Irish captain without a shilling to bless himself."

Nelly at once saw how dreadfully both her brother and herself were placed, and the cruel construction that was put upon their love. For her brother's sake she knew she must bear it, though the very idea of such a suspicion made her flesh creep with horror. She tried to stammer out some excuse; but she felt, as the hot blood rushed up into her face, and the words stuck to her tongue, that her hesitation and confusion gave a truth to the very suspicions she hated.

"Ah! it won't do, Nelly. You'd better say at once you'll have him; for bless you! my dear, your love for the boy is written in your face," continued the brigadier's lady. Then tapping her on the cheek, she added, laughing, "Ah! do you recollect how I used to joke you up at Nagpore about your being little Mrs. Walter Farquhar? and so you shall be, you young gipsy you—before many months are over your head."

This was too much for the poor girl; so, jumping up from her chair, and making a hasty excuse that her father required her at home, she hurried rudely from the room, without even giving a parting word or look to poor Hugh.

Scarcely had Nelly left, when Hugh, who had been writhing under Mrs. Farquhar's jokes as deeply as his sister, started from his seat and staggered to the door. As Mrs. Farquhar caught hold of him and held him back, the boy turned savagely upon her, "I will go with her—I *will* go with her!" he cried. "I won't stop here another minute—that I won't! You drove her from the house by what you said," and as he struggled again for the door, he screamed, "Oh, Nelly, Nelly! come back and take me home with you."

At last, when the brigadier and his wife had laid him on the sofa again, he broke out in a frenzy of grief, and shrieked, as he gnashed his teeth, and struggled to get loose, "Let me go! You've no right to keep me here! It's not my home. I hate the place. I hate all of it. You shan't be my mother. I hate *you*. I hate *him*, I hate every one—and oh! worse than all, I hate myself—I hate myself,"—and in a few minutes, the weeping Mrs. Farquhar carried her fancied boy senseless to his bed.

The brigadier's wife sat watching by the poor lad till he woke up from his trance; and when he did wake, he railed at her anew, and raved all the night through. And though, over and over again, the boy told her he was not her son, still she only bathed his burning head afresh, and passed his words by as the wild wanderings of his delirium.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FOR a whole week Impey had been in vain endeavoring to carry into execution the design he had communicated to Vyse, "of making old Burgoyne more convinced than ever that the young sailor was an impostor." He had called at the house day after day, but the major had been too ill to see strangers, and the lawyer had objected to give his name, for fear of his visit becoming known to Nelly. At last, tired out, he had written a letter endorsed "private and confidential," requesting an interview on the following morning with the major *alone*, on particular business, which deeply concerned both his own and his daughter's welfare. So the invalid gave orders that if the gen-

tleman called again he was to be shown up-stairs into his room.

As the time drew near for the appointed visit, the old man grew impatient, for he felt assured that the affair had reference to Walter Farquhar. As usual, his irritability fell upon the respectful native servant, and the peevish invalid was, at the moment the lawyer entered the room, occupied in cursing the obsequious black, and "sending him to the devil" for having brought him up a damp newspaper.

Impey had come determined to get the major out of town, by giving him such a description of Walter Farquhar, that—working upon his love for his daughter—he should convince him it was necessary, for *her* sake, he should leave London directly.

As soon as the native had been ordered from the room, Impey, before informing the major of his business, wished to know his man, and find out his peculiar weakness, so that he might ingratiate himself with him by flattering it. Accordingly he began feeling his way by indulging in an excess of sympathy for the invalid, and paying sundry compliments to "the brave soldier's heroic disregard of death;" until at length, old Burgoyne pulled him up short, and begged of him to say at once whatever he might have to communicate.

Impey then proceeded to inform the major, "that having heard that a sailor on board the 'Lady MacNaughten' had, under the assumed name of Walter Farquhar, been paying his addresses to Miss Burgoyne—" but he was rudely interrupted by the soldier, who asked furiously—

"And what scoundrel, sir, has dared to libel my child in such a manner? Miss Burgoyne, I would have you to know, sir, is the daughter of an officer and a gentleman, and not at the beck and call of every sailor-fellow that chooses to be smitten with her! The man was not paying his addresses to the young lady, Mr. Impfield, but *insulting* her with them."

The lawyer no sooner observed the proud manner in which the major alluded to the "officer and the gentleman," than he at once knew how to act. So, bowing politely, he answered, "If I had not known, sir, that Miss Burgoyne was the daughter of a gentleman, who would at any time sooner lose his heart's blood, than have one blot cast upon the honor of himself or any of his family, I should not have crossed my doorstep each day this week to serve him."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Impsley," answered the major,

blandly, with a self-satisfied smile, that showed how dexterously the lawyer had found out his weak point. "But pray proceed, sir. You were saying a scoundrel sailor had dared to insult my daughter with his addresses."

"I did, sir," continued Impey, holding his head up as high as if he had a regulation stock under his chin; "and knowing the fellow to be one of the rankest impostors that walk the earth—as great a villain as is out of Bridewell—I couldn't rest easy in my bed until I had warned you of the man."

"Warned me, sir?" cried the sick major, again drawing himself up as erect as he could.

"Hem!" coughed Impey, as he saw his mistake. "Yes, warned you of him—not for the sake of your daughter, but for your silver spoons, sir. That man, my dear sir—if I may make so bold—is one of the veriest fortune-hunters who are at this moment prowling about the West-end, seeking what heiresses they may devour."

"Ha! I suspected as much," answered the major, with a toss of the head, in evident self-satisfaction at his shrewdness. "And the name of Walter Farquhar is an assumed one, of course."

"Ho! ho! yes, sir!" answered the lawyer, laughing; "the fellow has as many *aliases* as would fill a skin of parchment! When he is indicted at the Old Bailey—as he assuredly must be for some fraud or other before long—it will take the clerk of the court a good hour at least to read over the different names that he's gone by. Ever since I have known him, I can assure you, he has had nothing but paper and port wine to support him."

"Paper and port wine!" cried the major, in astonishment.

"I mean, he lives by getting his bills discounted by any one who is simpleton enough to 'do' them for him," blandly answered the lawyer, in explanation. "The fellow has been blackballed from every club in London, sir, and, before he went to sea, he could only show his face outside his door on a Sunday, and then he always made a point of attending one of the fashionable chapels, in the hopes that his good looks and pious devotion might win the heart of some rich and disconsolate widow, as I've often heard him say. And such, Major Burgoyne, is the man who has the barefaced audacity to aspire to the hand of the daughter of an officer and a gentleman like yourself."

"I am obliged to you, Mr. Impton, for your information," said the major, in answer. "But you need not alarm yourself on my daughter's behalf. I have already told the fellow I know him to be an impostor and a scoundrel, and forbidden him my house."

"It will not be of the slightest use, I can assure you, sir," replied Impey, who was beginning to be more friendly. "You might as well forbid the tax-gatherer your house, and expect him not to call again. Believe me, Major Burgoyne, I know this scoundrel well, and the only way for you to shake him off is to leave London as quickly as possible, and not let a soul be privy to what part of the country you have gone."

As the lawyer saw the old man hang his head and knit his brow, and stroke his chin, as if in thought, Impey followed up closely, by adding, "Not only your happiness requires this, major, but your health, I'm sure, would be greatly benefited by a short—say a three months'—stay at Harrowgate. The waters are the very thing for your complaint."

And the lawyer stopped again; but the major was still thinking, so he continued, in a solemn, deep voice, "If you do not do this, sir, I feel perfectly satisfied that you'll get up some fine morning, and, to your horror, find this scoundrel has carried your daughter off from under your very roof."

"I'd put a bullet through the fellow's skull!" the soldier answered from between his teeth, as he shook his clenched fist in the air.

"You might just as well try to shoot Spring-heel-Jack," replied Impey, quite excited, as he tried to get the major to leave town. "If you object to Harrowgate, my dear sir, there's Cheltenham, with its delicious, pure air, and most salubrious spas; or, if you prefer the continent, there's Baden-Baden, with the very best society, and a warm bath every day, I'm told, for twopence-halfpenny. Besides, independent of all this—"

"What may your reasons be, sir, for coming here, unasked, to give me all this gratuitous information?" coldly interrupted he major, who, from the extreme zeal of Impey's manner, began to suspect there was something more in the business than met the eye.

As the lawyer heard the question he drew himself up, as if his feelings had been deeply wounded, and answered, with a voice that quivered slightly as he spoke, "I have the honor,

Major Burgoyne, of being the friend of your friend, Brigadier Farquhar. And as this adventurer has dared to take upon himself the name of the son of our esteemed acquaintance, I considered it a duty I owed you—as the friend of my friend—to apprise you of the danger your daughter was threatened with.”

“I ask your pardon, Mr. Impfield,” replied Major Burgoyne, bowing politely, “and have to thank you for your courtesy. And, since the fellow appears to be so consummate a scoundrel, I have made up my mind how to act.”

“I am delighted to hear it, major, for the sake of Miss Burgoyne,” cried Impey, with unfeigned joy. “Believe me, you are not safe within a hundred miles of the sharper; and if I might be allowed to advise you on the subject, your departure will be as soon and as secret as possible.”

“No, sir!” answered the old man, resolutely. “I shall make a point of not stirring from London. For I shall consider it a duty I owe, not only to my daughter, but to society at large, to give this man into the custody of the police the first time I have the good fortune to cross his path.”

A cold sweat broke out on Impey’s forehead as he saw at once that he had overshot his mark. The very thing he had been so anxious, and taken such trouble to avoid, the old soldier—whom he saw was not the man to utter an idle threat—was determined to do. “Oh, he had acted like a child,” he said to himself. “If he had been a little cooler, he might have led the old man where he pleased; but it was his cursed over-zeal that had roused the major’s indignation to too great a pitch. Still, perhaps, there might yet be time to undo the soldier’s virtuous resolves.”

So, imitating the old man’s determined tone as closely as he could, he answered, “Nobly spoken, Major Burgoyne! though one could not well have expected less from an officer and a gentleman. But you have already done enough for your country, so let me beg of you not to allow your zeal for society to supersede your duty to your own flesh and blood. You are not only a member of the state, recollect, major, but the father of a young and innocent girl. And take my word for it, if you move a step against that scoundrel, he will be sure to cast some slanderous slur upon the honor of Miss Burgoyne, that she will suffer from to her dying day. You must be well aware, major, how tender and delicate a thing is a lady’s reputation. One breath from the mouth of—”

But the old man, tossing his head, stopped him, and said, "It is beyond the power of any man, sir, to sully Miss Burgoyne's honor. Besides, if the fellow be the worthless villain you have represented him to be, *who* would listen to the lies he spoke?"

"Thousands, sir—ay, tens of thousands—would be only too ready and glad to take them all for gospel," quickly answered Impey; "and the very day after his appearance at the police court, you would have the men in the streets crying out at the top of their voices—under your very windows—a disgusting account of the whole affair, 'for the small charge of one halfpenny.' Besides, what evidence could you bring forward against the scoundrel?"

"Why, I could bring Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar to swear he was not their son," said the major, throwing himself back in his chair, and looking at Impey, as if awaiting his opinion.

The lawyer went ghastly pale as he heard the words, and, feeling that the old man's eyes were fixed upon him, he turned his head away, and putting his hand over his brow, looked down on the ground, as if in deep thought. Though he trembled inwardly at the major's threat, still he answered, "Good! very good! capital! But, now I come to think of it, you've no right to give a person in charge for that, major; and the worst of it is—such being the law—the fellow would make *you* suffer, for he'd be certain to bring an action for false imprisonment against you directly after he was discharged."

"Yes, but I would also bring *you* forward to prove what a scoundrel the man is," answered the major, as he pointed triumphantly to Impey.

"*Bring me—*" stammered Impey, ready to drop, as he bowed with all the politeness he was master of at the moment. "Pardon me, sir, but my letter to you was—if you remember—headed 'private and confidential,' and signed 'yours without prejudice.'" Then, as he saw the old man looking sternly at him, he added, with a smile, "You see, Major Burgoyne, an attorney, in the course of business, is often made acquainted with facts that he could not think of publicly revealing."

The major looked up and down the lawyer from head to foot, and replied, with a sneer, "Indeed, sir! and so you, knowing what an arrant scoundrel this fellow is, do not hesitate *voluntarily* to come and tell me all his villainy behind his back, and yet want the courage to say as much to his face." Then ringing the bell, he added, "I wish you good morning, sir."

But Impey never stirred from his seat, and looking up, said, as he laid his hand upon his black velvet waistcoat, "I came here *voluntarily*, Major Burgoyne, to save your daughter from the imminent peril I knew she was in. Had I counseled you to hand this man over to the law, your taunt might have been just; but I was aware how impracticable that course was, and, therefore, advised you, as you valued the reputation of your child, to avoid him, since you could not wrestle with him. And I *did* expect," he added, with an air of injured innocence, "Major Burgoyne would have received the advice I proffered, with the courtesy of an officer and a gentleman, at least."

"D—n your officer and a gentleman, sir!" cried the old man, who, by this time, had had quite enough of the phrase; and he rang the bell again, and, throwing himself back in his chair, took a book from the table, and commenced reading.

Wishing, if possible, to renew the conversation, Impey took as long as he could to button up his coat, and stood smoothing his hat round and round with his sleeve, waiting for a chance to open the subject again. Presently the door opened, and Dando bounced into the room, crying, "What is it, gov'nor?" But no sooner did the young monkey see the lawyer, than he started, and fell back in alarm.

Impey immediately advanced to the lad, and patting him on the head, said playfully, "You needn't be afraid of me, my little man." Then turning to the soldier, he added, "One of your boys, I can see by the likeness, Major Burgoyne." And as he chucked Dando under the chin, he cried, "Dear me, he's *the Image of his father!*"

"Yes!" coldly answered the sick man, without looking up from his book. "Once more, good morning, sir."

From the tone in which this was said, Impey saw all further efforts were useless. So he left the room at once, saying, as he hurried down the stairs, "I'll have you out of town yet, my fine officer and gentleman; but since you won't leave London for me, why, I'll be off to the Farquhars, and get them to take you beyond the reach of this cursed sailor. Well, perhaps it's better as it is, after all! for then I shall have the brigadier's party out of the way, as well."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SINCE his interview with Hugh, Walter had been thinking over what Nelly had told him, when they met at Vyse's, would be the fate of his school-fellow, if he sought to make himself known to his father and mother. Urged on by his desire to see his parents, he had turned the statement over and over again in his mind, and the more he had thought of it, the more he had felt satisfied there was no truth in it, and that it had been got up by Impey and Vyse, merely to frighten the girl, and keep them all quiet. "He himself had been alarmed when he first heard it, though he was a fool," he said to himself, "to have been taken in by it. How was it possible the lad could be transported? Who was there to appear against Hugh? Why, neither he nor his father would do so, of course, and was it likely old Burgoyne would think of implicating his own son? Impey and Vyse were the only persons who would have to suffer; and that was the reason why they were so anxious to have the affair kept quiet." But still he had been so appalled at the idea of such a fate falling upon his old school-fellow, that he hardly dared to stir in the matter, lest there might be some little truth in the story. •

At last, after a week had passed, Walter had so talked himself into the conviction that it was "all a hoax," that one afternoon—while the fit was on him—he left the ship, the cargo of which he was seeing discharged, and hurrying from the Docks, was off to town by the next train that left Blackwall.

On reaching Jermyn-street, to his great disappointment and annoyance, he found his father and mother both absent from the hotel. The only information he could obtain there was, that the waiter had been directed to tell the driver of the cab in which they had left, to take them on to some number, that the waiter had forgotten, in Salisbury-street, Strand.

Walter immediately knew they must have gone on to Major Burgoyne's; and glad to be able to have the opportunity of

vindicating himself in the presence of them all, he hurried on to meet them there.

The old major, after the lawyer had left, had grown very uneasy at the character Impey had given him of the man who was persecuting his child. It was a most delicate affair, and he hardly knew how to act. If, through his desire to punish that rascally sailor, any thing was to happen to his Nelly, he would never forgive himself. Besides, Heaven knew, he was not exactly in the state to travel a hundred miles from town. Yet, the lawyer's visit was a most strange business, from beginning to end. What could have made the man so anxious to get him into the country, unless he had heard of some vile plot the sailor was brewing against his girl? The cruel part of it all was, too, his poor child had no mother with whom he could consult as to her welfare. It was a mother's business more than a father's. Then, after a moment's thought, the old man added, "Perhaps it would be best to send to Mrs. Farquhar, and make a confidante of her. She was a shrewd and clever woman, and knew the world much better than he did; and then, too, she could tell him what kind of man this Mr. Impfield was, and whether any reliance was to be placed upon what he said."

So the major dispatched a letter to the Farquhars, begging them to come round to him that evening as early as they could, as he wished to consult them on a matter that was near and dear to him.

Mrs. Farquhar had no sooner read the letter than she felt convinced Nelly had been confessing to her father the love she had for her boy; and saying as much to her lazy better-half, she wrote a note promising to be with the major directly after dinner—though, as she declared at the time, "Nothing else on earth would ever have induced her to leave her poor sick boy up-stairs alone, in the state he was, for a whole evening."

The major waited anxiously for his visitors. Immediately on their arrival he requested Nelly to remain with the brigadier, and taking Mrs. Farquhar's arm, begged of her to step with him into his private room.

There he soon told her all the lawyer had communicated to him, and wound up by asking her whether Mr. Impey's character was such that she herself would place any credit in what he had said.

"Lord bless you, major!" answered the lady, directly. "I tell you plainly, such is my opinion of that worthy creature, that

I would take his word sooner than a Quaker's, any day. I really do believe him to be one of the most upright of men. Now I will tell you one little thing he did to us—just to give you a notion of his honesty. You know my boy was articked to him. Well, he actually refused to accept of one penny either for the premium or stamps, merely because we were his friends; and, upon my word, we were forced to send him an order on our agents for four hundred pounds, so that he might not be out of pocket by the lad."

"You astonish me!" replied the major. "I must confess I suspected he was a different sort of man."

"Then you did him extreme injustice," continued the lady, shaking her bonnet; "for I verily believe the worthy creature to be as good as gold. Indeed I shall always esteem him, for the whole time we were in India, he behaved like a father to our Walter."

"Ah!" sighed the old man, "this cursed illness of mine makes me so suspicious that I doubt every one. Besides, Mr. Impey seemed to be so anxious to get me out of town that I, in my nasty way, made certain he had some covert object in it; and so—half to baulk him and half to punish this sailor-fellow—I vowed I would not budge an inch from London, but would give the rogue in charge the first time I met him. However, to make amends now, I'll do as the gentleman advised me, and be off into the country as soon as possible. Don't you think it will be best yourself?"

"No, that I'm sure I don't!" answered the lady, as she leaned forward; "and it only shows how little you know Mr. Impey's character even now. Unless I'm very much mistaken, his sole reason for advising you to quit London was because, if he had counseled you to hand this wicked wretch over to the police, he—in his modest way—thought that you, knowing he was a lawyer, might fancy he was fishing for business. So, if you listen to me, you won't care one jot about what Impey says in such a case as this, but give the sailor into custody the very first time you can. If he were a gentleman, my advice would be, Call him out and shoot him; but of course that's quite out of the question with a fellow like him, so the law alone is open to you."

"No, no! the best and quietest way is to go a good distance into the country, and there at least my girl will be safe from the man," sorrowfully answered the major, who, now that his irrita-

bility had worn off, was inclined to do the very opposite of what he had vowed in the morning.

"*Safe* from him!" cried Mrs. Farquhar, in astonishment. "What on earth have you got to be afraid of the fellow for? Why, Burgoyne, you're getting quite a croaker! I could have sworn *you* would have been the very last person to run away from any one."

"Ah! I'm no longer the man I was," mournfully answered the soldier. "I've neither the strength nor the spirits for the business. Besides, look here," he added, as he held out his trembling hand, "what would this arm avail me against a broad-shouldered fellow like that scoundrel?"

"Lud-a-mercy, man! I don't want you to box him," answered the masculine lady, laughing. "Besides, you forget, Burgoyne, to give the scamp into custody is a duty you owe us. Hasn't the rascal dared to call himself by the name of our boy? However, if you don't choose to have him put in jail, why, *I* shall—that is, I shall make Farquhar do it, the very first opportunity."

"Pshaw! let the fellow go," pleaded the old man. "'Those that touch pitch'—you know the proverb. For my daughter's sake, let me beg of you not to stir in this business."

"There, you needn't bother your head about that," answered the masculine lady. "Nelly doesn't care twopence about the wretch, but is dying in love—for whom do you think?—why a certain young gentleman that's dying in love for her. Now guess!" But the major shook his gray head in answer; so the lady continued, "Why, *my boy*, the real Walter Farquhar, to be sure. I found it out only yesterday."

The major's head fell upon his bosom, as he heard the words, and he murmured to himself, "Thank God for it! Thank God for it!"

On their return to the drawing-room, the old soldier—too full of the news he had heard to let the subject drop—turned round to his daughter, who was busy in one corner working at her tambour frame, and said, "Nelly, my girl! certain matters I little dreamed of have just been revealed to me, and the discovery has caused me as much joy as it has caused my friends here," and he pointed to Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar.

The girl stopped her needle, and looked up, as if, for a moment, in doubt as to what her father could refer to. She had heard Impey had called that morning to see the major, and,

remembering the promise the lawyer had made her, that in a short time all should be set straight, she had felt convinced he had come to her father to make the disclosure he had promised. Yes! that was the cause of their all meeting there this evening, and the reason why her father had wished to speak with Mrs. Farquhar alone," and the girl glanced smilingly first toward the brigadier's wife, and then toward her father, as if waiting for further explanation.

"I am glad to hear, my poor girl," continued the soldier, "that, notwithstanding all my unjust suspicions of you, your love has been given to the *real* Walter Farquhar, after all—is it not so?"

Nelly started from her seat with joy, as she made certain the whole mystery had been cleared up, and running to the old man, she hid her face on his shoulder, and answered, as the tears almost choked her words, "Yes, father, I *do* love him!"

The invalid pressed her to his bosom, and said, "Bless you for it, girl! I have long prayed our families might be united, and the blood of myself and my dear old friends here be mingled in our children's children." And the old man clasped her to him convulsively, and sobbed aloud like a child.

On seeing this, the brigadier and his wife both rose and advanced to their sick friend to comfort him. "Come, compose yourself, Burgoyne!" said Farquhar, patting him on the back. "There! we'll talk upon other subjects." Then turning to his wife—as he sank into the nearest chair—he added, "Now, Joanna, why can't you make some little use of the energies the Almighty has bestowed upon you, and take Nelly away from him?"

"No, no! let her be! bless her dear heart, let her be! and let me weep, for they are tears of intense joy," sobbed out the old man. Then bursting into another paroxysm of grief, he cried, "Oh! I thought she loved that scoundrel sailor, and I should have cursed her if she had."

The whole ghastly truth flashed upon poor Nelly. She needed no more to tell her it was her brother Hugh, and not *the real* Walter Farquhar, that her father thought she loved, and blessed her for so doing. Her joy was turned to the bitterest sorrow, and she clung close to the old man to hide the tears that now poured from her eyes; and each time he hugged her, and called down all happiness upon her, the poor girl felt sick at heart, and wept the more.

Suddenly a loud tapping at the door aroused them all, and the landlady, Miss Sandalls—all smiles, apologies, and pink ribbons—bobbed into the room, and informed them, in an affected, mincing manner, “that horrid sailor man had come agin, and was waiting down stairs.”

“Didn’t you say I was out, as I told you I always wished to be to *him*?” asked the major, calmly, as if he feared the lad no longer.

“Yes, Mr. Buggoyne, please, sir,” answered the complaisant spinster. Then addressing a little boy who was clinging to her skirts, and bore a libelously strong likeness to the lady herself—though she called him her nephew—she added, “Now, do ’a done, Albert! ’a done, do! and use your pocket handkercher instead of my best apron. Yes, Mr. Buggoyne, I told him you was all gone to the theayter, please, sir; but without saying, With your leave, or, By your leave, in the feller walks straight into my front parlor, please, sir—though it’s a mussy, I’m sure, the Polish count wasn’t there, please, sir.” Then as she was about to leave the room, and saw her nephew in the act of commencing an imitation of a trumpet on a small-tooth comb he had taken from his pocket, she snatched it from him, crying, “Lord, Albert! where *is* your manners? how dare you put that nasty, dirty thing in your mouth?”

Dando, who had all the evening been very ill at ease among the company, and thinking the most prudent thing he could do was to remain quiet, had seated himself near the window—where he had been amusing himself with tying knots in the cat’s tail—no sooner heard Walter Farquhar was below, than in the confusion which the announcement occasioned, he sneaked stealthily out of the room, and rushed up to his bed-room, leaving the party in full consultation as to what course should be adopted with the sailor-fellow.

Mrs. Farquhar still clung to the advice she had before given, and declared the best way to put an end to the man’s annoyance was to hand him over to the police. But the old major, now thoroughly convinced that the “scoundrel” had no hold on his daughter’s affection, would not listen to such a proposal, and still wished to get rid of him quietly.

At last the old man rose mysteriously, and saying, “I know what the fellow wants,” went to his desk, and wrote a check for a large amount. Then, handing it to Mrs. Farquhar, he added, “There, that will silence the scamp, I lay my life. You give

it him, there's a good soul. Heaven knows the riddance will be cheap at the price!"

"Well, Burgoyne, perhaps this *may be* the best plan, after all," answered the lady, as she moved toward the door; "but, mind, I shall give it to him upon only one condition, and that is, that he pledges me his word he will never make the slightest overture to Nelly again." And having glanced at the wretched girl—who sat trembling over her embroidery that she had stained with her tears—the brigadier's wife left the room.

Walter was seated in the parlor, with the grubby maid-of-all-work, candlestick in hand, watching at the door, to see that the suspicious character purloined nothing from the room. Presently, Mrs. Farquhar entered, and telling the girl she might go down stairs, closed the door, so that the landlady might not overhear what took place between them.

Walter had come into the house all boldness, and had up to that moment been seated with his elbow on the table, and his head resting on his hand, thinking how he'd *force* them all upstairs to listen to his tale; but he no sooner lifted up his head and saw who it was, than he felt his heart drop within him. Though he had not looked upon his mother since his babyhood, still the figure and the features of the lady that stood before him coincided so closely with some faint impression he had of her on his mind, that he felt, as he stared abstractedly at her, it was she who bore him. Her cheeks were not so rosy, nor her hair so black as he had imagined his mother's to be, but still she was so like *some one* he had seen before, that had he passed her in the street, he would have turned round and puzzled himself to remember who it was. He rose up and bowed respectfully to her—but he could not say a word.

It was far different, however, with the brigadier's wife. She had been so prejudiced by the major against the "scoundrel sailor," and was so indignant at the idea of a fellow like him aspiring to the same hand as her son, that she had come down stairs prepared to look upon him with little or no favor. Though at any other time, the youth's well-knit and muscular frame, and bold, manly countenance, would have been sure to have won her admiration, still she no sooner set eyes upon him, than she felt satisfied she could have told from his looks what sort of character he was, and inwardly declared it was preposterous for people to say he was handsome, for really and truly the fellow hadn't one good feature in his face.

The brigadier's wife told the sailor, Mr. Burgoyne was himself too ill to see him, and that he had requested her to step down to him, and inform him that on consideration of his promising never again to annoy either him or his daughter, he would present him with a very handsome gratuity.

"Now, young man," she continued, "we all of us know what your object is, in persisting in these persecutions. Of course, you don't care for the young lady, so long as you have the money." Then, as she saw Walter turn red in the face with indignation, and draw back, as if about to repel the charge, the lady stopped him by saying, "There! it's ridiculous your trying to make out differently to me. I'm a woman of the world, and have seen a hundred similar cases. So you'd better make up your mind at once. Mr. Burgoyne has behaved very handsomely, I'm sure, and rather than have any disturbance in the house, and be forced to hand you over to the police, he has given me a check for you, and directly I have your written promise to abandon this useless annoyance, the draft is yours."

Walter bit his lip with vexation, to think he should be so treated at his first interview with his mother, and as he held out his hand for the check, he stammered, "Give it to me."

"Oh! you need have no fear. It's for a very large amount, young man, but I can not part with it till I have from you what I require," answered the lady, fancying the sailor wished to ascertain the precise figure of the "consideration," before entering into the contract.

"Give it to me!" again cried Walter, in a loud voice.

"No, no! as I said before, I can not let it go out of my hands until you have first done what I mentioned," replied the lady. "But if you doubt my word, you can see it," she added, holding the slip of paper tight at each end, and bringing it close to the candle, so that Walter might perceive it was a draft for a hundred pounds; and as she did so, she said, exultingly, "There! the major has dealt much more liberally with you than I should. So come, will you give me your promise never to see Miss Burgoyne again?"

"No!" shouted Walter, as he snatched the paper from his mother and tore it to bits, and flinging the pieces on the ground, he stamped on them, for though he was indignant at the offer, still the idea that his own mother should be the party to make him so base a proposal, and treat him with such bitter suspicion, was worse than all.

"Oh! I suppose the amount is not large enough for you," said the lady, with a galling sneer. "Well, young man, if you will let me know the extent of your demands, I will see whether I can induce Major Burgoyne to increase his bribe—rather than let his daughter be subject to the insult of your addresses."

"Madam, you do not know me!" cried the sailor, in answer, while his voice and whole frame trembled with emotion. "You will find out to your cost soon, that I am *not* the villain you take me for."

"Well, young man," answered the lady calmly, "if you really *are* a different character from what we all suspect, and mean honorably, you will, when I tell you your attentions are irksome to Miss Burgoyne herself, need no further motive to make you withdraw. To be candid with you, the young lady loves another."

"It is false, madam!" shouted the frantic Walter, striking the table with his fist.

Mrs. Farquhar, on hearing the reply, drew herself up, and answered, haughtily, "False, sir! you had better say *that* to the gentleman whom I shall send to speak to you. After such language, I shall condescend to hold no further converse with you," and she turned round, as if to leave the room.

But Walter ran toward her, and seizing her by the arm, exclaimed, as the long pent-up tears rushed down his cheeks, "Oh! you must not go yet."

"How dare you, sir! let go my hand, I say!" replied the lady, snatching it from him.

The youth, as if not heeding her words, fell on his knees, and clasping his hands, cried, "Mother!—mother, dear!" but his tears choked all further utterance.

The brigadier's wife stood still for a moment, looking at the sailor, thunderstruck at what she conceived to be mere acting, and then, with a contemptuous laugh, turned round and hurried from the room—leaving poor Walter to bury his face in his hands and weep like a child, alone.

In a minute Mrs. Farquhar had made her friends in the drawing-room acquainted with the "impostor's" extraordinary conduct and audacity, and told them how well he sustained the character he had assumed.

But the brigadier no sooner heard the tale, than jumping out of the easy chair, with an energy that he had certainly never before shown in England, he cried, as he pushed the "recum-

bent" angrily from him, "I'll soon put an end to this! I'll soon put an end to this! Curse the fellow's impudence!"

"No, let me go!" said the major, "and, by heaven! if the scoundrel doesn't leave the house, I'll horsewhip him till he drops, and *then* give him in charge." And the sick old man raised himself up from his chair, and stood for a moment tottering, as he leaned for support upon the table.

"Nonsense! nonsense!" shouted Farquhar, "it's my business now; how dare the villain insult my wife. By heaven! I'll give him into custody on the spot."

"Yes, that's right, Farquhar! the best thing is to give him in charge this very instant," said old Burgoyne, who had again sunk into his chair, exhausted with even standing up. Then stretching out his arm he pulled the bell so violently, that the landlady came running up in alarm, while he was yet ringing.

"Send for a policeman, immediately," cried the major, and he had no sooner said the words than the frightened woman was out of the room again.

"And now I'll go down and see whether the scoundrel will dare to say the same thing to *me*," said the brigadier, buttoning up his coat before leaving the room.

Nelly—who, unobserved, had sat pale and trembling, watching and listening to all—unable to remain silent any longer, started from her seat, and running to the door, placed her back against it, and cried, as she stretched out her arms to prevent the brigadier's approach, "You don't know what you are about to do. He is not the villain you take him for! Oh! Mr. Farquhar, for heaven's sake stay here. You will never forgive yourself if you do what you threaten. It would be a crime that you could never atone for. No! no! no!" she added as the brigadier still advanced, "You must not—*shall* not stir a foot from here to harm a hair of his head!"

"Isn't it much better, dear, to get rid of the man at once?" said Mrs. Farquhar, who had risen, and now stood by Nelly's side. "You needn't fear him. What *can* he say against you?"

"*Fear* him!" screamed Nelly, turning to her. "Oh! I love him, and *only* him, and will die here sooner than let any of you lay a finger on him."

When the old major heard this, he gained new life in his passion, and staggering to the girl, he seized her by her arms and dragged at her, as she still leaned her back against the door, while, mad with rage, he cried all the time he in vain

tried to move her, "Curse you, come away! curse you, lying hussy, come away! Will you stir, before I strike you?"

Nelly only stood the firmer, and answered, "Rail at me, curse me, strike me, if you like, father, but I will not—no, I will *not* let any of you quit this room, and you will all bless me for it when you know why I did it."

The old man finding his efforts useless, had raised his hand to put his threat in execution, when the brigadier thrust him aside, saying, "There, Burgoyne! you leave her to me."

Then bidding his wife keep back the major, Brigadier Farquhar advanced to Nelly, and putting his arm round her waist, tried to force her from the door. But the girl struggled with superhuman strength, and though the soldier tried to carry her from the spot, still she stood her ground resolutely for a time. At length, exhausted with her wild efforts, her arms dropped by her side, and as her face blanched and her knees bent under her, she murmured, "*He* is the real Walter Farquhar," and fell senseless on the ground.

With her long black hair all loose and streaming about her, the poor girl was laid lifeless on the sofa, and while Mrs. Farquhar was busy trying to restore her, the brigadier hurried down stairs, as he heard the key turned in the street-door, and knew the maid had come back with the policeman she had been sent for.

Beckoning the officer in the passage to follow him, he entered the room, and pointing to Walter, said, as he gasped for breath after his struggle, "Take that person into custody! I charge him with being a swindler, and an impostor, and passing himself off as my son." Then turning to the astonished youth, he added, "Now, young man, we'll soon see whether I'm your father or not."

Walter in a moment knew it was the brigadier, and looking steadfastly at him, he raised his hand above his head, and answered, solemnly, "As there's a God above me, sir, you are."

"Shame upon you, young man!" indignantly cried the East Indian. "Have you no sense of sin, that you can call your God to witness to such an infamous lie. But take him away, policeman—take him away!"

The man hesitated, and it was not until the brigadier had charged the sailor with creating a disturbance in the house that the officer consented to take him into custody. Then directing the brigadier to follow on to the station as quickly as possible,

the policeman left with his willing prisoner, who, as he walked along the streets, thanked Heaven that the mystery would soon be cleared up now.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHILE all this had been going on, Impey, in accordance with the resolve he had made on leaving the major's house that morning, had—as soon as his business was over—hastened to the Farquhars' hotel, with the intention of spending the evening there, and inducing them to persuade old Burgoyne it was necessary for the sake of his daughter that he should leave town.

But he was informed—as Walter had been—that Mr. and Mrs. Farquhar had gone to Salisbury-street. At first he cursed his fate, but on second thoughts it struck him that, perhaps, it was the best thing that could have occurred, after all ; for, as he said to himself, “if he stepped on to Salisbury-street, it would be killing two birds with one stone ; and then, as he himself talked the brigadier over to his point, the brigadier could do the same for the major.” Accordingly, he hurried off at once to old Burgoyne's house, and reached there a few minutes after Walter had left it for the police station.

As soon as the lawyer's card had been handed into the room, a cry of joy rose from the brigadier and his wife, who again spoke in glowing terms of the wondrous virtues of the lawyer.

“Show him up ! show him up !” cried the brigadier's wife in raptures ; “and we'll get him to go with you, Farquhar, to the police station, and manage the whole business for us.” Then as Impey entered, she hurried to meet him, and as she shook him by the hand, said, “Oh, my dear sir ! I'm so glad you've come. We've had such a scene here you can't tell. That sailor-fellow, whom you so truly described to the major this morning, has been here again, and what do you think we've done with him ?” and she paused for his answer.

Impey's eye fell upon the white face and disheveled hair of

Nelly, as she lay upon the sofa. And at the sight his heart misgave him, and bumped violently against his bosom, as he felt convinced he had come too late.

"Why," continued the lady, "we have given him in charge, though you *did* advise to the contrary. But, as I told the major, I knew you only said so out of modesty and gentlemanly feeling, and because you didn't like it to be thought you wanted to make a long bill of costs out of the business."

The lawyer, who up to this time had always been so bold and ready, lost all command over the expression of his countenance. His jaw dropped, and he turned ashy pale as he started back, and his hat fell from his hand at the fearful news.

"O! that's ca—capital! capital!" he at last stammered out, as he forced his lips into a smile.

"There, didn't I tell you, Burgoyne, that was what he wanted after all," cried the delighted lady, appealing to the major; "only it isn't every body that knows his nobility of soul as well as I do."

"And now I'll tell you, Impey, what I want you to do for me," added the brigadier.

"Any thing I can do, I'm sure I—" and the lawyer couldn't complete the sentence for his feelings, for he knew something still more awful was coming.

"Why, I want you to step round to the police office with me, and conduct the prosecution properly for us," continued the brigadier, as the lawyer gave himself up for lost; and his only thought was how to get out of accompanying the East Indian, and so gain time for escape.

"Of course I should like very much to go with you—I'm sure," stammered Impey, "for I should be extremely sorry—indeed—if the scoundrel was to get off through any legal quibble." Then finding he must give way to his feelings, he turned round, and marched unceremoniously up to the side-table, and pouring out a tumbler of port from one of the decanters that stood on it, he drank the wine off at a draught. Then, as he gained strength, he went on, "Well, upon my word, I'm delighted at what you've done. It does one's heart good to hear it. It staggered me a little at first—as I dare say you saw—but really and truly it is worth fifty pounds to know that justice is likely to be done to the villain, after all. Oh! I am so pleased I can't tell you."

"Now speak truly, Mr. Impey," said Mrs. Farquhar, who was particularly anxious to bring out to advantage what she imagined to be the good qualities of her friend; "wouldn't you yourself have recommended what we've done, if it hadn't been for that little affair of the costs?"

"Well," answered Impey, "you see, being a lawyer, I don't like to advise parties to go to law. I know the glorious uncertainty of it, as it's called—and even now—for the very same reason—I should beg and pray of you to let the fellow off," he added, as the thought struck him.

"No, no!" cried both the major and the brigadier. "Let the vagabond be punished well for his villainy."

Then Farquhar again buttoned up his coat, and moved toward the door, saying, "Come along, Impey, come along. We've no time to lose."

"Certainly," answered the lawyer, pretending to hurry after him. But he was determined not to accompany the brigadier; so, all of a sudden he started back, and, laying his forefinger on his chin, as if a bright thought had just struck him, said, "Stay, stay! I must run round to my chambers first, and get my 'Russell on Crimes,' or else we shall have the fellow saying he was drunk, and getting off with paying a mere trumpery fine of five shillings, instead of being transported for life, as the vagabond richly deserves."

"I'll come with you, instantly," cried the brigadier.

"Oh, no—I shall be much quicker by myself," nervously answered Impey. "You see I shall jump into a cab, and be back here in a quarter of an hour, at most. I should never forgive myself if the villain slipped through our fingers, after all."

"There! you let him do just as he likes, Farquhar," exclaimed the brigadier's wife. "He's certain to make it all right for us."

"Oh, yes! yes! yes!" joyfully said Impey, as he prepared to be off, and saw the brigadier return to his easy chair. "Good-by. Oh, I could dance for joy! Wait here till I come back, and then, I think, there's every chance for my getting safe through the business."

As the lawyer opened the door, he was startled by finding Dando outside; and he saw by the boy's pale face he had overheard all that had transpired within.

The "young monkey" had been drawn from his room by the noise of Nelly struggling with her father and the brigadier in

the drawing-room. And he had crept silently down, and listened at the door, taking care, each time it was opened, to scamper up the stairs before he was perceived. From what he had heard Impey say, he knew at once the lawyer was too knowing ever to think of coming back; and his master's fate was so nearly allied to his own, that the boy, seeing the whole trick must soon be discovered, had, all the while he was at the key-hole, been determining within himself to go in and make a confession, and so run the chance of having some mercy shown him at least.

Accordingly, he had no sooner heard the affrighted Impey slam the street door violently after him, than, with the tears streaming from his eyes, he entered the room, and, throwing himself at the major's feet, revealed to his appalled listeners the whole of the imposition that had been practiced upon them—taking care, however, to lay all the blame upon “Himpey and that there hold Wyse,” and to give, in his rude language, so pathetic an account of his early education in the streets, that old Major Burgoyne almost felt for the boy the same pity as he had at first felt for him when he discovered that the lad had picked his morals out of the gutter.

So extraordinary, however, did the whole tale seem, and such was the Farquhars' faith in Impey, that it was not until Nelly had corroborated all the boy had told them, they could bring themselves to give credence to it.

And when the truth was *forced* upon them by Nelly's repeated assurances and explanations, then how the brigadier and his wife blamed themselves for all they had said and thought of their boy, and done to him as well; and though they longed, both of them, to go and take him from the vile place they had consigned him to, still, as they each told the other, they had not the courage to meet him there.

The old major, too—though at first he felt angry at the idea of the son of an officer and a gentleman making himself a party to *any* trick—still, when Nelly pleaded for her brother, and assured her father of Hugh's motive for all he had done, and told him how bitterly he had suffered, the old man *did* bless his boy, and once more implored forgiveness of his girl for the curses he had heaped upon her head. Then calling the brigadier and his wife to him, he took each by the hand, and said, as he wept, “Friends, let us make some little atonement to our children for all we have said and done to them. Before I die, let me

give this poor girl in marriage to the *real* Walter Farquhar, after all."

Hugh, once restored to his father, soon grew well again, and on the day that Nelly was wedded to the "vagabond sailor," the old school-fellows threw themselves on each other's necks, and thanked God *they were brothers at last*.

What became of Impey, was never exactly known. The only tidings Walter could glean of him were, that he was in America, and almost penniless. Before leaving England, he had made a confession of the situation in which he stood, to his brother-in-law, Abrahams, the lawyer, and giving him a hasty warrant of attorney to act for him in all matters, while out of the country, Impey had handed over to him all the bills, mortgages, post-obits, shares, and every kind of security for the money he had put out at interest. Leaving the Jew attorney to forward to him all his property as fast as he could get the money in, the little lawyer had set sail for New York, with only a few hundreds in his possession. But the Jew attorney, knowing his brother-in-law dare not return to England, had collected all the money due to Impey—but religiously kept every sixpence of it to himself; and though "the little lawyer" wrote and wrote—now begging, and now threatening letters—still not one line nor one penny did the Jew ever send to him in answer.

Vyse's fate was less severe. The school at Blackheath was rapidly brought to a finish. But the pedagogue had, thanks to his thrifty little wife, still a couple of thousands in the funds. With this the industrious housewife—unable to remain idle—had opened an English boarding and lodging house at Boulogne, while Vyse, thin as a poet, wandered about the upper and lower town, behind a huge pair of black mustaches, under the fascinating alias of Captain Williams. Every day he carved at his own "*table d'hôte*," and every day, for the look of the thing, he was heard to descant upon the exquisite delicacy and tenderness of the Latin poets, and the disgusting coarseness and toughness of the French rump steaks.

For Dando, Walter procured a birth at sea, satisfied that "the young monkey" would at least be out of harm's way there. Had he stopped on land, there was no doubt the boy would have made a bad neighbor; as it was, however, he became an excellent sailor. With Walter's interest, he at last rose to be

"bosun" on board one of the largest East Indiamen, and it was only by his persisting in invariably "piping all hands" with his cat-call, instead of the silver whistle, which hung useless round his neck, that Dando would ever have been recognized as "THE YOUNG MONKEY."

THE END.



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